THE LIGHTS AND SOUNDS THAT GUIDE THE MARINER.

Flashing Lanterns and Hugh Trumpets—Bells That Toll in the Fog —Origin and Extent of Our Lighthouse Service.

EVERYBODY knows what a lighthouse is, and has a general notion of the devices employed to assist navigators, but there are very few, probably outside of the mariners themselves, who realize the tremendous development of the lighthouse service of the world, and how the complete system of the present day has been brought to its present stage by the application of scientific principles and the results of ingenious investigation.

What a vast advantage has the mariner of to-day with all of the modern aids and appliances to direct his course, over the ancient navigator who had to rely upon the stars, or the chance lights upon dark coasts. The light stations of the world to-day are almost as numerous as the visible stars and planets.

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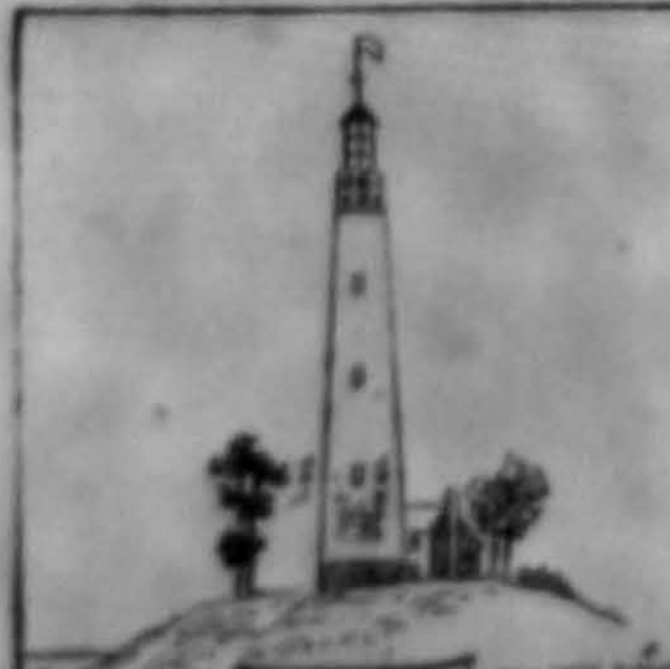
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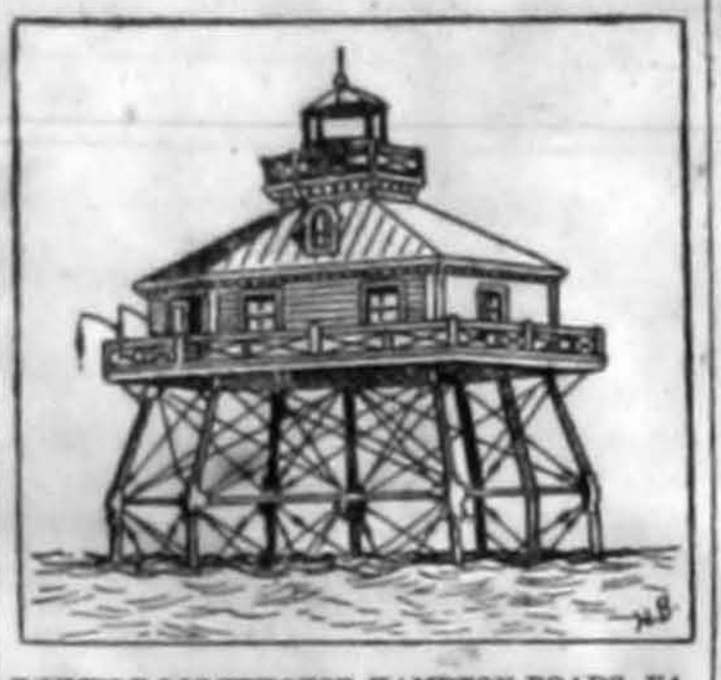
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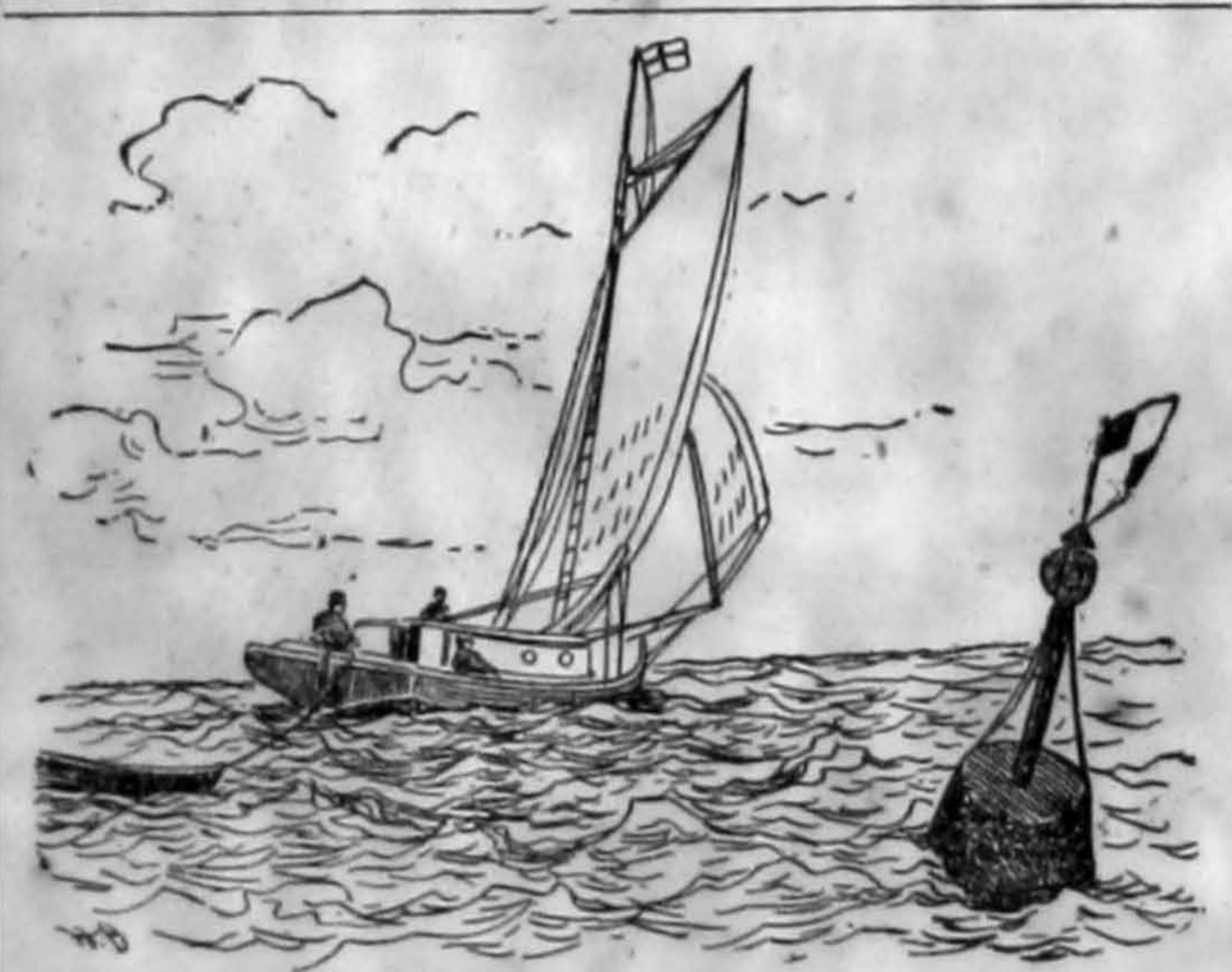
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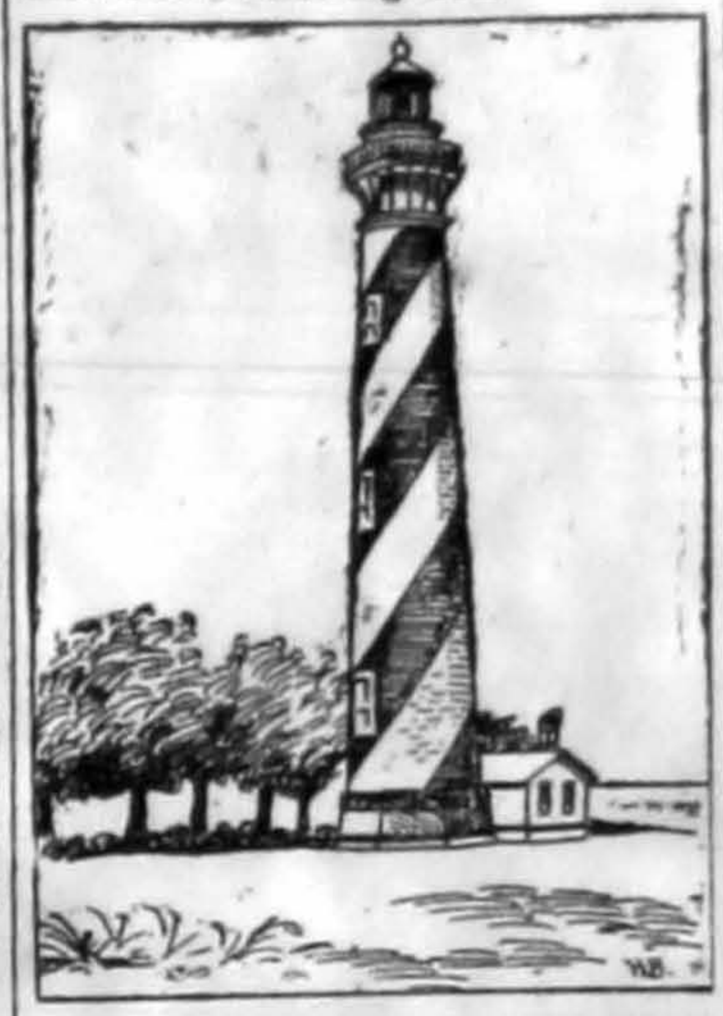
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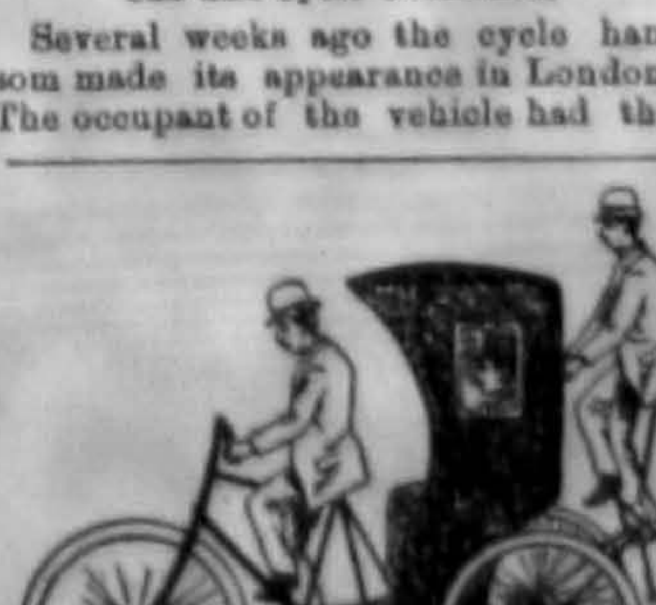
The lighthouse establishment of the United States is under the control of the Treasury Department, and the Secretary of the Treasury is ex-officio President of the Board, of which the Chairman is generally a rear admiral. Among the members of the board are two officers of the navy, two officers of the corps of engineers, two civilians of scientific attainments, and an officer of the navy and an officer of the engineers as Secretaries. There are sixteen lighthouse districts, in each of which there is an officer of the navy as inspector and an officer of the engineers as lighthouse engineer.

The keepers of lighthouses were appointed by the earlier Presidents, but, as they became more numerous, nominations were made by collectors of customs, and the appointments made by the Secretary of the Treasury. The nominations are, however, always to be passed upon by the Lighthouse Board, and an examination by an ininspector generally precedes the final appointment. The salaries are very small, considering the nature of the service rendered, and its importance. The compensation of keepers ranges from $100 to $1000 per year. The keeper must be between eighteen and fifty years of age, and possessed of a knowledge of reading, writing and accounts, and have some mechanical ability. They are furnished with quarters for themselves, and in certain cases for their families, and with fuel and rations. As a lighthouse keeper naturally has a good deal of time on his hands, he is supplied with a library of instructing and entertaining books, containing about fifty volumes. At regular intervals this library is exchanged for another and forwarded to the next station. The Lighthouse Board has nearly 600 of such libraries in circulation. The first regularly appointed lighthouse keeper in this country was George Worthylake, who was keeper of the lighthouse on Little Brewster Island in 1716 at $250 per year.

Cab and Cycle Combined.

Several weeks ago the cycle hansom made its appearance in London. The occupant of the vehicle had the appearance of being a foreigner, but in his movements he seemed to know the city well. His vehicle was a hansom body on three pneumatic tire wheels, propelled by two lackeys, one in front and one behind. The front man, of course, steered, but both helped the propulsion, and they pedaled away over the rough pavement at a pace of nearly eight miles an hour.


THE NEW HANSOM.

The gentleman was making business calls, and his flunkeys were therefore in ordinary dress, or what those gentry designated as morning clothes. Possibly he makes social calls in his hansom with flunkeys in livery.

Others of these vehicles have since been noticed on the street, and it is

A NEW YORKER'S WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF TOWELS.

They Number More Than 1300, and Were Gathered From All Parts of the World.

ONE New Yorker has made towels a fad, and he has gathered from all parts of the world an unparalleled assortment of them. Benjamin B. Davenport, a lawyer, better known as the publisher of several books, is the possessor of this unique collection, and at his home at Asbury Park he proudly displays his store of the towels of all nations, which number 1312.

Mr. Davenport has been engaged for twenty years in the amassing of this bizarre exhibit, which includes towels of cotton, wool, linen and silk. He has been ably assisted by many of his friends. To the acquaintances departing for distant lands Davenport has been wont to say: "Send me a towel from Madagascar," or "While you are in Patagonia pick me up one of the native towels."

By far the greater part of the collection was picked up in the hotels of the United States by Mr. Davenport personally. They vary in size and texture. A thin, sleazy cotton rag, through which one might read a newspaper, bears the startling legend indelibly stamped across its limp surface: "Stolen from the Occidental Hotel, Leadville, Colorado." It is evident that the miners had formed the habit of carrying off the towels to use as shirt fronts.

In contrast to this economical rag there is a roller towel thirty feet in length, secured in an Illinois hotel wash-room. It was what the porter who sold it to the collector called "the house towel."

One set of seven towels, of varing thickness and texture, including a genuine Turkish article that looks like forty cents' worth of tripe, recalls the luxury of a local bath house.

A square section of jute bagging, such as is used to cover cotton bales, was considered quite the thing in a hostelry on the banks of the Yazoo River. A real curiosity is a stiff and inflexible affair found in the composing-room of a Pennsylvania weekly newspaper. It was "the office towel."

There are towels of softest damask, with daintily embroidered initials that call up romantic visions, and there is a section of mummy cloth brought home from Cairo, which might once have been used to dry the moisture from the fair skin of Pharaoh's daughter, or possibly have been tucked under the chin of the infant Moses.

There are towels that are as small as napkins, and towels that would answer for bedspreads. Some are as soft to the touch as the fluffy bosom of the eider swan, and others could be used to grate horseradish upon.

There are dainty French towels and heavy, square German towels, soft Italian towels that give forth a faint odor of garlic; cold, heavily starched towels that come from England; a Scotch towel that is made of tweed; an Irish towel of unbleached linen that will take off the cuticle as if it were made of emery paper; towels from the South Sea islands that are not towels, but are cocoa mats; a carefully dressed chamois-skin which came from the Alps; a jeans towel from Indiana; a homespun towel from Kentucky; a Japanese towel of fibrous paper, and a heavy silk towel once owned by Adelina Patti.

Then there are common towels of no particular individuality, that are in the collection, because they were known to have been last used by some celebrity or because there is a tale of adventure, romance or sentiment connected with their acquisition. Mr. Davenport's conscience is never troubled when he contemplates his treasures. Very few of them were accidentally packed into his baggage. As to the conscience of the porters and chambermaids who assisted in the compilation—that is another story. Each of the towels is duly tagged and numbered and a catalogue gives the history of each article.—New York World.

Chinese Cunning.

In New Zealand, as in California, the Chinese abounds, and there, too he has to resort to strategy to make good his position. It is related that in Otago, where Scotchmen are in the majority of the colonists, a contract for mending a road was to be let and the lowest tender was signed "McPherson." Notice was sent to the said McPherson to meet the board and complete the contract. In due time they met, but behold! McPherson was yellow in hue and had an unmistakable pigtail. "But," gasped the president, "your name can't be McPherson?" "Allee lightee," cheerfully answered John, "nobody catchum contlact in Otago unless he name Mac." The contract was signed, and the Mongolian McPherson did his work as well as if he had really hailed from Glasgow.—China Mail.

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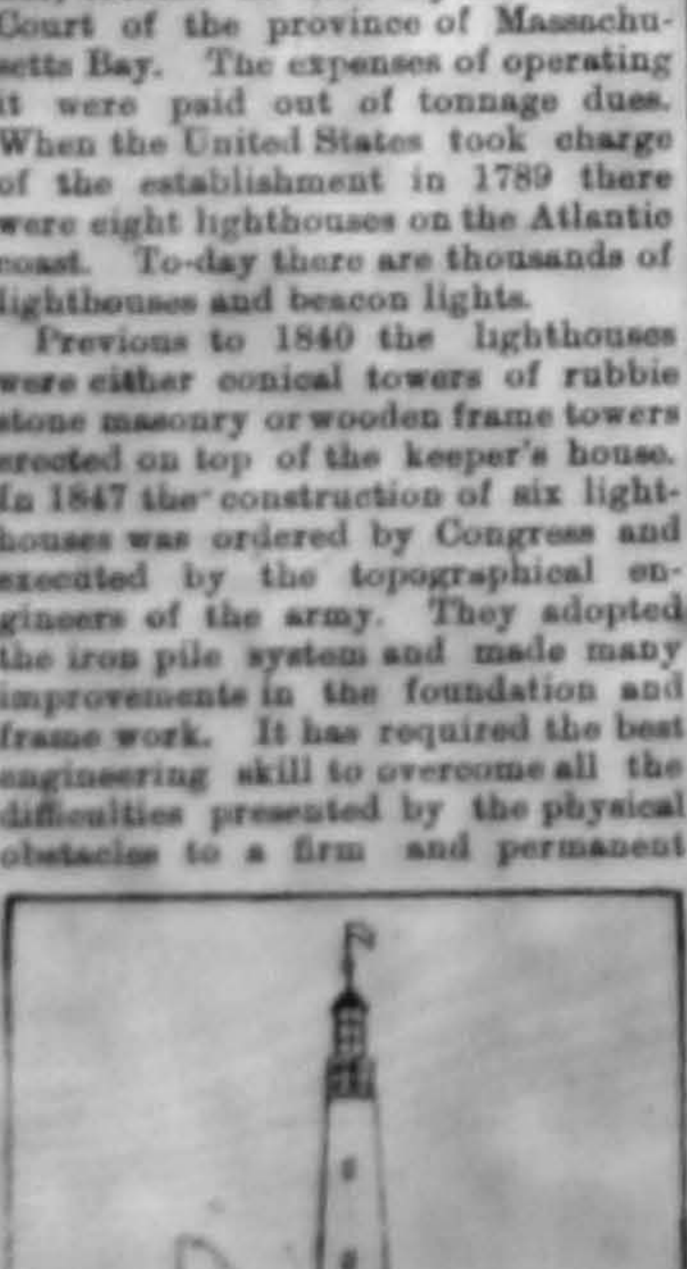

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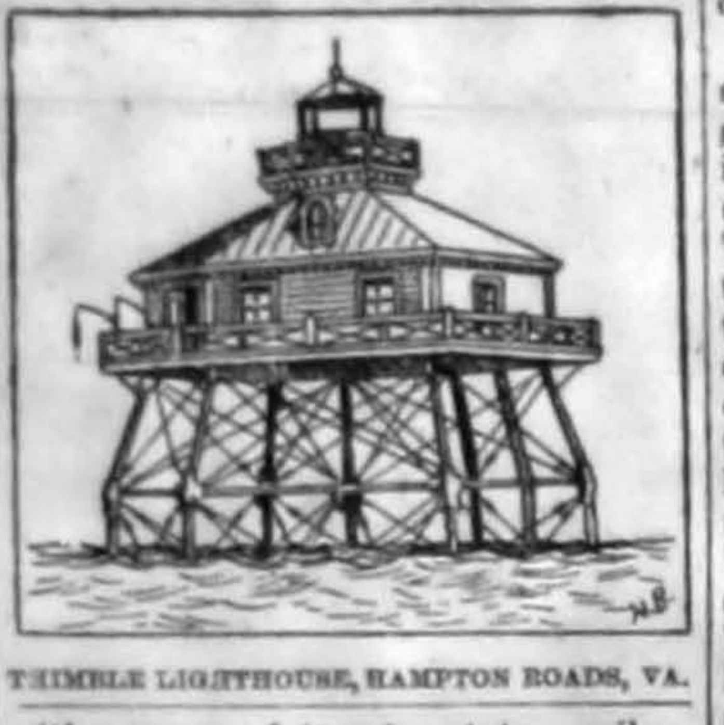

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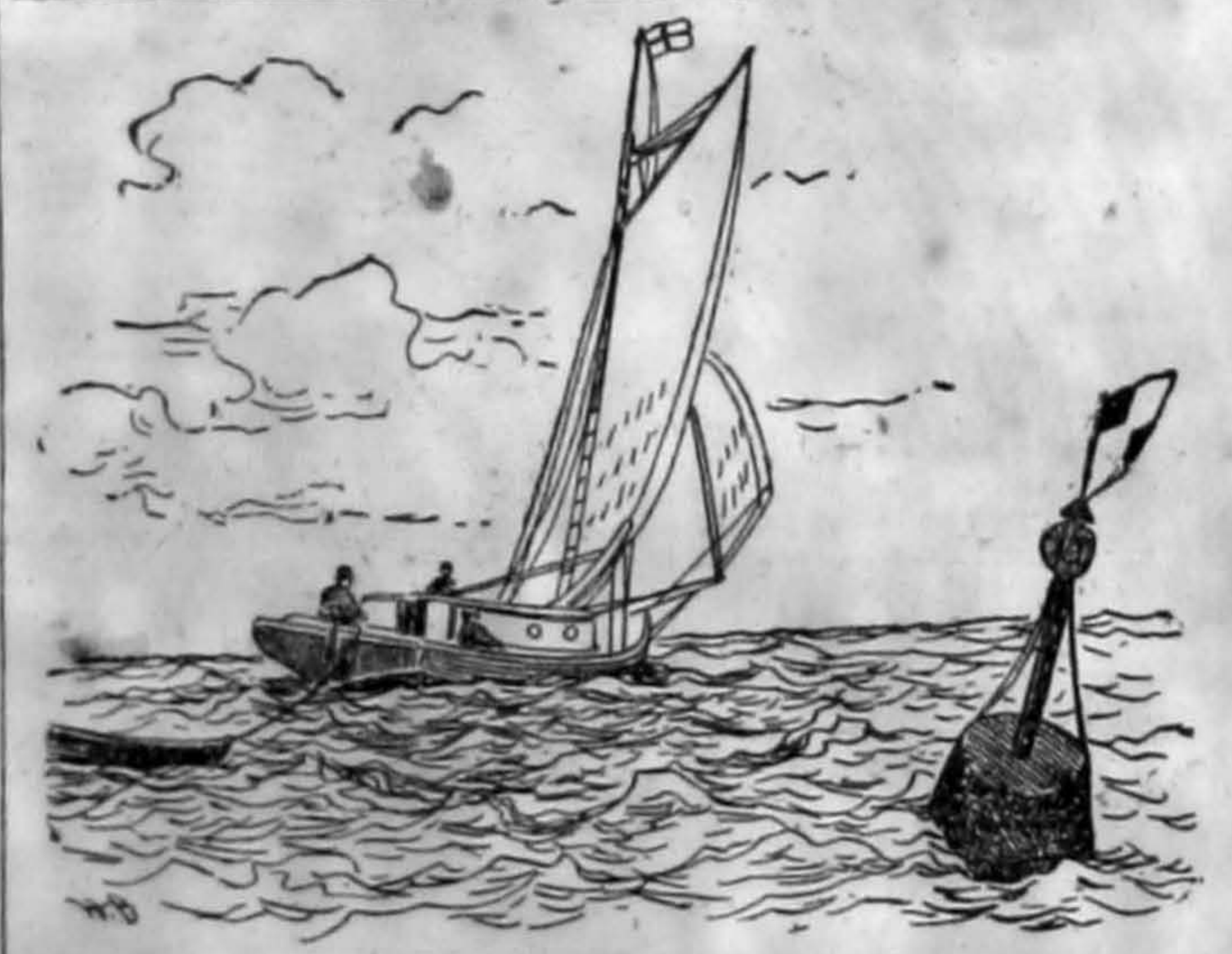

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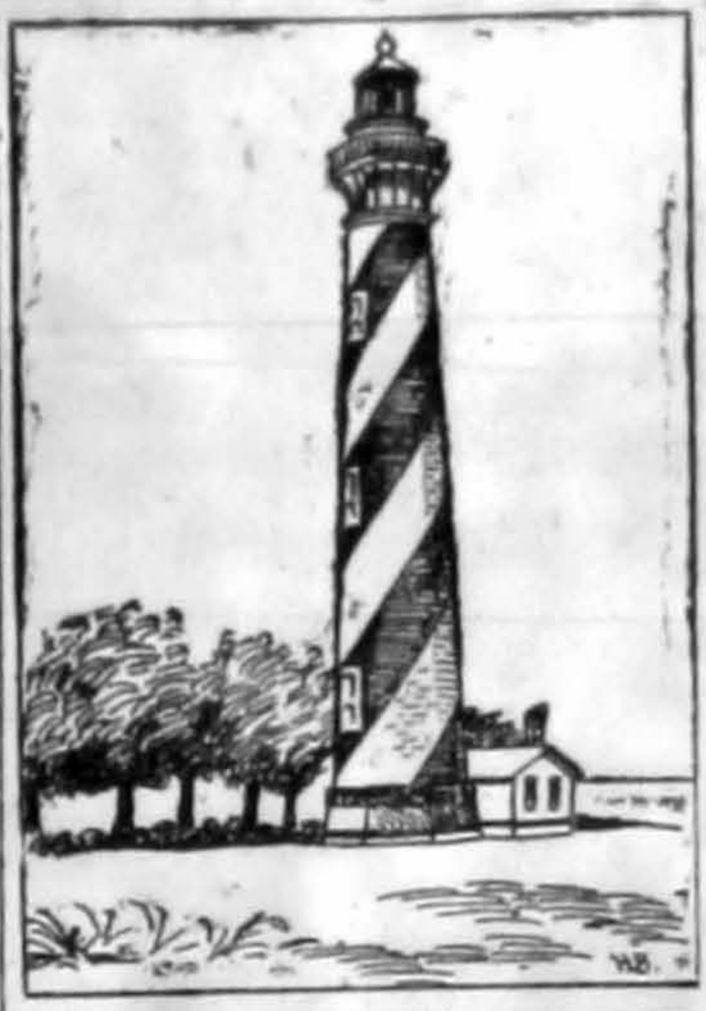

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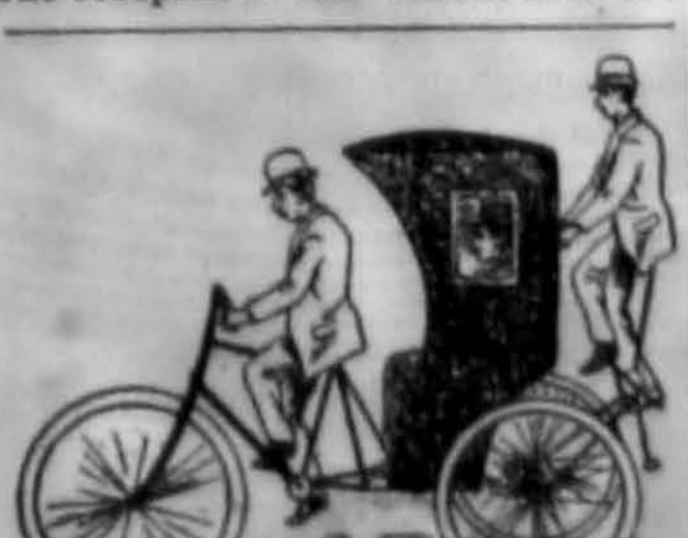
Sometimes it is almost impossible to tell by the ear the direction from which a sound comes. Different contrivances have been invented to correct the mistakes to which human powers of audition are susceptible. Some of these are very ingenious, but it is without the scope of this article to enter upon a description of the various inventions.

The lighthouse establishment of the United States is under the control of the Treasury Department, and the Secretary of the Treasury is ex-officio President of the Board, of which the Chairman is generally a rear admiral. Among the members of the board are two officers of the navy, two officers of the corps of engineers, two civilians of scientific attainments, and an officer of the navy and an officer of the engineers as Secretaries. There are sixteen lighthouse districts, in each of which there is an officer of the navy as inspector and an officer of the engineers as lighthouse engineer.

The keepers of lighthouses were appointed by the earlier Presidents, but, as they became more numerous, nominations were made by collectors of customs, and the appointments made by the Secretary of the Treasury. The nominations are, however, always to be passed upon by the Lighthouse Board, and an examination by an inspector generally precedes the final appointment. The salaries are very small, considering the nature of the service rendered, and its importance. The compensation of keepers ranges from $100 to $1000 per year. The keeper must be between eighteen and fifty years of age, and possessed of a knowledge of reading, writing and accounts, and have some mechanical ability. They are furnished with quarters for themselves, and in certain cases for their families, and with fuel and rations. As a lighthouse keeper naturally has a good deal of time on his hands, he is supplied with a library of instructing and entertaining books, containing about fifty volumes. At regular intervals this library is exchanged for another and forwarded to the next station. The Lighthouse Board has nearly 600 of such libraries in circulation. The first regularly appointed lighthouse keeper in this country was George Worthylake, who was keeper of the lighthouse on Little Brewster Island in 1716 at $250 per year.

Cab and Cycle Combined.

Several weeks ago the cycle hansom made its appearance in London. The occupant of the vehicle had the



THE NEW HANSOM.

appearance of being a foreigner, but in his movements he seemed to know the city well. His vehicle was a hansom body on three pneumatic tire wheels, propelled by two lackeys, one in front and one behind. The front man, of course, steered, but both helped the propulsion, and they pedaled away over the rough pavement at a pace of nearly eight miles an hour.

The gentleman was making business calls, and his flunkeys were therefore in ordinary dress, or what those gentry designated as morning clothes. Possibly he makes social calls in his hansom with flunkeys in livery.

Others of these vehicles have since been noticed on the street, and it is

A NEW YORKER'S WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF TOWELS.

They Number More Than 1300, and Were Gathered From All Parts of the World.

ONE New Yorker has made towels a fad, and he has gathered from all parts of the world an unparalleled assortment of them. Benjamin B. Davenport, a lawyer, better known as the publisher of several books, is the possessor of this unique collection, and at his home at Asbury Park he proudly displays his store of the towels of all nations, which number 1312.

Mr. Davenport has been engaged for twenty years in the amassing of this bizarre exhibit, which includes towels of cotton, wool, linen and silk. He has been ably assisted by many of his friends. To the acquaintances departing for distant lands Davenport has been wont to say: "Send me a towel from Madagascar," or "While you are in Patagonia pick me up one of the native towels."

By far the greater part of the collection was picked up in the hotels of the United States by Mr. Davenport personally. They vary in size and texture. A thin, sleazy cotton rag, through which one might read a newspaper, bears the startling legend indelibly stamped across its limp surface: "Stolen from the Occidental Hotel, Leadville, Colorado." It is evident that the miners had formed the habit of carrying off the towels to use as shirt fronts.

In contrast to this economical rag there is a roller towel thirty feet in length, secured in an Illinois hotel wash-room. It was what the porter who sold it to the collector called "the house towel."

One set of seven towels, of varing thickness and texture, including a genuine Turkish article that looks like forty cents' worth of tripe, recalls the luxury of a local bath house.

A square section of jute bagging, such as is used to cover cotton bales, was considered quite the thing in a hostelry on the banks of the Yazoo River. A real curiosity is a stiff and inflexible affair found in the composing-room of a Pennsylvania weekly newspaper. It was "the office towel."

There are towels of softest damask, with daintily embroidered initials that call up romantic visions, and there is a section of mummy cloth brought home from Cairo, which might once have been used to dry the moisture from the fair skin of Pharaoh's daughter, or possibly have been tucked under the chin of the infant Moses.

There are towels that are as small as napkins, and towels that would answer for bedspreads. Some are as soft to the touch as the fluffy bosom of the eider swan, and others could be used to grate horseradish upon.

There are dainty French towels and heavy, square German towels, soft Italian towels that give forth a faint odor of garlic; cold, heavily starched towels that come from England; a Scotch towel that is made of tweed; an Irish towel of unbleached linen that will take off the cuticle as if it were made of emery paper; towels from the South Sea islands that are not towels, but are cocoa mats; a carefully dressed chamois-skin which came from the Alps; a jeans towel from Indiana; a homespun towel from Kentucky; a Japanese towel of fibrous paper, and a heavy silk towel once owned by Adelina Patti.

Then there are common towels of no particular individuality, that are in the collection, because they were known to have been last used by some celebrity or because there is a tale of adventure, romance or sentiment connected with their acquisition. Mr. Davenport's conscience is never troubled when he contemplates his treasures. Very few of them were accidentally packed into his baggage. As to the conscience of the porters and chambermaids who assisted in the compilation—that is another story. Each of the towels is duly tagged and numbered and a catalogue gives the history of each article.—New York World.

Chinese Cunning.

In New Zealand, as in California, the Chinese abounds, and there, too he has to resort to strategy to make good his position. It is related that in Otago, where Scotchmen are in the majority of the colonists, a contract for mending a road was to be let and the lowest tender was signed "McPherson." Notice was sent to the said McPherson to meet the board and complete the contract. In due time they met, but behold! McPherson was yellow in hue and had an unmistakable pigtail. "But," gasped the president, "your name can't be McPherson?" "Alle lights," cheerfully answered John, "nobody catchum contlact in Otago unless he name Mac." The contract was signed, and the Mongolian McPherson did his work as well as if he had really hailed from Glasgow.—China Mail.

There are credible records of over

J. H. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop,

—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

☞Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

L. C. BARTLETT,

PAINTER,

PAPER HANGING,

FRESCO WORK.

SIGN PAINTER.

GREEN BANK, WEST VIRGINIA.

☞Satisfaction guaranteed.☜

BLACKSMITHING AND Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer and Real Estate Agent.

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,

Room, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3½ miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address URIAH BIRD,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Money Needed.

All persons indebted to me will please call at once and settle. Your account is ready and you will perhaps save yourself trouble and cost by complying with this request. I cannot give further indulgence.

Yours Respectfully,
S. W. HOLT.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to us either by note or account, will please come in and settle up. We cannot wait always on our customers for money, but must have money to pay on debts.

Respectfully,
MOORE & HANNAH,
2t. Edray, W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer... Contractor.

The . .
Folding
KODET
Junior. .

A practical camera with which a mere novice can readily learn to make the best photographs. Fully equipped for hand or tripod work. Adapted to roll film and glass plates; reversible finder with focusing plate; ground glass for fine focusing; improved shutter; tripod sockets for vertical or horizontal views. Self contained when closed; handsomely finished and covered with leather.

Price, with double plate holder, ... $10.00
Developing and Printing outfit, ... 1.50
Roll Holder for film (not loaded), ... 10.00

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Send for Catalogue. Rochester, N. Y.

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day - - - - 1.00
per meal - - - 25
lodging - - 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

FEED, LIVERY —AND— SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞Horses for Sale and Hire.☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses brokec to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton w. Va.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,

WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869.
Cash Capital $100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL.
MARLINTON W. Va.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—it won't stain your teeth, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia,	Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia,	Troubles,
Constipation,	Bad Blood
Malaria,	Nervous ailments

Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free. BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

All Confederate Camps and ex-Confederates in this State, will please take notice, that a Re union of such Camps and individual Confederates will be held under the auspices of Stonewall Jackson Camp C. V. at Chareston, Kanawha county, W. Va.,

ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 24,

For the purpose of discussing and maturing plans for the establishment of a "HOME" in this State for helpless and homeless Confederate Veterans.

Without more formal or further notice, all Confederate Camps in the State are requested to send Representatives to this meeting, and all individual Confederates are requested to attend, or that they will get together in counties where there is no regular organizaton and send representatives, so that every county in the State will be represented.

All the newspapers in the State are requested to donate enough of their time and space to publish this notice until the day of meeting and to call attention to it editorially.

Let there be a full attention to inaugerate this worthy and chritable work for our helpless Comrades, on a sure and permanent foundation.

S. S. GREEN, COMMANDER,
And Chairman Executive Committee.

A Fatal Shooting.

A young Mr. Riddle and two other gentlemen of Franklin, W. Va., were out from town a short distance hunting, the day before Christmas, and while creeping through some very thick under brush, a Winchester rifle in the hands of the gentleman nearest to Mr. Riddle caught on a brush and was discharged. The ball entered Mr. Riddle's head just behind the ear, tearing a large hole clear through his head, killing him instantly. This was indeed a sad accident, and the two young men, when they saw what had been done, were wild with grief.—*Highland Recorder,*

Wanted - A Reliable Boy.

In every city and town to send his name and address on a postal card, if able to devote a few hours in special work for us in his locality. No canvassing. Experience not required, simple energy and faithfullness. Good remuneration. Name one or more references. Address COBBETT & CO., 723 SANSOM STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

◆

The Man, of Alderson, will begin publication anew this week under the auspicies of a reliable publisher. Mr. A. C. Houston will be the editor, we are informed, with S. A. Houston as proprietor, and H. P. Mohler publisher. *The Man* made things warm last fall, and no doubt will help to thaw out the snow-bank in which the *Watchman's* candidates were entombed on November 6th. It's mighty rough sledding for the party that gets in its way.—*Ronceverte News.*

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE.—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but It Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

New Goods New Prices!

—IT IS HARD TO KEEP—

A Stock of Goods fully up in the town of Marlinton, as goods do not lie on our shelves long, but we have taken a fresh, strong, start and have put in the

BEST AND FRESHEST STOCK

Brought into this county this year, and the most complete stock I have ever handled in my merchantile experience.

I GUARANTEE MY PRICES AS LOW OR LOWER THAN ANY IN THE COUNTY.

—EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN—

Dry Goods, Groceries,

CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES,
GEN L MERCHANDISE.

A Suit of Clothes and a beaver hat at less than you ever purchased them,

GREAT BARGAINS IN EVERYTHING.

Remember the place—the big store of Marlinton.

S. W. HOLT.

IT TICKLES YOU
THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.

BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

Come to the Times Office for Neat Job Work.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 27. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,..................J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,...............R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court,.......S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court,....J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,...............C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor......George Baxter.
Coroner,..............George P. Moore
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, [illegible], H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,

MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel.
All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,

HAS LOCATED AT

FROST, W. VA.

THE incorporation of Marlinton has been a subject of discussion for over two years. Lately our contemporary has been pushing the question with very commendable zeal. He misquots us in a late leader. We had said that it would not be "very just to incorporate without the consent of the company which owns the town" and added, "not to say safe." This is twisted by him into "the scheme is not judicious or safe," and refers to the "position taken" by us. A position is exactly what we have not taken. We have suggested it during the time mentioned above, but no one ever has taken enough interest in the scheme to put it to a vote, up to the present time. This should be done at once. If a half-a-dozen citizens would stand as promoters of the incorporation, there need be no especial expense attached to it, and none whatever if the incorporation is consumated. The steps to be taken are laid down in the Code: There must be one hundred persons, and the boundary not less than one quarter of one square mile. The persons seeking incorporation must cause to be made an accurate map of the territory by a practical surveyor. Also an accurate census shall be taken, verified by affidavit of the census taker. The map and census must be left at some place of access for at least four weeks. Then a notice shall be published for four weeks of the foregoing matters, and that on a certain day a vote shall be taken. We are sure that such notice will be donated by either of the papers of Marlinton, in the event the petitioners fail, at least. The voters when assembled choose three commissioners, and all duly qualified voters who have been *bona fide* residents of the village six months before any charter election, are voters of that village. If a majority of the qualified voters residing within the boundary come out and vote for incorporation, it is so certified to the Circuit Court, which grants a certificate of incorporation. The only construction to be put on this section is that the voters not voting are counted as voting against incorporation. Then comes the election of officers. Seven of the town officers must be freeholders, and, count as we would, only six were to be found on the East side of the river, eligible to hold office. This is not counting an English gentleman, not naturalized. Before there is any more palaver on this subject, steps should be taken to make an issue.

◆

THE present generation is famous among many other things for close calculations and accurate researches. A Genoese journalist to have something original for the Columbian year, undertook to estimate what it cost to discover America in 1492. Columbus had an annual salary of three hundred and thirty-three dollars. The captains in charge of the Nina and Pinta received one hundred and eighty dollars each. The sailors were paid each two and a half dollars per month. The outfit cost two thousand and eight hured dollars. Total about seven thousand and five hundred dollars. Voyages of discovery are vastly more costly now.

◆

DON'T sit in a draught. If you

To the Teachers.

Supt. Barlow gives them a Gentle Reminder. A Word to the Wise.

To the Teachers of Pocahontas County:—The time is now at hand when many of you are engaged in the preparation of your term report to the Secretaries of the Board of Education, and to secure that accuracy and completeness of detail so necessary, is the object of this letter.

The State Superintendent says that almost every mail brings to his office letters of inquiry from the office of the National Commisser of Education, or from various institutions, states, and nations, regarding our State educational work, and to these interrogatives the department is often unable to make intelligent reply because of the failure or neglect of those charged with the duty of supplying the desired information. We want the report of our schools to be accurate and complete. Reports, blanks, etc,, are prepared and distributed to the the teachers, and there is not a blank but what should be filled, nor an item to be omitted. The Legislature has made ample provision for collecting and placing the State in possession of valuable information, by furnishing blanks, etc., and the law must, therefore, be enforced by all whose duty it is to see that it is enforced.

The Secretary of the Board of Education is prohibited by law from paying to a teacher his last month's salary until said teacher has delivered to him (the Secretary) a properly kept term register.

Section 8 of the School Law requires the Secretary of the Board to make an an annual report to the County Superintendent, but the Secretary cannot make a correct report unless he has received from the teachers reports which are "full and complete."

"Statistics are worthless unless accurate, and the large sum of money expended by the State in printing and distributing the same is a waste if they are not correct in every particular."

Section 19 of the School Law requires the teacher in each subdistrict, before the close of his school and not later than the 1st of April in each year, to make an enumeration of all school youths resident in his sub-district. If your school closes after April 1st, make this report on a seperate blank that will be furnished you by the Secretary of the Board of Education. The teacher should secure an accurate enumeration, because the distributisn of the State school fund is based upon it.

THE GRADE SHEET.

It is the duty of every teacher in the county to properly prepare the grade sheet, and, together with the term register, return it to the Secretary of the Board of Education. The good effect of the entire work of grading our schools will be largely lost unless the grade sheet is properly filled and filed with the Secretary of the district in which the school is situated. See that your work on the grade sheet is accurate for without accuracy it is worthless. Remember that your grade sheet goes into the hands of your successor, and he will rely upon it in classifying his school. Therefore be sure that your work is correct.

I will gladly assist you in any way I can in the earnest work you are doing for the advancement of education, and with the hope that you are having a successful year as teachers, I am most obediently yours,

D. L. BARLOW,
County Superintendent.
Edray, W. Va., January 14, 1895.

◆

A PRIZE of one guinea offered for the best definition of "life," was given to the person who said

---

Pocahontas in 1823.

The extract printed below is from a letter written by Col. J. Howe Peyton, the first commonwealth's attorney of this county, on his first visit to Huntersville, at the first term of the "Superior Court" which was held after the formation of the county. The two buildings, which he speaks of, were situated on the site of Mr. C. R. Moore's house. The county in 1830 contained 2,542 people. Col. Peyton traveled with Judge Stuart from Staunton, and as his letter shows, he was considerably impressed with the crudeness of the manner of living west of the Alleghany:

"On Tuesday at two o'clock we arrived at Huntersville, the seat of Justice of Pocahuntas county—a place as much out of the world as Crim Tartary. Owing to the bad condition of the roads we were much fatigued and bore many marks of travel-stain. The so called town of Huntersville consists of two illy-constructed time-worn, (though it is not time which has worn them,) weather-beaten cabins built on logs and covered with clapboards. My negro cabins on Jackson's river are palaces in comparison with them.

"One of these wretched hovels is the residence of John Bradshaw, the other is called the loom-house for these people are self-sustaining. They spin and weave. The big wheel and the little wheel are birring in every hut and throwing off the woolen and linen yarn to be worked up for family purposes. The home-spun cloth, too, is stronger and more durable than that brought by our merchants from Northern manufacturers.

"In Bradshaw's dwelling there is a large fire-place, which occupies one entire side, the gable end. The chimney is enormous and so short that the room is filled with light which enters this way. It is an ingenious contrivance for letting all the warmth escape through the chimney, whilst most of the smoke is driven back into the chamber. In the chimney-corner I prepared my legal papers before a roaring fire, surrounded by rough mountaineers, who were drinking whiskey and as night advanced, growing riotous. In the back part of the room two beds were curtained off with horse-blankets—one for the Judge and one for myself. To the left of the fire-place stood old Bradshaw's couch. In the loft, to which they ascended, by means of a ladder, his daughter and the hired woman slept, and at times of a crowd, a wayfarer. The other guests were sent to sleep in the Loom-house, in which was suspended in the loom, a half-woven piece of cloth. Three beds were disposed about the room, which completed its appointments—one was allotted to Sampson Mathews, a second to John Baxter, the third to George Mays, and John Brown. The loom was used as a hat-rack at night and for sitting on, in the absence of chairs, in the day. As there was not a chair or stool beyond those used by the weaving women, my clients *roosted* on the loom while detailing their troubles and receiving advice.

"Bradshaw's table is well supplied. There is profusion, if not prodigality in the rich, lavish bounty of the goodly tavern. We had no venison, as this is a shy season with the deer, but excellent mutton with plenty of apple sauce, peach pie, and roasting ears. As a mark of deference and respect to the Court, I presumed, we had a table-cloth—they are not often seen on Western tables and when they are, are not innocent of color—and clean sheets upon our beds. This matter of the sheets is no small affair in out of the way places, as it not unfrequently happens that wanderers communicate disease through the bedclothing.

is for the most part on the outside. A false modesty seems to prevent those salutary ablutions which are so necessary to health, and I did not commend myself to the good graces of the hired woman by insisting on my foot-bath every morning.

"We remained five days at Huntersville closely engaged in the business of the Court, which I found profitable. Pocahuntas is a fine grazing county, and the support of the people is mainly derived from their flocks cattle, horses and sheep, which they drive over the mountains to market. There is little money among them except after these excursions, but they have little need of it—every want is supblied by the happy country they possess, and of which they are as fond as the Swiss of their mountains. It is a pretty country, a country of diversified and beautiful scenery in which there is a wealth of verdure and variety which keeps the attention alive and the outward eye delighted."

◆

SEVERAL books of fiction, written for an ethical or moral purpose, seem to have an unprecedented circulation. This indicates that there is an intense yearning for sympathy and instruction on the part of thousands of intelligent, serious people, struggling in the confused twilight that dims the questions of the hour, how to correct social wrongs sustained by social customs. The reader's sympathies are deeply aroused when it is seen that too often it is trusting, confiding women who may be made as it were the moral scapegoat, and as such may be sent into the wilderness to expiate the sins of man. Then, too, the reader's indignition is appealed to in behalf of those jilted by their special friends, when their opportunities for marriage are numbered, and so left to long, loveless lives and unaided battles with the world. Such reading is destitute of faith in Higher wisdom shaping human rough-hewn purposes to a nobler end beyond our earthly vision, and so leaves its votaries without the beams of a higher hope to assist them to win triumphs and evolve light out of darkness, and right out of wrongs. The result will be that ere long it will be asked "who will show us any good?" Then books illustrating the old but ever new necessity of subduing instinctive passion to law, by which the spiritual regeneration of each man and woman will be most happily assured, such books will then be in the fashion.

◆

WHILE the city of Elkins may not be the capitol of the State, for which there are aspirations, yet there is no doubt of there being an immense amount of capital represented by the citizens. The home of Mr. Elkins cost two hundred thousand; near by the home of Hon. Henry G. Davis rated at one hundren and ten thousand; and that of Mr. Kerens in the vicinity costing ninety thousand dollars. The computed wealth of the three residents amounts to one hundred and twenty million dollars.

◆

ONE of the most popular songs among our singing people is "The West Virginia Hills." It may interest some to learn that the writer of these beautiful lines is the wife of the Rev. H. D. King, pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Vineland, New Jersey. Mr. King, a short time since, spent some weeks in our state conducting

The French have invented an occult science of arithmetic which they call "arithmomancy."

If the United States had as great a relative population as Japan it would have a population of 960,000,000 people.

The number of American horses in Italy, England, France, Germany and Russia is already quite large, is rapidly increasing, and the result of crossing them with the native stock has already proved far more satisfactory than almost any one anticipated.

From a tabular statement published in the Japan Gazette it appears that Japan has altogether 39,601 doctors, of whom only 10,553 are qualified on modern principles; the rest, over two-thirds of the total, being old stagers of the purely native school, the champions of frogs' toenails and burnt joss paper.

There are 20,000 woman cycle riders in New York and New England alone. If possible, the latter staid and conservative locality is more wheel mad than New York, maintains the Dispatch. The enthusiasm has spread to the tiniest towns, and a little mountain hamlet of 300 or 500 souls will have its quota of wheel women.

It is said that horses are cheaper in Idaho, just now, than anywhere else in the world. Ordinary unbroken, ranch-bred horses have been sold at auction, in Boise City, during the last summer at seventy-five cents a head, and horses broken to harness and the saddle as low as $2.50, although, as a farmer remarked, "if you want a good team they are surprisingly scarce."

To reach the north pole, an architect, M. Hanin, has proposed to the Geographical Society of Paris the constrtction of wooden huts one or two days' journey apart. He considers Greenland the most favorable locality for an experiment of this kind. Each of the huts would become in its turn a base of supplies for the construction of the next. As the distance to be covered is about 900 miles, a score of huts would be necessary to establish a route to the pole.

The sacred cattle of India take more readily to American ways than do the people of that land, according to the caretakers of the National quarantine for cattle at Garfield, N. J., where there is a small herd of the animals, imported for Oliver H. P. Belmont. Said one of these men: "Mr. Belmont sent over for the cattle some of the native feed. It is a grain or berry which when ground up resembles ground chicory. The cattle ate it all right, but after a few days here they became sickly. The superintendent gave them some Yankee feed, on which they immediately began to thrive, and now they won't touch the feed sent over with them."

Among the reasons for the almost uninterrupted success of Japan in prosecuting the present war with China is the spirit of sacrifice and generosity exhibited by her people. Voluntary contributions amounting to almost $15,000,000 have been received by the Government. The Bank of the Nobility, which has given $1,000,000 outright, has also placed $15,000,000, interest free, at the disposal of the authorities. The noblemen and wealthy merchants have been most patriotic, and a number of them have contributed more than $100,000 each. Victory under such conditions is comparatively easy and certain. Public spirit in China with reference to the unfortunate conflict presents a melancholy contrast. Unhappily for the Chinese, the same spirit of indifference—to use no stronger word—seems to pervade a great part of the army and navy. Admiral Ting himself had to report that seven of his ships remained concealed during the fight on the Yaloo; that several officers had to be court-martialled for cowardice, and that it was deemed essential to behead Captain Fong, who

And carried home to a quiet desk
Where, long forgot, it lay.

One morn I chanced to lift the lid,
And lo! as light as air,
A moth flew up on downy wings
And settled above my chair!

A dainty, beautiful thing it was,
Orange and silvery gray,
And I marvelled how from the leafy bough
Such fairy stole away.

Had the other flown? I turned to see,
And found it striving still
To free itself from the swathing floss
And rove the air at will.

"Poor little prisoned waif," I said,
"You shall not struggle more;"
And tenderly I cut the threads,
And watched to see it soar.

Alas! a feeble chrysalis
It dropped from its silken bed;
My help had been the direst harm—
The pretty moth was dead:

I should have left it there to gain
The strength that struggle brings;
'Tis stress and strain, with moth or man,
That free the folded wings!

—Edna D. Proctor, in Youth's Companion.

SAUNDERS'S ROMANCE.

SAUNDERS had read dime novels as a boy in New York. In the afternoons, as he came home from school he had bought them from some street corner vender of "penny dreadfuls," and had gloated over them as only a small boy, born and bred in a great city, can gloat over tales of the West. He had not been discriminating, of course, and had had a natural leaning toward the most blood-curdling recitals; but he had chosen always something in some way connected with army life.

The army was to him a beautiful dream, a highly varnished picture, and to be a part of it—a major part, of course, something like a General, or, at the very least, a Colonel—had been from the first his one ambition. But destiny, in the shape of parents of stern and old-fashioned mould, the kind that thought and accepted it as a convenient creed that, having inflicted life upon their offspring, they were entirely at liberty to ruin that life—this destiny ordained that he should have a profession other than that of arms; in short, that he should be a lawyer.

Now, Saunders was of an age to judge for himself, and he knew that he was not the stuff of which lawyers are made. Not the slightest vestige of eloquence had he, he was blunt and truthful to a degree. He disliked a lie for its own sake. All this and more he told his parents, but he was answered by the logic which has retarded the world's progress through so many generations, that they were older and therefore wiser; that he was their son, and they knew better what was good for him than he could possibly. Saunders, more from a sense of duty than a fear of being disinherited of his father's goodly estates, accepted their decision and began the reading of law.

About this time he chose for a chum a youth whose only possible recommendation must have been that he could boast of army relatives. He had visited in his sallow gosling days at a garrison, and was full of highly spiced tales regarding the wild daring and fascinations of a soldier's life. Saunders would drink in all these stories, and despite his valiant efforts to forget them and put temptation away, they would come back to him as he sat over the inexpressibly stupid folios relating to the law.

One summer this chum of his invited Saunders to visit him at his country house on the Hudson. Saunders went and spent the happiest two weeks of his life. For it was there that he met Madge Kean, the bewitching little daughter of Colonel Kean, of the Tenth. Saunders caught his first glimpse of her as he walked with young Milton up the driveway. Madge was armed with a Flobert rifle, and was teaching the little son of the house how to aim and pull the trigger. There was something in her very pose, in the fact of her knowing how to shoot, that appealed to Saunders at once. He could not see her face, but, nevertheless, he said to Milton that she was a "mighty pretty girl." Milton replied with pardonable pride that the young lady was his cousin, had just come from the far West, was of the army, and a "mighty pretty little flirt." Therefore, before Saunders had even been introduced to the fair Madge, he was perilously near to being in love.

When he stood beside her and Milton was saying, "This is my chum, Saunders, Madge; Miss Kean, Mr. Saunders," when her bright eyes glanced at him from under her long lashes—just like an untamed

sion and refinement of a New York gentleman. She determined that he would be much better material to expend her fascinations on than that milksop of a cousin of hers. She was glad he had come, and said so. Saunders answered, in a tone which carried conviction, that he also was glad she had come, and Madge blushed through one of those clear, tanned skins which change color with every emotion. Not that she was shy and schoolgirlish in her blushes; they were not a result of timidity.

Cupid did not hit Saunders's heart with the traditional golden arrow this time. It was the tiny bullets of lead which went from the muzzle of the Flobert straight to the bull's-eye of the target that made the wounds which are inflicted sooner or later on every man. By the time the wee cartridge-box was empty Saunders was hopelessly smitten.

In the course of the next fortnight he came to that point where he would have even studied law with pleasure had she expressed an admiration for law students. But she did not. He had confided to her all his baffled ambitions; had told her how his soul yearned for shoulder-straps; and she, in turn, told him that the life of a soldier was the only one worth living.

He was too old for West Point; why didn't he try for a civil appointment? This had never occurred to him; he would think it over. He asked her some questions, and confided some of his ideas of garrison life to her. She laughed at them and told him that he was a "dear old tenderfoot." If it had not been for the tone of voice in which she said it, for the roguish, half fond glance from her mustang eyes, Saunders would have been terribly cut up over that scornful word.

"Tenderfoot—tenderfoot," he! After all he had read on the subject. Could it be that his source of information was bad? He did not ask Madge this, however; he never put forth any of his ideas on the subject again, to her; asked for no further information; he knew he was missing golden opportunities for enlightenment, but he did not care to be laughed at. He was aware that nothing would so much injure him in her eyes as to make himself ridiculous. And Madge in that fortnight exerted, first, every charm she possessed, every power she could command, to bring him to her feet.

Having succeeded in this, she used quite as much skill in keeping him from asking her to marry him. She didn't want to be married; she didn't even want to be engaged, and he was only the pastime of a summer's jaunt. Nobody took such flirtations seriously; that is, nobody with any sense. If he couldn't see she was in fun it wasn't her fault, was it? She wasn't accountable for his being deficient in powers of preception, was she? A New York man ought to know how to take care of himself.

Well, the little summer play was over. Saunders went back to town with the secret determination to cut loose from the grind of the law reading to go into the army. He had not told Madge of this; somehow, looking back on it, he hadn't told her anything that he had meant to; he had been half afraid that she would laugh. It would never do to have her laugh.

Of course, there was a big row at his home when he announced his determination. But the breath of free air that he had drawn in from contact with Madge made him see that he should have something to say in the matter of his own career. Moreover, he had the strength of love to uphold him. He surprised his parents by asserting his freedom of action, and when they made it too disagreeable for his self-respect to allow him to stay under their roof he left it, with paternal and maternal maledictions following him. He started in to obtain a civil appointment, and learned more, before he realized his failure, of the nature of human beings and of the struggle for existence than he had ever known before.

It came about that he obtained no civil appointment, and he knew that his father had done his best, covertly, that he should not obtain it. This one thing he could not forgive. Meantime he longed for Madge with the whole power of his heart. He wrote to her and received no reply. So he supposed that she had not got his letter. The thought that she had ignored it did not come to him. The final refusal of a commission was a blow from which he did not recover for some days—he had lost heart for a time; but he read in an Army and Navy that Miss Kean had been desperately ill. That afternoon he enlisted as a private soldier, and the next morning wore the blue.

This was not being a Colonel or a General, but men had risen from the ranks to sudden fame and honor in the books he had read; besides, he was at his last penny. A little wave of disgust ran over him as he learned that $13 a month, with clothing, bed and board, would be his share of the world's goods. He enlisted with that

that he might be assigned to a post several thousand miles from the one which his lady-love lighted with her presence. It was not until the deed was done that this came to him, and then he could only hope and pray.

As luck would have it, he was sent to the very post where Colonel Kean was stationed. This did not exactly surprise him; he took it as a matter of course that Providence should interfere in behalf of Saunders—of one of the handsomest and most popular fellows in his set. He wondered what his friends at home thought of his escapade. Then he settled down to the discomfort of second-class accommodations in a railway car. Fortunately for him, the garrison to which he was ordered happened to be very near to the railroad, and he was spared a cross-country trip of a hundred or two miles.

Words cannot paint the miseries that Saunders went through. They were not physical miseries, for he was well sheltered, well clothed, not overworked, and was spared the humiliation and pain of the raw recruit, who learns for the first time to bestride a bare-backed horse. Saunders was an old hand at steeplechase, and had little to learn, save a few technicalities.

He did not even see Madge for three days, but was induced to overcome his predetermination to call upon her. He saw within an hour after he had stepped upon the reservation that he would hardly be welcome. It was bad enough not to be able to see his divinity; it was infinitely worse when, at last, he met her. She gave a great gasp and start, blushed, and returned the bow, with just the slightest nod and condescending smile. He saw with dismay that he was to her simply a menial—that he could not dare to overstep the line which divided them.

He got over his desire to shoot himself every time he was given an order in her hearing after awhile. He watched her flirtations with a gorgeous first lieutenant in bitterness of spirit, and the thought dawned on him that she was not true; but he hoped she would leave the first lieutenant when he (Saunders) should have won his spurs. But even the spurs seemed far away; he had come to understand that the jump from the uniform of an enlisted man into that of an officer is a difficult feat, or was in those days, and no chance for physical prowess presented itself. Morally he was as brave as only a man in love can be. He would have killed himself had he not been.

More courage than to carry a standard to the cannon's mouth did it take for him to obey the first order to "police," with a fatigue party, the back yards of the officers' quarters. To "police" is army for cleaning up, and it is left, as a general thing, to the prisoners who happen to be in the guard-house. But at this time there were very few prisoners, not more than one or two, for the men had been upon their good behavior, it being almost two months since the paymaster's last visit, and no cash left to be expended upon whisky at the sutler's. So Saunders sallied forth in fatigue suit—overalls and coat of canvas—and he helped the others to sweep with stable brooms and to shovel up the back yards.

In the Colonel's yard he was mercifully spared meeting Madge—it would have been, he thought, the last straw—and he did not know that from behind her filmy curtain she was watching him with amusement and pity, the while she turned about on the third finger of her left hand a large solitaire ring, and wondered what he would say when he heard of her approaching marriage to the dashing young lieutenant.

Then the police party went on its way and came at last to the yard of that very lieutenant. There was a half sheet of note paper in one of the piles of dust and rubbish which had been swept up. Saunders noticed this—noticed, though it was crumpled, that the writing upon it was Madge's pointed scrawl. He picked it up and slipped it into his pocket. It was not an honest thing to do, but he did not stop to think—he only wondered what a note of hers was doing in this man's back yard and what was in it.

When he got back to the barracks he read the note. There was enough therein to make him understand that Madge—his Madge—for whom he had given up everything, for whom he had endured so much humiliation, was to be married in one week to that first lieutenant; that she was in love—desperately in love—with him, and did not hesitate to say so. Was the man in love with her? If he was, why did he crumple up and throw away a note for which Saunders would have given his very soul?

Then Saunders looked about him with eyes opened by despair. He saw at last the barrier of caste in all its height and strength; he saw what he had done, and he shuddered. There were but two ways out of this unless he waited until his enlistment were up—four and a half more years—and that he could not do. He could kill

days, and then "bolted," as his comrades termed it. He went away from the railway, thinking that he would put those who were sent after him off the scent, and after a day or two circle round to reach the iron road, which would lead him far from all this.

On the third day, as he trudged onward to the railroad, dodging like a hunted criminal behind every clump of mesquite or greesewood, he was overtaken, his hands tied behind him, and marched back to the post under guard.

At a turn of the road the party drew aside and waited for an ambulance to pass. The soldiers saluted the officer inside.

Saunders could not salute; his hands were tied. He knew the officer—it was the first lieutenant; he was going to the station with his bride. Madge looked out and saw the deserter—saw him and turned her head.—San Francisco Argonaut.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Cinnamon kills the typhus microbe.

Children's first teeth have a great effect upon the second set.

Soap is one of the best known sterilizers of water suspected of infection.

Substitute for glass is made from collodion wool and is flexible, not brittle.

The fiber of nettle weed is being used in the manufacture of textile fabrics.

The phosphorescence near the Cape Verde Islands is at times so bright that one can easily read the smallest print.

Spontaneous combustion occurs in many substances because during fermentation heat is evolved and inflammable gases are engendered.

A closed room is bad for sleeping, because air once breathed parts with a sixth of its oxygen, and contains an equivalent amount of carbonic gas.

The France Militaire says that the French and Spanish Governments have agreed to the boring of two railway tunnels through the Pyrenees to connect the two countries at Saint Chiron and at Oloron.

It is estimated that 12,000,000 tons of coal are used for gas making annually in England. A train of coal wagons three miles long, each wagon holding a ton, would be required to bring into London the coal for an hour's supply of gas.

That lizards will catch and eat butterflies is stated by Jane Frazer in an article in a London entomological journal. In the Samoan Islands she saw a "skipper" butterfly when lighted caught and instantly swallowed by a beautiful golden-green lizard with a bright blue tail.

A living specimen of the largest and most deadly snake known (Ophiophagus elaps) has been added to the Zoological Gardens of London. It grows twelve to fourteen feet in length, and is hooded like the cobra. It occurs in India, Burma and in the East Indian Archipelago, living in forests and jungles and readily climbing trees.

It has been discovered that microbes capable of germination exist in the ocean everywhere except at great depths. They seem to be more plentiful in the Canary, Florida and Labrador currents than elsewhere, and are not detected in the ocean bed. They are, however, plentiful at a depth of 1300 feet, and are found as far down as 3500 feet—certainly deep enough for all practical purposes. Some of these microbes are phosphorescent, and are found on the bodies of living fish.

Cheap Meals.

Two English institutions, framed in the interests of workingmen, might well be adopted in our large cities. In London, Liverpool and half a dozen other places there are located in the main streets handsome coffee palaces, where a cup of tea or coffee, with sugar and milk, and a slice of bread and butter can be obtained for three cents. There are other cookeries to which a workman takes the slice of raw meat he will bring with him from home in the morning. In the noon hours this is cooked for him on a gridiron, and he is supplied with knife, fork, salt and pepper for three cents. Six ounces of bread with butter can be added for six cents.—St. Louis Star Sayings.

Fig Growing in California.

For 1891 the output of cured figs in California was 360,000 pounds. The increase since that time has not been as rapid as in other branches of production, so that it is not likely that a million pounds of merchantable figs are yet produced in that State. The quality of the product has, however, greatly improved, and the prejudice in favor of the imported article is slowly giving way, so that all conditions are favorable to an almost unlimited production.—New York World.

Partridges a-callin',
Hick'ry nuts a-fallin',
Country jes' a-smilin' all around;
Cattle bells a-tinklin',
Silver frost a-sprinklin'
Spicy-like, an' sweetenin' all the ground!

By day, the sunshine streamin',
By night, the sweetest dreamin'—
Country just as happy as can be!
Not a bit o' trouble—
Single-life an' double,
The juicy joy jest rains on you an' me!
—Youth's Companion.

THE "SULTAN" MYSTERY.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

IN the year 1860 I sailed in the ship Sultan, a vessel of seven hundred and eighty tons' burden, from the port of Liverpool, bound round the Horn to Valparaiso with a valuable general cargo. The captain was a man named Jonas Jortin. I, who went in her as chief mate, am named William Fletcher.

We carried no second officer. Often it happened in those days that even big ships sailed with what is known as an "only mate," who was supposed to comprise in himself all that was to be expected in the shape of duty and knowledge from a first and second officer.

As I, however, held no certificate as "only mate," I signed as chief, and the boatswain, a man named Benjamin Matthews, took the working part of second mate under me; that is, he relieved me when my watch was up, walked the decks and trimmed sail at his discretion. But he took no part in the navigation of the ship; indeed, I doubt if he knew what a sextant was, and I am not sure that he could read or write.

Captain Jortin was a tall, lean, long faced man, with so remarkable a fall of chin that his mouth seemed to be placed almost exactly in the middle of his face. His skin was yellow; he had followed the sea for many years, but the flesh of his cheeks reflected nothing of the glow and bronze of sun and weather.

His eyes were of a dead black, like an East Indian's, without animation in their glance, and slow in their motions.

I had been struck by the figure he made when I first boarded the ship in the docks. Nothing could less correspond with the traditional notions of the old salt, with purple nose and bow legs, eyes deep sunk by peering to windward, and a stormy voice broken by years of drink and bawling, than this master of the ship Sultan, buttoned up as he was in a coat of clerical cut, his black hair smeared smooth as though his head was painted, limp stick-up collars and long, square-toed Wellington boots.

All went well with us till we had gone clear of the northeast trade-wind and struck the "Humbugging" parallels, as they are called, where you get sheet-calms with a wide ocean white as a level ice-field, then faint draughts crawling up in the direct line of the ship's course, painting the burnished surface with the darkling shadows like huge marine spiders creeping down from the edge of the horizon. I think our latitude was between eight and ten degrees north when, what I am going to tell you about happened.

It was the second dog-watch; the hour about half-past six; the ship's yards were braced well forward, and she was rippling along to the pressure of a three-knot breathing of air, coming hot as steam from out of the glowing pavilions of the west.

It was sickeningly close, with the menace of an electric storm in a delicate winking of violet dumb lightning away down in the southeast, where the shadow of the night was gathering, with a large star already trembling low down over the sea right abeam.

A fiddle was going upon the forecastle-head. A sailor was chanting a ditty to the tune. Most of the ship's company were listening, lounging about the cathead and against the rail, pipes in mouth. Their open shirts disclosed their mossy breasts, their legs were bare to the knee for the comfort of the coolness, and their bronzed faces reflected the angry red in the west as though every man had oiled himself.

The captain was walking aft, alone, measuring a space of the deck from abreast of the wheel and something forward of the mizzen rigging. His gait was that of a man in a funeral procession—stiff, solemn, self-conscious.

He had not been on deck above half an hour, and in that time had not once addressed me. Not, indeed, that there was anything strange in this; mates and captains seldom converse at sea.

The master lives a life apart; and that spirit of isolation possesses the nation, insomuch that I have met

getting their anchor to the final hour of their letting it go.

But even had Captain Jortin been sociably disposed, he was not a sort of man I could have got on with. No one with the weight of a grievous sin upon his soul could be more melancholy and austere, more abrupt and reserved.

Matthews, the boatswain, thought to explain the man by telling me he had heard before we sailed that he had lost his wife and only daughter within a week after his return from his last voyage; but the captain never mentioned the subject nor could I satisfy myself that there was any suggestion of mourning, in that way, either in his clothes or his behavior.

I had charge of the ship this dog-watch, and was standing at the head of the starboard poop ladder, listening to the music forward. Suddenly the steward came out of the cabin under the cuddy front, and looked for a moment eagerly up at me with a white face.

I called down, "What is it?" interpreting his expression of fear into something wrong. He came half-way up the ladder and said:

"Some one's been trying to scuttle the ship, I think. I can hear water running in 'twixt the wall and the linin' in the after cabin in the steerage."

I instantly ran aft and repeated the man's statement to the captain. He looked at me steadfastly with his grave, funeral black eyes, and exclaimed in a dull slow way:

"Scuttle! Nonsense, sir! Who would commit such a crine aboard this ship?" Go below with the steward, and report what you hear and see."

I was astonished by his cool reception of a piece of news that whether the steward was mistaken or not, must be charged with significance, even in the lightest, most carless whisper of it.

I straightway descended the companion-steps, and the steward followed me by way of the cuddy front. We entered the steerage, a part of the hold under the saloon or cabin deck. Four cabins were bulkheaded off on either hand. They were now used mainly as store-rooms; in their day they had been stocked with passengers, for the Sultan was an old ship, and fifteen years earlier than the date of this story had not been without renown as a brisk, comfortable, roomy "liner," with regular sailings from Blackwall for Australian ports.

We entered the after cabin on the port side and stood listening. A small heave of swell ran through the lightly wrinkled sea. Sounds of the straining of cargo in the hold were audible, and you heard now and again the sudden shock and jar of the huge rudder turning with the swell, then sharply arrested by its gear. But there was no need to harken long.

In a minute or two I distinctly heard a fountain-like running of water. It was nearly dark. I bade the steward jump for a light; he returned with a lantern, and on throwing the light against that part of the lining or inner wall, whence the trickling noise proceeded, I instantly discovered two auger-holes neatly plugged.

"Good mercy!" I shouted, in a sudden fright; "the ship has been holed, and will be sinking under out feet as we stand here."

I told the steward to remain in the cabin with the lantern, and rushed on deck, shouting for the carpenter to lay aft. Whilst Shirley was coming I reported what I had seen to the captain, who stiffened himself with a dramatic start of surprise.

Muttering in a low, solemn, preaching voice, "Is it possible? Who has done such a thing?" he went below with more alacrity than I had ever before witnessed in him.

I hastily explained the steward's discovery to the carpenter, who rushed forward to his tool-chest. He came along quickly with the boatswain, and we three went below, where we found the captain in a listening posture, viewing the plugged holes by the light of the lantern he held.

The carpenter quickly whipped the plugs out, and sure enough, in the outer side, or wall, of the ship where two holes through which the brine was gushing with a diamond-like flash in the lantern-light, as the streams arched betwixt the outer wall and the inner skin, slowly filling the hold.

The holes were promptly plugged and the well sounded. Two feet of water was made. The pumps were manned and presently sucked, proving all tight and well with the auger-holes.

There was an ominous growl of wonder and temper amongst the men as they plied the brakes or stood near, waiting to relieve the pumping gang. The captain called me and asked if I had any suspicion.

"None, sir," I answered. "I can't imagine any man aboard capable of so diabolical a crime."

He took several turns, lost in thought. I see him now, pacing abreast of me, skewered up in a sort of frock coat, hands behind him.

a great play of lightning down upon our port quarter. Presently the captain stopped and addressed me afresh; but our talk led to no other conclusion than this—that some one aboard had attempted to scuttle the ship.

All hands passed a very restless night. Captain Jortin was incessantly up and about. During the middle watch, which was mine, his shadowy figure was repeatedly shaping itself out of the companion hatch, and flitting in a ghostly fashion about the deck.

I had some earnest conversation with the boatswain and carpenter, but none of us could make head nor tail of this piece of rascality, nor in the dimmest degree conjecture who was the villain who had attempted the atrocious act.

I went below at eight bells—that is at 4 o'clock in the morning—first taking care to go the rounds of the after part of the ship, very carefully looking into each cabin and peering and listening. Somehow I had a fancy that there might be a stowaway on board, intent on a criminal purpose, in league, for all I knew, with some one interested in the vessel to defraud the underwriters. Seeing and hearing nothing I withdrew to my berth and turned in.

I slept soundly, and at eight o'clock turned out and went on deck. The first person I met was the boatswain, Matthews. He said to me: "The captain seems to have made up his mind, sir."

"On what?"

"As to the man who's holed the ship."

"Have they discovered him?"

"Jackson's in irons. That's all I can say, sir," he answered, with a singular expression of incredulity and temper in his face.

Just then the captain came ont of the cuddy, and Matthews went sorward.

"Mr. Fletcher," said Captain Jortin, beckoning me to him, and speaking in a low, level preaching voice, "we shall be able to prove that Jackson's the man who attempted to scuttle the ship."

"Indeed?" said I, vastly astonished. Jackson was an an able seaman in my watch. I had always found him a respectable, willing, alert sailor. "What in that man has excited your suspicion, sir?"

"I heard him muttering the other day," said he, "when he was at work on a sail stretched along this poop. Every time I passed he glanced askance at me and muttered. I don't like the man's looks. He has a hanging face. Then again, yesterday afternoon he was observed to go forward as though he was just come out of the cuddy."

"Who saw this, sir?"

"It's so," he answered, abruptly, with a short, spiritless stare at me, and then stepped to the binnacle.

In the course of that morning I asked the steward if it was true the man Jackson had been seen to walk out of the cuddy. He answered that, happening to come up through the steerage hatch, he had seen Jackson going forward close from the cuddy front as though the man had just stepped from the cuddy itself.

"Well, bnt," said I, "you were in the steerage, and had he been there with an auger, you'd have seen him, wouldn't you?"

"I don't think it was him that did it," said the man.

I looked hard at him; for to be sure, if the thing was not the work of a stowaway—of some one hidden in the steerage—it must at least be the act of a person living aft with access, without suspicion, to the cabins.

Well, nothing happened for three days after this. Then, as I well remember, it being a very beautiful, glowing forenoon watch, the wind a light breeze aft, and the ship swaying upon the delicate pulse of swell with scarce more than steerage way on her, the carpenter came from the pumps, where he had been sounding the well, and standing under the break of the poop, with the sounding-bell in his hand, called up to me:

"There's three foot of water in the hold, sir!"

The steward was on the main deck when this was said, and instantly ran into the cuddy. The captain was walking aft. I bawled the news to him, and added that if the ship had not been scuttled afresh she had sprung a leak.

He told me to call the carpenter on to the poop; and just then the steward, white as a sheet, came rushing up the companion-steps, crying out, as he sprang through the hatch, that he could hear the water running into the ship in the same cabin where the holes had before been discovered.

The captain ran below as stiffly as his stiff, angular figure would permit. I and the boatswain and carpenter and steward followed. On entering the cabin we immediately heard a loud noise of cascading waters.

It was high morning, and there was plenty of light. This time the would-be scuttler had given himself as little trouble as possible; he had simply knocked out the plugs from the ship's side, leaving the holes in the skin

pumps were manned and the hold freed from water.

But now the sailors grumbled furiously. First they insisted on Jackson being released; next on the ship being narrowly searched.

From ten o'clock till four bells in the afternoon watch we were employed in overhauling the vessel. We probed every nook and cranny of her from the forepeak to the lazaret, diligently seeking likewise for any signs of a hidden man in the steerage—all to no purpose. The villain, whoever he was, must certainly be one of the ship's company.

For my part, I suspected the steward, and so did Shirley, the carpenter; Matthews did not know what to think. The captain stalked apart, gloomy and silent.

That evening, in the first dog-watch, I was in my cabin smoking a pipe, turning over in my mind some scheme for protecting our lives by stationing a watch day and night aft, and wondering if Captain Jortin would see his way to some arrangement of this sort, when the steward knocked on my door and walked in.

The fellow addressed me civilly, with an air of reluctance and astonishment.

He said Captain Jortin had just given him instructions to lock me up in my cabin, where I was to consider myself as under arrest, on suspicion of attempting to scuttle the ship. My meals would be served regularly. "I'm sorry, sir," added the fellow, "to have to do this duty."

So saying, he closed and locked the door, and I heard him withdraw the key.

I sprang from my bunk, put my pipe down, and stood overwhelmed with surprise and consternation. To be merely suspected of such a crime was to be professionally ruined.

I thought the captain must be mad to lock me up without first charging me. Why did not he confront me and accuse me in the presence of others, and give me a chance to prove my innocence? Those holes had been bored by an anger; an anger is a tool not very readily concealed in a small cabin. Why had not the captain caused my berth to be searched?

Since I knew that I was an innocent man, I cannot express how great was my grief and wrath as I paced the deck of my cabin that was now my prison, wondering with a burning heart and with throbbing brows who the real offender could be—whether it was indeed the steward, as I now perhaps in my temper was the more willing to suppose; whether, if the ship was actually sunk under our feet, as was threatened by the mysterious villain who had twice subtly sought to drown her hold, the crew would remember that I lay a helpless prisoner, locked up in my berth?

I think it was about half-past 8 when the steward unlocked the door and entered with a tray of food, some cool water and a few gills of rum in a pannikin.

He seemed very shy in his manner, and was for making haste. I bade him tell the captain I was an innocent man, and begged for an interview. He promised to deliver my message.

"And I will ask you," said I, "to remember, should they sound the well and find the ship taking in water, that I am locked up here and helpless."

He said: "Ay, ay, sir," and left the cabin, turning and withdrawing the key as before.

Captain Jortin did not come near me. All that night I lay awake. All next day I awaited a visit from him with consuming impatience. Nobody came to me but the steward, who thrice in the day brought me a meal.

On the evening of the third day of my imprisonment I was startled out of a nap by a disturbance in the cuddy outside. I heard a tramp of feet and the growling sound of seamen's voices. I thought a mutiny had happened, and listened with my heart beating hard in my ears.

Presently my door was struck upon, and the handle violently tried. Then the voice of Matthews bawled for the steward to bring the key. In a few minutes the door was flung open.

Matthews stood in the doorway; at least two-thirds of the ship's company were massed round about him.

"Come out, sir," said the boatswain; "we've discovered who's been trying to sink the ship."

"Who?"

"As I live to tell yer, it's the captain himself!" cried Matthews, bringing his right fist into the palm of his left hand with a mighty report.

Half a dozen voices wanted to deliver the yarn at once. I got it clearly from the carpenter, but I was thunderstruck whilst I listened.

Half an hour before this time the steward had observed the captain come out of his berth and enter the steerage. There was something strange in his walk and aspect. The flush of the sunset was upon the skylight; the steward saw very plainly. The captain concealed something that resembled a large parcel under the breast of his coat. The steward resolved to follow him, saw him go into the cabin where the auger-holes had been

automaton.

The steward fled on deck. The boatswain was in charge of the ship; he shouted to some of the crew to follow him as witnesses, and they rolled in a body into the steerage, where they found the captain coolly and mechanically boring away with his auger.

They seized him; and now it was they discovered, so they said, that the man was acting in his sleep!

This at least was the opinion of those who witnessed his behavior when he was seized. He cried out like one violently awakened, and swore he did not know where he was nor what he was doing. The men conveyed him to his cabin, locking him up in it, and then came to me.

To end this singular experience: The crew insisted upon my taking command, and practically forced me to navigate the vessel to Buenos Ayres. They would not suffer me to free the captain, who they feared would serve them some diabolical trick if I gave him his liberty.

As for him, he solemnly declared over and over again to me that he knew not what he had done, and that he had a trick of walking in his sleep.

On the arrival of the ship I went to the British Consul with my report, and he thought proper to take charge of Captain Jortin with a view of sending him to England in a British man-of-war that was then lying at Buenos Ayres. The Consul shook his head when I talked of sleep walking. He said:

"He must have brought the anger abroad with him; it formed no part of the carpenter's tool chest. Next, the ship was scuttled in daylight; I cannot somehow reconcile somnambulism with sunshine."

It was to remain a mystery, however, to the end. I was detained at Buenos Ayres by a number of our men running, and before the ship sailed the news came aboard that Captain Jortin had been found dead in his bed. The doctors found that he had died from apoplexy.

Thus the mystery remains. It never could be shown that the unfortunate man had any motive in scuttling the ship. He had no risk in her; but his command of her was a living to him, and the foundering of the vessel could only have proved an injury to himself.

Possibly madness was the true solntion, though it does not quite explain, to my satisfaction, why it was that he went to sea with an auger in his cabin.
—Youth's Companion.

Killed the Father of Rattlers.

The largest rattlesnake ever killed possibly in the entire State of Georgia was killed Saturday afternoon in the East Macon district. It had twenty-two rattles and a button, making it twenty-three years old. It measured a fraction over five feet in length. Nobody can be found to have heard of a rattler twenty-three years old. A snake that carries fourteen or sixteen rattles and a button is considered a monster in these parts, and is looked upon with most respectful bearing. The men had quite an exciting time killing the snake. None of them dared go within several lengths of him, and when he shook his mighty bunch of rattles the noise was awful, and struck terror to the hearts of the spectators, causing them each time to retreat farther. They finally dispatched him with a long pole.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Wild Ride on a Deer.

Dr. and Mrs. Derby, of Riverside, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Leonard, of Moreno, recently. Dr. Derby is an expert hunter, and when Mr. Leonard mentioned that there were deer in the hills back of his ranch his friend was eager for a hunt.

After tramping the hills for several hours they started a deer. The doctor fired and the animal dropped. Elated over the prospect of having killed a deer the hunter pulled his knife, threw his leg over the animal and grasped one of its horns. No sooner had the knife pricked the skin than it jumped to its feet and started bounding over the grade, the astonished hunter on its back.

Mr. Leonard at last found his friend in a sumac bush, head downward, his clothes tattered and torn. It seems that the shot had only stunned the buck, and the prick of the knife had revived it.—Morena (Cal.) Indicator.

The Head-Hunting Nagas.

Professor Peal, the ethnologist, recently described to the Asiatic Society the condition of the head-hunting Nagas on the borders of Assam. The women are to blame for the continuance of the practice; they taunt the young men who are not tattooed, and the latter go out and cut off heads to exhibit to them, fully half of which are those of women and children. The area occupied by the tribe is not more than twenty miles square, but in it during the past forty years more than twelve thousand murders have been committed for the sake of these ghastly trophies.—Chicago Herald.

The largest and most beautiful

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Jan. 25, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

TEACHER: "Illustrate the difference between 'acclimation' and 'acclamation?' "

PUPIL: "Mr. Elkins had hardly become acclimated to the climate of West Virginia, before he was elected Senator by acclamation in the West Virginia Legislature."

TEACHER: "Right, go up head!"

OLD WAITE, is the best name we can give to the man of "bloody bridle" fame. He has a lecture entitled, "Who is our Fat Friend," in which the chastened Grover Cleveland is done up in great style. Dana, Waite, and ourself are three who have not been well pleased with the way things have been going.

OF course every one was sorry to hear that Mayor Strong, of New York, opened the saloons on Sunday, but when we found he had done it without consulting Dr. Parkhurst, we were more than glad. When the good man heard it he was hurt and grieved, and virtually said that he had thought that he was the power behind the throne that was running New York. This comes as a blow to the Democratic Prohibitionists who supported Mayor Strong on the grounds that he would knock out rum. This is a split in the faction within the first month of its reign.

A Native Product.

A short time since the writer attended a public meeting held at night, as is usual in country meetings we may have lingered as the crowd broke up to catch one more sweet smile, any way we were startled to hear some wild yells outside the building which fairly made the house tremble. It sounded like a band of Comache Indians, who are noted for their disagreeably loud yells. On rushing out we found that this unseemly noise came from an unfortunate class of young animals, known as bumpkins (*genus idiotis*), all members of which have much in common.

By a little thought and research we were able to find out a good deal about the bumpkin. It is a terror in country neighborhoods, where the law against disturbing public meetings is not rigidly enforced. It is a young man who is just trembling in the balance between making a tolerably decent citizen or a regular outcast. The bumpkins herd together, insult passers, are not only inattentive at church, but absolutely noisy, and take every opportunity of thrusting themselves into notice. By-and-by half of them will have become so criminal that they will behave themselves in public, and the other half will groan inwardly when they think what fools they once were. To be on the safe side a boy should "keep it down," for to be a bumpkin is to be noisy and loud, and to pass in the eyes of those around him as an awkward, rustic nuisance.

On Competition.

"There once was two cats of Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many,
So they quarreled and spit, and they scratched and they bit,
Till, excepting their nails and the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats the wern't any."

Longing is God's first heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope

The Legislature.

The Democrats complain that they are placed on the Committees without regard to their fitness for the work. Thus a school teacher is refused a place on the Committee of Education, and an eminent financier is kept of that committee because he is a Democrat. They have given our own representative places on Committees pertaining to the Penitentiary and Railroads. Now the penitentiary is all right and the labor of this committee will not be much, but it does seem like a burlesque to place a member from this delegate district on the the Railroad Committee, when there is not a foot of road in the whole of it. They discriminate against the Democrats.

After a heated contest, Senator Camden was afforded the honor of being the Democratic nominee for United States Senator, with Wm. L. Wilson a close second. The other nominations were St. Clair and J. E. Chilton. E. W. Wilson was rewarded for his work for the party in the last campaign by some very pretty resolutions, for which he will please receipt.

Our flat-footed Senator has gotton his name and picture into the Cincinnatti papers, and has introduced two bills; for the establishment of a preparatory school at Montgomery, to fit boys for the University, and to found a hospital for invalids at Alderson.

They are making great efforts to change some of the Judicial Districts. Private information says that in one bill Pocahontas, Webster, and Randolph form one district. Then the cry arose among us, who would be judge? All minds were directed to Randolph County, and the resident lawyers there were discussed, but with all due respect to the Beverly bar, we came right back to Marlinton again without having found a judge. A change is not apprehended for several good reasons.

Congressman-elect Dayton is endeavoring to have Upshur County tacked on to his district. It is to be hoped that he will succeed.

The new county of Mingo, formed of a part of Logan, has a hard time of it to become established. Two towns wish to become the county-seat, and this is a disease that will go hard with an infant.

House Bill No. 80 relates to sawdust being thrown into streams. One of the biggest cases at our last term of court dealt with this question.

The school law has come up for consideration of course. One bill makes attendance one half of the time compulsory. There is to be a kind of constable called the truant officer who is empowered to look under the bed, behind the bureau, in the smoke-house, etc., in his search for truants. The parents are liable to a fine of $2 to $10, and are required to give bond for their compliance with the law. Another bill makes it compulsory on Boards of Education to lay levies each year for a six months school.

Among the remarkable array of bills it is not to be wondered that they have even introduced one to electrocute all criminals sentenced to death. We may have an electric plant in Pocahontas yet.

The first bill to pass both houses and become a law was the one providing for the election of special criminal judges when the regular judge is absent.

On the whole this Legislature is choking the wheels with a great multitude of bills, and getting into a muddle from which it could not extricate itself were it to have ten times the time to do it in that it actually has. An enormous lot of bills will have amounted to nothing when the honorable members reluctantly leave the capitol to return to their homes.

Great grace, as saith Sir Thomas Moore,
To him must needs be given,
Who heareth heresy and leaves

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Thomson's Magistrate's Manual and Forms

has been Revised to this date and the Second Edition, just printed, contains about Three Hundred Forms, which should be in the hands of every Lawyer, Justice, Constable, Notary and business man of West Virginia. It contains forms in Civil and Criminal proceedings under the Code of West Virginia for Justices of the Peace, Constables' etc., and Forms for Attachments, Suggestions, Judgments, Arbitration, Unlawful Detainer, Detinue, Acknowledgments, Deeds, Bill of Sale, Power of Attorney, Notices, Depositions, Bonds, Wills, Affidavits, Liens, ets.

The Forms are numbered consectutively, and in a copius index are referred to under appropriate captions, all references being by section and chapter to the Code of West Virginia(1891) and the Acts since then.

The volume will be delivered prepaid by mail or express, on receipt of One dollar, net.

MARCELLUS M. THOMSON, Clarksburg, W. Va.

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

YOU MUST EAT!

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON POCKET HEALTH

West End of Bridge.

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Notice.

I will be at Marlinton, at the McLaughlin House, January 30th, 31st and February 1st and 2d for the purpose of examining eyes and fitting spectacles and eyeglasses. I have a complete outfit for making examinations and can furnish spectacles to suit any person's eyes. All examinations free of charge.

I am also prepared for mending all kinds of fine Jewelry, watches, and clocks. All my work guaranteed.

J. A. LOWE.

The Sole

purpose of this advertisement is to call your attention to the remarkable wearing qualities of our well-known driving shoes.

THE SOLE

will outwear any $6.50 shoe on the market, and you will never again be troubled with corns; the result of ill-fitting foot-gear. Why pay more. For sale only by

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Important to You-

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases.

Address,
T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Alleghany, w va.,

Got the News at the Lowest Price.

The DAILY GAZETTE, Charleston W. Va., will give all the Legislative proceedings and all other important happenings besides. Price only twenty-five cents per month. The WEEKLY GAZETTE only fifty cents a year. Cash with order is the way to get it. Address, THE GAZETTE, Charleston, W. Va.

Justice's blanks fifty cents per hundred. All job work neatly done.

Love is a game at which both

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loudermilk and Susan J. Loudermilk, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless Withrow McClintic as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of $167.46, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Ronceverte, Ronceverte, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 297, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loudermilk, and said Withrow McClintic having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Withrow McClintic, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the

5th Day of March, 1895,

(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder,

for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to-wit:

One brown horse, one two-horse wagon, one set double harness, one-third interest in a threshing machine, and one-third interest in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loudermilk. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to G. W. Beverage and Fant Armstrong.

Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing eighteen acres situate in Pocahontas county, west Virginia, on Spruce Flat, being the same land conveyed by G. w. Beverage and wife to said Susan J. Loudermilk by deed dated 16th day of April, 1891, of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, in Deed Book No. 21, page 490, to which deed reference is here made for a full and complete description of said land.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Jan. 25, 1895. Trustee.

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1 25tm

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF A VALUABLE LOT NEAR MARLINTON.

BY VIRTUE of a deed of trust executed by C. Z. Hevner and S. E. Hevner his wife to S. L. Brown, trustee; dated on the 25th day of July, 1894, and of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in deed book, No. 26, on page 351, to secure the payment of a certain bond executed by said C. Z. Hevner, for $30 with interest thereon from the 7th day July, 1894, payable to T. W. G French, which bond is fully mentioned and described in said deed of trust, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required in writing so to do, by said T. W. G. French, the beneficiary under said deed of trust, I, S. L. Brown, as trustee aforesaid, will on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1895,

between the hours 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. at the front door of the courthouse of said county of Pocahontas, West Virginia, proceed to sell by way of public auction, to sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust or so much thereof as may be necessary, to satisfy said debt, interest, and costs attending the execution of this trust, said real estate lying and being in the said county of Pocahontas near the town of Marlinton, on the Marlin's Bottom and Lewisburg turnpike, consisting of two and 1-6 acres of land, conveyed to said C. Z. Hevner by one William Killingsworth, and wife, by deed dated the 5th day of May, 1894, and recorded in said clerk's office, in Deed Book no 25, page 267, to which deed reference is here made for a more particular discription of said land.

Said tract of land is unimproved but would make a good building site.

S. L. BROWN, Trustee.
ANDREW PRICE, January 9th, 1894.
Attorney.

Commissioner's Notice.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 7, 1895.
James M. Simmons,
vs.
R. H. Simmons, *et als.*
in Chancery.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in the above styled cause on the 24th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Friday, the 15th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report to the next term of said circuit court the following matters of account, to-wit:

First. An account showing all the existing liens against the real estate of the said R H. Simmons, together with all their dates, dignities, and priorities.

Second. An account showing the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons subject to the liens aforesaid.

Third. Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest to be stated.

W. A. BRATTON,
[1-11-'95-4t] Commissioner.

TO all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of R. H. Simmons.

In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said R. H. Simmons, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on or before the 15th day of February 1895.

Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1895. W. A. BRATTON.
[1-11-95-4t.] Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice.

Office of Commissioner L. M. McClintic, Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 9th, 1895.

George C. Hill's Adm'r.
vs.
Rebecca J. Hill and others.

NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested in the above styled cause that pursuant to a decree entered in said cause on the 16th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, W. Va. on the 20th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to-wit:

1st. A statement of the account of R. W. Hill, Administrator, *cum testamento annexo*, of George C. Hill, dec'd.

2d. An account of all the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts, priorities, and the persons to whom payable, and showing the amount of the debts mentioned in decree in this cause made October 21st, 1890, exactly as stated in said decree.

3d. A special statement of all debts against the estate of George C. Hill, deceased, discharged by the administrator thereof, together with the amount of such debts as should have been liquidated from the personalty of said estate, and showing the amount of such debts discharged by the administrator to which he is entitled to be substituted as creditor against the real assets of said estate in lieu of the creditors whose claims he has discharged.

4th. A statement showing all the costs of this suit and to whom due.

5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent to the commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

At which time and place

—Dr. C. W. Eskridge has been appointed post master at Academy.

—DIED: at Huttonsville, January 16th, Mrs. Hutton, aged mother of Col. Elihu Hutton.

—Mr. S. M. Gay is putting Dr. McClintic's cherry on the river bank at the Levi Gay wharf.

—The highest winds of the season prevailed last Friday night, smashing the glass front of the drug store.

—Mr. Withrow McClintic has just returned from a business trip to Ronceverte and Covington. On his return he came from Ronceverte to his home in eight hours.

—The New market Riding and Driving association, of Mingo, will have a steeple chase, on point to point race, on February 15th. The highest jump will be over a barrier of about five feet.

—Capt. Roake piloted an immense raft past Marlinton last Tuesday evening for Callison and Dr. McClintic. Quite a number of rafts have been tied up near the Falling Spring dam the past week waiting for a suitable tide.

—HARD! What is hard? To beat my prices.—EASY! What is easy? To secure the bargains I am offering in Ladies' Wraps and Hats, Gents' Overcoats and Suits.

P. GOLDEN.

—Porter Kellison and John Atkins about a year since leased a piece of land on Buck's Run for six years, built a comfortable cabin, raised an excellent crop of corn, and one of the best gardens in the community. One head of cabbage weighed 27 lbs. The tomatoes were very fine. So these young men are keeping bachelor,s hall on good and full rations.

—Last week a fox driven desperate by hunger came right into this town and captured a chicken which was roosting in its owner's back yard. He returned the second night and pulled the tail feathers out of an old hen. The old hen seemed mortified to death the next day. Judging from his track, the fox was a big one.

—The town has two rival literary societies which are both flourishing. The members of the younger society, waylaid, and snowballed the president of the older society last Friday night. He took refuge in a convenient law office, and was kept treed until two o'clock next morning. It is exceeding painful to be snowballed on a dark night, when you are carrying a lantern.

—Attention is called to the advertisement of Mr. R. M. Beard, agent for the "Peerless Feed Grinder," found in another column. This is a machine which is selling like wildfire. It grinds any grain and will make good corn meal or crush corn in ear. With it Mr. C. E. Beard prepares feed for over a hundred head of cattle. Farmers can save the amount of cost in mill toll the first year.

—Mr. John Levisay, near Frankfork, died last Thursday at an advanced age, of general debility. He was a person highly esteemed in all the relations of life. For many years he was a conscientious member of the Presbyterian church. Mrs. Dr. Sydenstricker and Mrs. Dr. Larue, of Hillsboro, are his daughters, and Mr. Allan Levisay, so well known about Marlinton, is one of his surviving brothers.

—*The Greenbrier Independent* has had some articles on the subject of protecting skunks. The argument in its favor are that it eats grubs and other enemies of grain and grass, which are set off partially by its habits of raiding the chicken-house. If natural history goes for any thing, the skunks on the whole is the farmer's good friend though its habits do not commend it to be taken into his house otherwise than figuratively. The reason its extermination is feared is because the skin of a polecat is worth about a dollar, if it is naturally black, and the hunter can black the white ones. A law against the killing of the animal would be easily enforced. The

the Hinton *Independent-Herald* it seems that none of the St. Lawrence Company's logs passed out into New River at the breaking of a part of the boom by the ice:

"A telegram was received here last Friday by Mr. Clarke James, stating that the Ronceverte boom had broken and 15,000 logs were coming down with the current. A great many of our boatmen, anxious to earn the 40 cents each offering for their capture built large fires along the bank and sat up all night to await their coming. Alas! not a log came. Presumably they had all been stoped at Lowell and other points above. Several of our citizens earned quite neat little sums that day and the day before as the result of their skill in log catching and boating."

—For sale by E. H. Moore & Co., Academy, W. Va., corn, wheat and oats at the very lowest price for spot cash. Salt, $2.25; Arbuckle Coffee, 25c; Coal Oil, 18c; Granulated Sugar, 15 lbs for $1.00; Calicoes, 5 to 7cts; Gingham, 5 to 10cts; Best cotton, 8c; Cotton yarn 85cts a bale; Honey Drip Syrup, 45cts per gallon. Hats, Caps, Boots, and Shoes as low as the lowest. Every thing else in probortion.

—The first impressions of children who have never seen snow are often very comical. Mr. F. Hubbell, whose little daughter Fannie, a bright little girl of about four, is a citizen of the State of Mississippi. When she first saw the snow she ran to her mother to come and see the "Sugar on the roof."

—DIED: on Swago, Saturday, the 19th, inst., John Wiford, aged 57 years. He leaves a widow and four young children to mourn his loss. He was a member of the Methodist Protestant church, and was buried at Bethel church Monday afternoon. Services by Revs. Hart and Price.

Personal.

Capt. Smith is jollier than ever, since the company came out so well with the ice and logs.

Mr Peter Hill, of Jacox, did not call at this office last week. No, not at all! But he sent in two dollars on subscription, and that answered the purpose every bit as well.

Mr. Levi Gay is a man after our own heart. He supports this paper by taking quite a club list of subscribers, and ever and anon he contributes towards "the success of the TIMES."

Dr. McClintic, and Wm. Callison, Esq., were here on Monday.

J. E. Barlow, Esq., of Edray, was in Marlinton on business as adminisirator of the Josiah Barlow estate.

Mr. T. McClintic, treasurer of Bath County, is visiting his brother, Dr. McClintic, at Academy.

Mr. Forrest Beard, of Academy, was in town on Tuesday.

Messrs. N. J. Brown and E. I. Holt made a business trip to Marlinton on Tuesday.

Youth and beauty enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. H. A. Yeager on the evening of the 23rd. Dancing and other amusements made up the attractions and all spent a most delightful time.

J. A. Riley, Esq, of Green Bank, was in our town on Wednesday.

Dr. Ligon, of Clover Lick, passed on his way to visit his daughter Mrs. McNeel who is recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

Coal on Locust Creek.

All the geologists will be thunderstruck to learn that coal has been found on the river ridges of the Greenbrier River, near Locust Creek, in the lower end of the county. According to all their lore we might as well expect to find coal up a tree. Mr. T. F. Callison, of Locust, has been using a most excellent quality of coal which is found on the ridge overlooking the Greenbrier, the surface of which is covered with oak trees and laurel brakes. The thickest vein is about thirty inches. The proof of the coal is in its burning, which it does nicely, it being the principal fuel used by Mr Calli-

There is considerable sickness in this neighborhood at present.

Mrs. Bettie Burgess, wife of Mr. Wm. H. Burgess, of this place, died on the 15th, inst. of consumption, aged 62 years. During the last week of her illness she suffered intensely, but bore it with surprising fortitude. She was a member of the M. E. Church South, an Exemplary Christian, a devoted wife, a kind and loving mother, possessing many moble qualities of mind and heart, she stood high in the estimation of all who knew her. The bereaved husband and children have the sympathy of the whole community in their affliction.

Little Charley son of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Kinnison died on last Friday morning aged about 3 years.

"Gone! from a world of pain and woe,
Gone! from death—from sin's alloy.
Gone! from templations wiles and oh!
Gone! Gone! from grief to endless joy."

Mattie Tibbs wife of Howard Tibbs (Col.) gave birth to a male child on the 15th, who lived until the next day and died.

On Wednesday the 16th, at the residence of James Goff near here, Mr. Wm. Pritt and Earnie Blankenship, were united in marriage by the Rev. A. C. Hamill. May they safely weather life's tempestuous sea.

Mr. Madison Woods, living on Hill's Creek does not have the trouble of putting up ice; a short distance from his house there is a large cave, the entrance to which is perhaps 20 feet wide, and 6 feet high; running through it there is a small stream of water also some pools of water which freeze solid during extremely cold weather making a large quanity of good ice which does not entirely melt away until the latter part of July. This cave has the usual complement of "domes" "chambers" "passages" "pits" etc. and in point of smoothness and uniformity of the same rivals all the caves in that section of country.

Mrs. Mary Sydenstricker and Mrs. Lillian Larue left for Frankford on last Friday morning to attend the burial services of their father Mr. John Livesay who died on the 18th, inst.

Mr. Wm. Hultz while chopping wood last week made a misslick and cut an ugly gash in his left foot.

Our Post Mistress, Mrs. A. S. Clark whose efficient management of the post office has often been the subject of remark, was removed recently because of her political views, and C. W. Eskridge appointed in her stead.

The Free School closed here on last Friday. "JENKINS.

Dunmore.

Cold and slickery.

We have on the sick-list Miss Lena McLaughlin, Mrs. N. D. Swecker, Mrs. Geo. N. Tacy, and Mr Ellis Curry. Dr. Austin is rendering medical aid.

Judge Moore leaves to-day for Clifton Forge, to be gone a month or so.

The little boys have had quite a bit of fun the last week or two, sliding down the hills. Judge Moore says it is not a violation of the constitution for a boy to slide down a hill and tear the seat out of his pants; provided the old man does not take him to the wood-shed and talk to him with a bed slat. It is a little hard on the bed-slat sometimes.

Mr. Ed Kline moved this week to Frost. This leaves an empty house and blacksmith shop in town.

Rev. John A. Taylor has turned out to be a fireman, he is now firing an engine.

Prof. J. T. Miller was in town last week. He will return in the spring and teach a singing school or two.

Prof. Samuel Adams has a singing class at Green Bank.

Mr. Wash Oliver was out to Beverly last week with a wagon. He had to shovel snow one day on Cheat Mountain.

Mr. Q. W. Poage was among our people last week looking after the horny tribe.

Miss Josie S. Walker closed her school here last week, and will return to her home in Lynchburg soon.

WANTED: some merchant in the Green Bank District to buy a stock of cross cut saw files; say one-half dozen. TIM.

To use a homely but very suggestive expression, the editor of this department "busted" on a certain problem given recently. That problem was "What two numbers have for their product 353,925, and for their sum 1,254?" Owing to a typographical error, Mr. S. C. Austin of the Lewisburg Graded School answered that the problem was not capable of solution from the numbers given. Not knowing that the difficulty was occasioned by an error of the compositor, we blithely declared that it could not be solved except by guesswork, and so implicitly are we trusted that ninety nine of a hundred of our readers didn't know but what we were right. It turns out, though, that it is "an example of quadratic equations" from solutions received from Mr. Austin and from Mr. Richard K. Meade, the able journalist in the employ of the Hinton *Independent Herald*, and Mr. James Barnett, of Driftwood.

We have on our table a number of lengthy solutions of which we despair of giving any thing but the answers.

Mr. H. C. Correll, of the Lewisburg Graded School, sends us the solution by algebra, and Mr. J. B. White, one of our veteran teachers the solution by arithmetic of the two problems given in our last:

1. Three men own a grindstone, 2 feet 8 inches in diameter: how much must each grind off to get an equal share, allowing 6 inches waste for the aperture? Ans. 2.822 in, 3.621 in., and 6.557 in.

2. A, B, and C. are joint owners of a farm. C's share is worth $400, A's share is $\frac{1}{3}$ of B's, and the sum of their shares is 6 8 the value of the farm. Find the value of the shares held by A and B. Ans. A's share, $300; B's share, $900.

In answer to the first problem, in which the heirs of every man who owns a grindstone must be vitally interested, a man who was evidently suffering from an "unknown quantity" of something, suggests that we weigh the grindstone and each grind off his number of pounds. This appeals to the editor's sense of fitness.

Mr. Wallace Jackson, of Marlinton, and Miss Emma Burner, of Green Bank, also send correct solutions to the first problem above.

We are going to change the name of this department to that of the "Want Column," under which we propose to ask those famous questions which "a wise man can't answer," and to fight a little more shy of mathematics.

Clover Lick.

News scarce, but snow in plenty.

Sunday of the 13th, was cold. Thermometer 16° below the cold place. Godfrey Geiger says the mercury in his thermometer was frozen up in a ball.

Mr. P. Golden passed on his way to Linwood. He was accompanied by J. H. Doyle. The road across the mountain is difficult to travel and must be opened up.

Mr. Frank Hamilton passed the other day with a large drove of hogs, which he butchered. This pork is for sale.

We are glad to note that Mr. Mac McAlpin, the old gentleman, is improving slowly.

Mr. Phil Kramer, and J. H. Doyle captured two raccoons from one tree the other day.

Mr. Levi Beverage and Henry Waugh dug five polecats from one den, and left the sixth one in. Fur buyers should come to Clover creek for we Democrats intend to make the fur fly.

Mr. John Beverage killed three fox-hounds the other day, two of Capt. Allen's, and one of Dr. Ligon's, which were killing his sheep.

John Shinneberry, and Howard Meeks had sheep killed, by Mr. Meek's dogs. The dogs were killed. Burnett Hambrick killed his dogs for killing sheep.

Robt. Beverage caught a fox with his hounds last week.

PUMPKINHEAD

THE COMING WOMAN.—Minneapolis women who are going to vote this fall should remember that they cannot use a hat pin to scratch a ballot with.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

The following from Rev. A. C. Hamill will explain itself:

Information wanted in regard to Ballard Brown who was a soldier in the Confederate army during the late war, and who died near the "Little Levels" in Pocahontas county, at the home of a widow lady by the name of either McCoy, or McClintic. The object of this inquiry is to ascertain if possible the place of his burial and locate his grave. Any one able to give information in regard to this, will please communicate with me at Academy, Pocahontas county, W. Va.,

A. C. HAMILL.

Green Bank.

We are having very changable weather this winter, which is very unhealthy, but the health of this part of the county is good.

Mrs. George Tacy, of Back Alleghany, is on the sick list, Dr. Austin attending physician.

Mr. Wardell Arbogast came home last week from Front Royal where he had been attending school, on account of fever in the school.

Mr. H. Nathan, of Academy, was in this vicinity, this week a few days buying cattle and sheep.

Mrs. W. H. Hull is able to be out about the house a little.

Mr. Ellis Curry has been confined to his room for some time with rheumatism, but is better at this writing. C.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Notice!

To my Patrons of Edray and Vicinity:—I wish to say I am better prepared at present to meet your wants in everything that pertains to the merchantile trade than I ever was while in business at EDRAY, and will make it to your advantage to come to Marlinton to trade with me. I will make special bargains to repay you for your extra trouble.

Thanking you for your past patronage, and solicing a continuance of same, I remain, yours anxious to please,

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton W. Va.

Order of Publication.

AT rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas, on the first Monday in January, 1895.

R. S. Turk, Trustee, Plaintiff,
vs.
Jannie B. Skiles, *et als.*, def'ts.

The object of the above styled suit is to enforce a vendor's lien for three bonds of Jannie B. Skiles of the following dimensions and dates, viz: One for $500, dated the 5th of April, 1886, due fifteen months after date, with interest after ninety days from date.

One for $500, dated 5th of April, 1886, due twenty seven monts after date, with interest after ninety days from date;

One for $500, dated 5th day of April, 1886, due thirty-nine months after date, with interest on the same after ninety days after date. For which bonds a vendor's lien is retained in a deed from the defendant James R. Apperson and his wife to the defendant, Jannie B. Skiles, of date the 5th day of April, 1886, and recorded in the clerk's office of the County Court of the said Pocahontas County, as of April 6, 1886, which bonds aforesaid were assigned and transferred to the plaintiff as Trustee, on the 7th day of September, 1886, which vendor's lien aforesaid rests upon two parcels of land lying in the town of Marlinton, said county, and are estimated to contain one-half acre each, and to enforce which vendors lien a sale of the land will be asked to be decreed by the said Circuit Court.

And it appearing from an affidavit filed that the defendants, Jannie B. Skiles, Thomas M. Skiles, and Richard Baldwin are non residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to

DIPHTHERIA CURE.

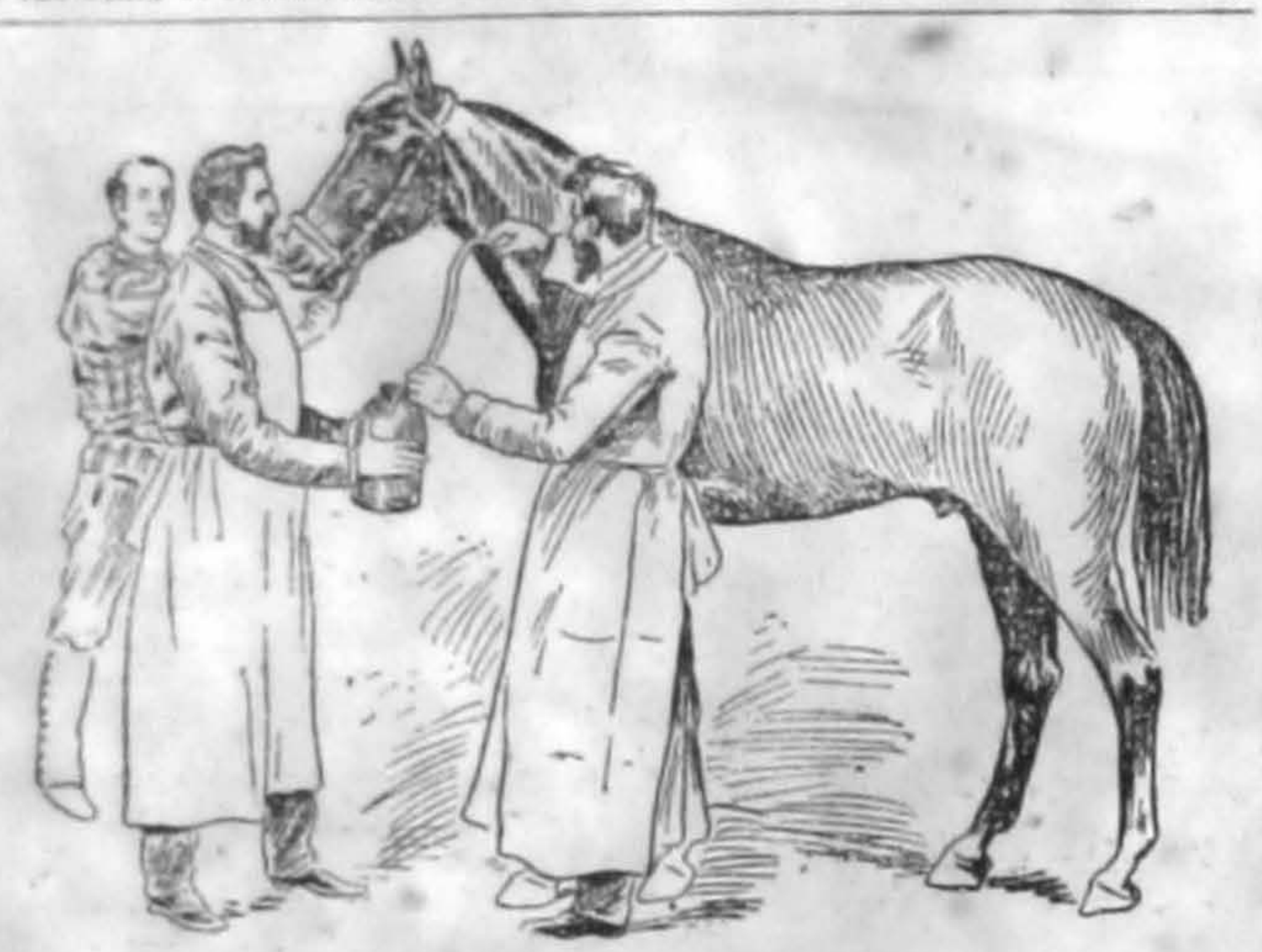
WONDERFUL NEW REMEDY FOR A TERRIBLE DISEASE.

Dr. Roux, the French Savant, Tells How the Serum of the Blood of Horses Has Saved Thousands of Human Lives in France.

IN a comfortable laboratory, flooded with sunshine, in the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, a New York World correspondent found Dr. Roux, who is the hero of the hour from the fact that he has discovered a cure for diphtheria.

His dark, serious face lighted up with a winning smile as the correspondent saluted him as "the man who is saving 30,000 lives a year in France alone."

"Pardon," he said, quickly, "you exaggerate. It is true that diphtheria and croup claim more than 30,000 victims every year in this country. It is also true that out of 118 children whom I have recently treated for one or the other of those terrible maladies I have saved 116. That is, we think, a very pretty reduction of the mortality from the old rates."


DRAWING BLOOD FROM THE JUGULAR OF A HORSE.

"It is so wonderful that the mothers of France ought to build you a monument of gold."

The smile swept over the dark face again. "Yet we are only on the threshhold of success. At the Trosseau Hospital, where the mortality among the children used to be sixty-three per cent.—think of it, monsieur, sixty-three per cent.—it has been reduced since the introduction of our treatment of diphtheria and croup to twenty-four per cent.

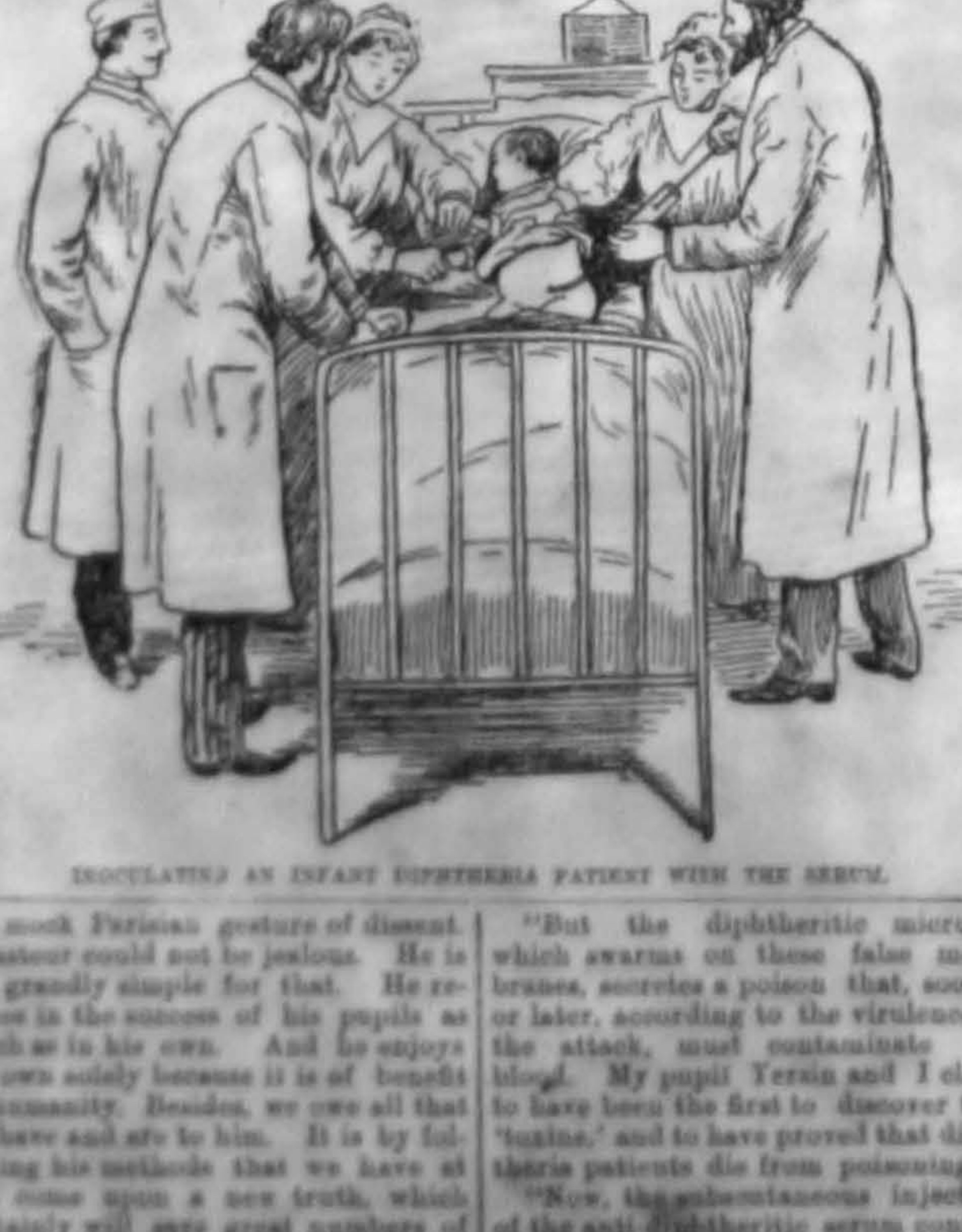
"At the Hospital of the Enfants Malades," continued the doctor, "where I have been experimenting with my—shall I call it my discovery?—for three years, the average mortality has been lowered from eleven to one per cent. This is a good confirmation of the value of our remedy."

The young savant's face was now aglow with enthusiasm. Here was a man who took as much pride in saving life as successful generals take in destroying it.

The World correspondent asked Dr. Roux to tell how he came upon the astonishing and beneficent discovery. "Tell how it is that you, pupil of the great Pasteur, have gone ahead of your master. If I were he I could find it in my heart to be jealous of you!"

The Doctor held up his hand with the mock Parisian gesture of dissent. "Pasteur could not be jealous. He is too grandly simple for that. He rejoices in the success of his pupils as much as in his own. And he enjoys his own solely because it is of benefit to humanity. Besides, we owe all that we have and are to him. It is by following his methods that we have at last come upon a new truth, which certainly will save great numbers of lives. In America diphtheria is a great scourge, I have heard. Well, the serum treatment cannot fail to be of immense advantage there."

"Briefly, what do you claim?"


INOCULATING AN INFANT DIPHTHERIA PATIENT WITH THE SERUM.

said at the Medical Congress at Budapest the other day. My co-workers, MM. Martin and Chaillou, and I, maintain, after a series of careful experiments extending through three years, that by the use of the serum separated from the blood of horses which have been previously vaccinated against diphtheria we have succeeded in lowering in such large proportion the mortality of children attacked by diphtheria or croup, that the malady may be considered as conquered. We are beyond preadventure now. But what we wish specially to do is to impress upon the minds of mothers everywhere the need of flying at once to the remedy, the moment the diphtheria declares itself. Otherwise we shall continue to have such discouraging results as at the Trousseau Hospital.

"This is what should be done," he went on. "When a child complains of a sore throat an examination should be instantly made. If the mucous surface shows little white spots scattered over it a physician should be called without delay. The white spots may be indications of a simple quinzy, or they may be the first symptoms of croup.

"In either case, the physician should at once give the child a subcutaneous injection of the anti-diphtheric serum. If the attack is one of quinzy simply, the remedy will do no harm. If it is diphtheria, the serum will infallibly effect a cure."

"Infallibly?"

"I have just told you that the statistics at the Hospital of the Enfants Malades show that since the use of the serum in diphtheria cases where there is no complication with other maladies, the average of mortality has been lowered from eleven to one per cent. Contrast this with nearly seventy per cent. of mortality where the old-fashioned treatment alone is used."

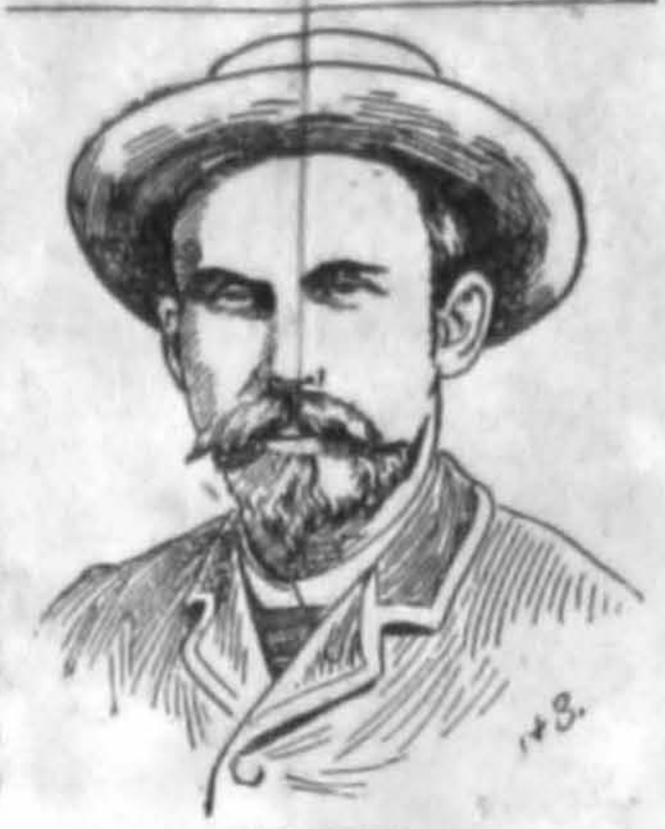
Dr. Roux is deeply in earnest. "Give us just the chance that we ought to have—fair play against the disease," he says, "and we will conquer it every time."

The correspondent remarked that diphtheria is a disease about which every mother has a different theory.

"There are many vulgar errors concerning it," said the Doctor. "Nine times out of ten diphtheria does not kill, as is generally supposed by suffocation. The false membranes which develop at the back of the throat rarely cause total obstruction of the respiratory canal, and even if they did, tracheotomy could save the patent.

"But the diphtheritic microbe, which swarms on these false membranes, secretes a poison that, sooner or later, according to the virulence of the attack, must contaminate the blood. My pupil Yersin and I claim to have been the first to discover this 'toxine,' and to have proved that diphtheria patients die from poisoning.

"Now, the subcutaneous injection of the anti-diphtheritic serum confers immediate immunity, but acts as an antidote only at the end of several hours, so that if the ravages of the 'toxine' are too far advanced (and this is pretty generally the case among poor children here when the family doctor says that the attack has become so serious for him and that the patient must go to the hospital), the remedy


DR. ROUX.

is given in vain. Neither must it be supposed that the serum has any power to cure other diseases which the sufferer may have concurrently with diphtheria."

"How did you happen to hit upon the serum of the blood of the horse as a remedy for diphtheria?"

"We never come upon anything by chance, here," answered Dr. Roux. "Everything is the result of patient, even wearisome research. I first became connected with Pasteur when he was experimenting with a view to the discovery of the anti-hydrophobic vaccine. Naturally we experimented upon all kinds of animals, and I came on some facts about the horse which led me later to choose that animal as the one for the anti-diphtheria experiments. Then came the moment of those terrible first experiments upon human beings with Pasteur's new vaccine matter. The good old savant, engrossed in his researches, had omitted to put himself right with the local faculty of medicine in the matter of his grades, and he was forbidden to undertake the vaccination of persons who had been bitten by mad dogs without the assistance of a doctor who would assume the responsibility for the operations."

"Did you feel any trepidation when you undertook the task and supervised and made yourself responsible for the first vaccinations?"

"I never had a moment's hesitation, nor an instant's doubt. And the triumph of Pasteur's principles in successfully grappling with hydrophobia by vaccination was a proof to my mind that the other victories now at hand could be achieved."

"And how do you obtain the serum?"

"Well, we will now return to our friend, the horse. The great number of experiments made in our laboratory showed that of all animals capable of furnishing anti-diphtheritic serum in large quantities the horse was the easiest to vaccinate. He supports the 'toxine' much better than the dog or than ruminating animals. Nothing is easier than to draw from the jugular vein of a horse, as often as one wishes, great quantities of pure blood from which a perfectly limpid serum separates."

"And is the horse sacrificed?"

"Not at all. The operators of the Pasteur Institute have horses from the jugulars of which they have drawn blood more than twenty times, and the vein remains as supple as at the first 'drawing.' The animals used for this purpopse are nearly all young horses, sound and with excellent appetites. They are bled once a month, and at each operation a little more than four quarts of blood, capable of furnishing half that quantity of serum, is taken from them."

"Is there any cruelty in the operation?"

"No. The bleeding causes no pain, and the animal is not much enfeebled if the specified quantities are not exceeded. There is a 'but'—" and here the doctor paused.

"Some drawback, do you mean?"

"The drawback of expense is the only one. I was about to say—'But' if we are to be expected to cure all the cases of diphtheria and croup in Paris, we shall need a smart cavalry brigade. You see, it requires nearly seven-eighths of a pint of serum to cure the croup. The preparation of serum is costly, and our hospitals for children would find the new cure a tremendous drain upon their resources were it not for the public subscription which the Figaro has started, and which has already yielded nearly 50,000 francs. 'The money is to be used in providing sufficient quantities of the serum. Baron Edmond de Rothschild alone has given 20,000 francs for this purpose."

"As for the serum," continued Dr. Roux, "we have demonstrated that it will keep for a year if protected from the light. We hope to show that its possible duration is much longer. At any rate it can soon be had in proper quantities almost everywhere. No nobler disposition could be made of surplus money by a millionaire than to secure the supply of the precious fluid which will every year save tens of thousands of young lives."

Napoleon's campaigns made 1,000,000 French women widows and 3,000,000 children fatherless.

Among the many anecdotes which illustrate the rare character of William Augustus Muhlenberg is one which is told of him at the time he taught in Flushing Institute.

He was most unsparing of his own faults, even before his scholars, where they were concerned in the circumstance. One of them, a young man very dear to him, often told in after years how, after administering a severe rebuke to him one day, Mr. Muhlenberg at night put into his hand a little box which contained money, and a brief note in which he deplored that he had "lost his temper in the morning, and spoiled his admonition by impatient tones and ugly looks."

The note went on to say, "These accounts are not to be settled between ourselves, but as a peace-offering, let me give you this Charity Box, to which I will add something every time I offend in a similar way, and about the use of which I promise not to inquire. By this penance of love, my infirmities may at least be the occasion of your benevolence."

This arrangement, while it was undoubtedly a genuine expression of his grief and humility, may have also been one of his loving and ingenious ways of impressing upon the mind of his scholar the ground of the morning's reproof—the fault he wished to guard against and overcome.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Hypochondrical, despondent, nervous, "tired out" men—those who suffer from backache, weariness, loss of energy, impaired memory, dizziness, melancholy and discouragement, the result of exhausting diseases, or drains upon the system, excesses, or abuses, bad habits, or early vices, are treated through correspondence at their homes, with uniform success, by the Specialists of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. A book of 136 large pages, devoted to the consideration of the maladies above hinted at, may be had, *mailed securely sealed from observation, in a plain envelope*, by sending 10 cents in one-cent stamps (for postage on Book), to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at the above mentioned Hotel. For more than a quarter of a century, physicians connected with this widely celebrated Institution, have made the treatment of the delicate diseases above referred to, their sole study and practice. Thousands, have consulted them. This vast experience has naturally resulted in improved methods and means of cure.

These very confident people are strangely self-satisfied until danger to life looms up, as when the chronic pains of many years endurance attack the heart, like Rheumatism very often does, then they turn to a better faith. This better faith—held to by many thousands—is simple and certain. It is faith founded on experience that St. Jacobs Oil will cure, because it has cured all these painful ailments permanently. It is a faith founded on reason. We know what can be done by what has been done a thousand times. Every physician knows that those who have belief in treatment are the more easily cured; those who have not set up a resistance to the progress of cure.

It Is Of No Use

to say that there is "Something Just as Good as Ripans Tabules for disorders of the stomach and liver." It is not so. This standard remedy will relieve and cure you. One tabule gives relief.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Glass beads were early made in this country to trade to the Indians.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures
all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

Nickel has greater strength than iron when subjected to a breaking strain.

A LOW WATER LEVEL

In Rivers, Ponds, Wells, and other sources of drinking water threatens danger from malarial germs. This condition is usually found in the Fall, and it points to Hood's Sarsaparilla as a safeguard against attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood, and thus guards the system from all these perils. It creates an appetite and gives sound and robust health. "I have been using Hood's Sarsaparilla occasionally for the last three years. I have suffered from malaria fever for five years, and have tried many kinds of medicine, but found no relief till I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have all confidence in it, and believe it to be far superior to any other tonic." P. J. FITZGERALD, 121 Ninth St., So. Boston, Mass. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's *Sarsaparilla*

Cures

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

P N U 46 '94

What will cure
your Headache?
or your Dyspepsia?
or your Biliousness?

These Tabules **are** sure to relieve. Tell your Druggist you want the **Ripans** Chemical Co.'s remedy; put up in convenient **Tabules**

Or Send 50 Cents for one Box.

Ripans Chemical Co.,

10 Spruce St., New York.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.
$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
·LADIES·
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W·L·DOUGLAS,
BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

IF NOT INTERESTED, don't send your address to The P. & L. Pub. Co. 126 Liberty Street, New York, N. Y.

Coughs and Colds,

Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, General Debility and all forms of Emaciation are speedily cured by

Scott's Emulsion

Consumptives always find great relief by taking it, and consumption is often cured. No other nourishment restores strength so quickly and effectively.

Weak Babies and Thin Children

are made strong and robust by Scott's Emulsion when other forms of food seem to do them no good whatever.

The only genuine Scott's Emulsion is put up in *salmon-colored wrapper*. Refuse cheap substitutes!

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N.Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

A QUEER CLASS OF MEN.

THEY WORK UP BUSINESS FOR THE BIG CRIMINAL LAWYERS.

One Prisoner's Industry—While Actually Locked in the Tombs He Made a Great Deal of Money.

AMONG the many curious ways of making a living in a great city like New York, perhaps the most curious is that of serving as a procurer to lawyers. Many criminal attorneys derive the greater part of their practice through men who daily frequent the police courts and other places where they are likely to secure cases to sell to their patrons.

Supposing the case of a young man who has been arrested for assault. He appears in court next day, without counsel, and is remanded for a future hearing. A procurer, sitting on a front bench in the court room, has been an attentive listener to the proceedings, and, when the young man is taken back to prison, endeavors to communicate with him, so as to find out the names of the friends upon whom he can rely in his trouble. Frequently the prisoner has friends present in the court room, in which case the business is easily managed. An experienced procurer can tell who they are by their interested countenance and whispered conversation when the prisoner is brought to the bar. To make their acquaintance is a simple matter. Then, by working upon their sympathies and insinuating himself into their confidence, he persuades them to contribute a specified sum toward the defense of their friend, agreeing to attend to all the details of the affair himself.

If the prisoner has no friends in the court room when he is brought up for examination, it is a difficult matter to secure his case without the assistance of an official of the prison. Procurers who understand their business are never without influence in this direction. Having secured control of a case, the procurer's next move is to sell it to the lawyer who is willing to pay him the largest commission for obtaining it. So he goes about from lawyer to lawyer until he makes the best bargain he thinks is possible, and there his connection with the business generally ends. But if the case turns out to be one of importance—that is, if the prisoner is held for trial—he often obtains further remuneration for hunting up witnesses, serving subpenas and engaging in other work connected with it.

One of the most successful procurers who ever did business in New York was a lawyer named Reavey, who a few years ago was under sentence to serve five years in State prison for embezzlement. His case had been appealed, and he was confined in the Tombs, awaiting the decision of the Court, when it occured to him that he might do a profitable business among prisoners by securing their cases for a friend of his, outside the prison, who was a shrewd criminal lawyer. A kind of partnership was entered into between the two, by which Reavey was to get a certain percentage on all business obtained by him inside the prison. This arrangement proved highly remunerative to Reavey, and with the money so made was enabled to procure himself many comforts while confined in the Tombs. He conducted his business in the following manner:

At the times appointed for the exercise of the prisoners he would come out of his cell and begin to walk briskly around the corridor, peering into the faces of all the prisoners he passed. Presently his eyes would rest upon the face of a new arrival in the prison. Unless the man was a hardened criminal, he would probably be in a very dejected mood, and stand sadly in need of sympathy. Reavey was prepared to give him an abundance of it. Approaching him with a kindly smile, he would say:

"Well, my friend, what brought you to this sad place?"

If the prisoner were inclined to be suspicious, one glance at Reavey's benevolent face and elegantly dressed figure was sufficient to allay every doubt in his mind. It would not be long before Reavey had the full particulars of his story. If the crime for which the man had been arrested had been a small one, he would look grave and say that it was a very serious offence, and that it would require the services of a very skilful lawyer to keep the man out of State Prison. In fact there was no one whom he (Reavey) knew who was competent to manage such a case, but —— giving the name of his partner outside the Tombs. But if the crime were a grave one, he would make light of it, saying encouragingly:

"It certainly looks bad on the face of it, and the evidence would probably convict you; but the case would be easy for a lawyer smart enough to take advantage of the technicalities of the law. Be advised by me and employ ——. He has got many a poor fellow out of a worse scrape than you are in."

By employing these and other arts he succeeded in getting considerable practice. His partner called upon him frequently in the Tombs, ostensibly to consult with him upon his own af-

was finally removed to Sing Sing, which put an end to his money making.

One of the shrewdest procurers now operating in this city is a young man of broken fortune, who was formerly one of the shining lights of the "Tenderloin" precinct. He calls himself an accident agent, and devotes his entire attention to hunting up accident cases for his patrons. His business is conducted on systematic principles. He breakfasts every morning at 8 o'clock, and, while sipping his coffee, searches the newspapers carefully for notices of injuries or accidents to persons living in or near the city. At 9 o'clock he starts out to go the rounds of the hospitals to ascertain if any accident cases have been received in them since his visit of the day before. As he has made it a point to be on friendly terms with some one in authority in most of the hospitals, he finds no difficulty in getting the information he desires.

When he has found a case of accidental injury, and ascertained the name and address of the unfortunate person, he communicates with him, or her, through friends, or in person, and if he discovers that the accident was due to the negligence of others, offers to recover damages without cost to the injured, for half the amount of the sum recovered. If his proposition is accepted he takes the cases to any lawyer who will pay him a fair commission, and then turns his attention to hunting up witnesses and securing other evidences for the plaintiff.—New York Press.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Cabbage is an old cure for intoxication.

The robin is the last bird to go to bed at night.

California boasts of a seven and one-half pound onion.

New Guinea yields large quantities of sago from the palms which grow wild.

Bechuana Land, in South Africa, exports Indian corn, hides, cattle and wool.

Oman, an Arabian State, exports dates, gum arabic, Mocha coffee and pearls.

The Niger Valley region exports rice, lemons, dates, heavy cotton and leather.

The value of butter exportations from France average about $17,000,000 a year.

Part of the railway from Colombo to Kandy, in Ceylon, cost a human life for every sleeper.

A good sized two-masted coasting schooner costs $15,000 or so, a four sticker from $60,000 to $85,000.

George W. Wolfe has ridden from Chicago to New York, 1038 miles, in six days, eight hours and thirty minutes. There's another record gone to smash.

In 1891 W. S. Gage, of Gaines, N. Y., planted two beans. The product has been planted each season since, now, the fourth year, he has harvested a crop of 150 bushels.

A married couple in Sawada, Japan, according to a native paper—the father 132 years old and the mother 135—have a family of fourteen, including a son aged 105, and a daughter 108.

A Fort Madison (Iowa) doctor has a gold watch that was worn by Edgar A. Poe, whose name is engraved on the case, and which Poe gave to a Philadelphia tailor named Albright, to whom he became indebted.

Andy Palmer, of Maine, has built his new home on the dividing line of York and Cumberland Counties so exactly that when he is at one end of his dining table in York he is helped to soup by his fair vis-a-vis in Cumberland.

In a rock hewn tomb in Southern Mexico was recently found a sword of hammered iron and bronze inlaid in silver in a style distinctively Assyrian. On one side are well defined cuneiform characters. It is hoped this relic may throw some light on the origin of man on the Western Hemisphere.

Probably the meanest thief ever caught is Louis Bourgard, of Paris, who recently, while riding in a cab, ripped open the cushions, tied the horsehair into a parcel, sold it while the cab waited for him, and with the money procured from selling his "plunder" paid the cabman his fare.

Henry Clay's Dueling Pistols.

Judge Harmon Stitt, of Bourbon, Ky., has an interesting relic—one of Henry Clay's dueling pistols. The pistol is about eighteen inches long, or forty-four calibre and was made for powder and ball. It was left to Misses Charlotte and Lizzie Vimont, of Millersburg, together with other personal property, by Henry Clay's granddaughter, Mrs. Mantell, who died in Lexington, about two years ago. The Misses Vimont gave it to their cousin, Harmon Vimont, of Millersburg, who had his friend and religious adviser, Judge Stitt, bring the famous weapon to Bourbon to have it repaired and put in shooting order. It was the weapon used in Mr. Clay's famous duel with Humphrey Marshall in 1808, and in the meeting with John

ROYAL Baking Powder
Absolutely pure.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—U.S. GOVT. FOOD REPORT.

The official report shows Royal Baking Powder chemically pure, yielding 160 cubic inches of leavening gas per ounce of powder, which was greatly in excess of all others and more than 40 per cent. above the average.

Hence Royal Baking Powder makes the lightest, sweetest and most wholesome food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

She Couldn't Be Bothered.

Down in Nantucket, as in many country regions, the ways of trade are not as we find them in the turmoil of city affairs. There life seems always like a summer afternoon. No one is solicited to buy wares of any description, and the maxim tacitly prevails that "you can take it or leave it." Yet much may be missed by such luxurious modes of action.

When President Hayes was in that region, his wife went to the little shop of an exceedingly independent old lady who sells the baskets made by men on board the lightships anchored all about that region. President Hayes was away for the time, being entertained elsewhere, and Mrs. Hayes walked about, enjoying herself.

When she entered the shop the old lady was sitting in the background, reading. The visitor stood there for a moment, and then began to examine the baskets on the counter. No one noticed her.

"What is the price of this basket?" she ventured at length.

The old lady looked up from her reading.

"Look on the bottom," she said, abruptly, and continued scanning the paper.

"And this?" said Mrs. Hayes, indicating another.

"Prices a l marked on the bottom," was the brief reply.

The President's wife pursued her examination, and at length asked:

"Could you attend to me now? I would like to buy some of these?"

The old lady did not move, but replied, with perfect kindliness:

"I can't be bothered now. You'll have to wait till I finish this piece. I'm reading about the President's going down to Cottage City."

Never Toward the North.

The Japanese never sleep with the head to the north. This is because the dead, in Japan, are always buried with the head in that position. In the sleeping rooms of private houses, and of hotels even, a diagram of the points of the compass is posted upon the ceiling for the convenience of guests.

Met Their Match.

A little while ago the minister of a certain church in Scotland came to the conclusion that one of his flock, a shrewd old lady, had not been present at divine service so frequently as was necessary for her spiritual welfare. So he called for two of his elders, and they sallied forth to interview the delinquent on the subject.

That astute personage, having been forewarned of the intended visit, prepared a sumptuous repast, consisting of the finest of haddocks and the lightest of scones, sufficient in quantity to make a good square meal for a dozen ordinary persons.

But the minister and the two deacons were not ordinary persons—at least, in the matter of appetite; and therefore, when they rose from the feast there was nothing left but the bones of the haddocks.

Then, with much unction, the minister proceeded to interrogate his hostess as to her absence from kirk.

"'Deed," she indignantly replied, "I was there last Sabbath."

"Then what was the text, Elizabeth?"

"I ken 'twas about the loaves and fishes. They took up the fragments that remained twelve basketsful. Wasna that it?"

"Ah, quite right, Elizabeth! And have you been thinking about it since?"

"'Deed, I thoct just now that if ye and the elders had been there the disciples wouldna have taken up one basketful, much less twelve!"

All Iron.

A railway which the Germans have built in Asia Minor, extending from Ismid, a harbor about sixty miles east of Constantinople, east by south to Angora, has as little wood in it, perhaps, as any in the world. Not only the rails and bridges but the ties and telegraph poles are of iron.

Buenos Ayres.

The population of the city of Buenos Ayres is estimated at 580,000. The birth rate is high, but 13 per cent. are out of wedlock. Immigration added 13,000 last year.

"Forbid a Fool a Thing and that he will do."
Don't Use
SAPOLIO

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(Vegetable)
What They Are For

Biliousness	indigestion	sallow skin
dyspepsia	bad taste in the mouth	pimples
sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within

For Breakfast To-morrow
Hecker's
Buckwheat.
MAKES
Delicious,
Wholesome cakes,
at a moment's notice.
No Salt, Yeast
or Baking Powder required—
Nothing but Water.

P N U 46

FREE!
THIS KNIFE! Fine Steel. Keen as a razor. Good, strong handle.
Mailed free in exchange for 25 Large Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee Wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine Premiums.
WOOLSON SPICE CO.,
450 Huron St., TOLEDO, O.

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The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great
Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS
In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

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EASTMAN
National Business College and Shorthand SCHOOL affords the best preparation for business life. Practical work. Both sexes. Positions furnished.
BOOKKEEPING
Thorough instruction in Bookkeeping and Business Customs, Shorthand and Typewriting, Penmanship, English and Modern Languages. For Catalogue address CLEMENT C. GAINES, President, 30 Washington St., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
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MARLIN Model 1893
Made in 32-40 and 38-55 calibres. The only repeater on the market for these cartridges.
Light Weight. REPEATING Easy Action.
Solid Top. Side ejection. Made in "Take Down."
Write for catalogues to
The Marlin Fire Arms Co.,
New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.
RIFLES

I'll MARRY YOU, JOHN
If you buy the Ring of Marshall, who will sell SOLID GOLD RING, engraved or set with stones, for $1.00. Every Ring warranted. Satisfaction guaranteed. Remit with order. G. E. MARSHALL, Middleburg, Vt.

Silk. Waste Embroidery ... per full oz. package. ... Address BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SILK CO., 128 Union St., New London, Conn.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for Inventors' Guide, or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D.C.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop,

—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on short est notice.

☞ Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

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GREEN BANK, WEST VIRGINIA.

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BLACKSMITHING AND Wagon Repairs.

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MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer and Real Estate Agent.

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,
Room, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3½ miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address URIAH BIRD,
Marlinton, W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS.
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer ... Contractor.
Work done on short notice.

ROOFING Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped everywhere.

PAINT red and black for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

LADDERS that shorten or lengthen for tinners, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

PAPER heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

PRICES low. Circulars and quotations by addressing.

WM. A. LIST & CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

Justice's blanks fifty cents per hundred. All job work neatly done.

$10.00 Size of Camera 4¼ x 5¼ x 6¼ in. Size of Picture 4 x 5 in.

The . . Folding KODET Junior. .

A practical camera with which a mere novice can readily learn to make the best photographs. Fully equipped for hand or tripod work. Adapted to roll film and glass plates; reversible finder with focusing plate; ground glass for fine focusing; improved shutter; tripod sockets for vertical or horizontal views. Self contained when closed; handsomely finished and covered with leather.

Price, with double plate holder, ... $10.00
Developing and Printing outfit, ... 1.50
Roll Holder for film (not loaded), ... 10.00

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Send for Catalogue. Rochester, N. Y.

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, . VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.
per day 1.00
per meal - - - 25
lodging - - 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

FEED, LIVERY —AND— SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broke to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
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FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869.
Cash Capital $100,000.00.

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In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—it won't stain your teeth, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

"FOUR hundred and more hands in this mill two hundred and fifty horse steam power. It is known to the force of a single pound weight what the engine will do; but not all the calculators of the national debt can tell me of the capacity for good or evil, for love or hatred, for patriotism or discontent, for the decomposition of virtue into vice, or the reverse, at any single moment in the soul of one of these, its quiet servants, with the composed faces and the regulated actions. There is no mystery in it; there is an unfathomable mystery in the meanest of them, forever."—*Dickens.*

Kenos Douglas failed to get the record in his case made off in time to present his petition for a writ of error within the forty days allowed him by Judge Campbell for this purpose. Consequently on Monday night last the Sheriff, with two guards—John D. Dwyer and Russell Pulliam—started with Douglas for Moundsville. We are informed that the Stenographer got drunk and thus delayed the copying of the record. Douglas suffered the consequence, but the Stenographer should be made to take his place in the pen, at least for a season.—*Greenbrier Independent.*

A HUSBAND said to his wife, my dear, if I should find the dinner cold and begin to fuss about it, what would you do? She gave him to understand that she would make it hot for him before all was over.

MANY a man is expected to be the architect of his son-in-law's fortune.

Money Needed.

All persons indebted to me will please call at once and settle, Your account is ready and you will perhaps save yourself trouble and cost by complying with this request, I cannot give further indulgence. Yours Respectfully,
S. W. HOLT.

E. H. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,

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Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

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Marlinton Grocery

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The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention,

All country produce taken.

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PILES [illegible] without knife. No loss of time from business. Fistula, Ulcers, etc. also cured. [illegible] Question Blank and Book free. Call or write.
DR. H. B. BUTTS.

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Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
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Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
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New Goods New Prices!

—IT IS HARD TO KEEP—

A Stock of Goods fully up in the town of Marlinton, as goods do not lie on our shelves long, but we have taken a fresh, strong, start and have put in the

BEST AND FRESHEST STOCK

Brought into this county this year, and the most complete stock I have ever handled in my merchantile experience.

I GUARANTEE MY PRICES AS LOW OR LOWER THAN ANY IN THE COUNTY.

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A Suit of Clothes and a beaver hat at less than you ever purchased them.

GREAT BARGAINS IN EVERYTHING

Remember the place—the big store of Marlinton.

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Colic,
Cramps,
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Nausea,
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Cuts,
Burns,
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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 27. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, ... J. C. rbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, ... R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, ... S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, ... J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, ... C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor .... George Baxter.
Coroner, ... George P. Moore
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; harles Cook, [illegible] H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT

How are times in Pocahontas? Does anybody know. Is there no money in the county or is it just hoarded away. There was a time, which the youngest of us can remember, when a man could count on getting money at a certain time in the future. He could count on it so surely that he could spend his bottom dollar and be easy in his mind. Now-a-days a man is afraid to pay his debts for fear that there will be a more urgent need of a little cash the next day. Money will spend itself, they say, but while money is dribbled out, here and there, the county will not be flooded with currency—the state of affairs we so fervently desire. In those days not so long ago if a man had fifty dollars he was not afraid to spend it, knowing there was more where that came from. Now if he has fifty dollars he does not spend it, nor does he even want any one to know he has it. The lack of confidence is as great a drag on a farming country like ours as it is in great commercial centers, with the difference that in the Stock Exchange men go in for making fortunes, and with us, for making livings. The farmers are notorious for being in debt partly because they do not make a great deal in the clear, but more especially because their land is the best security in the world, and their road to debt is made easy, by willing creditors. There is another trouble, too, they do not owe each other. Their debts are due the merchants, which really means they owe the wholesale dealers in Baltimore, or some other distant city. We smile sometimes when we see an exception to the rule—one of our farmer friends who would break his neck in his hurry to pay a debt of twenty-four hours standing. But he has had plenty of object lessons to teach him all his life the horrors of being in debt. Some men have never known what it was is to be free. They inherited the encumbrance with their estate; they spend their lives in its shadow; and die at the very place they began. It is too much like swimming against a current. Interest is the nightmare. Money on interest, and there is a world of it, doubles itself in about sixteen years. Has this vast wealth of wild land brought the owners anything in sixteen years? What other property increases and yields without constant labor or other expenditure? Thirty years ago a man may have paid one thousand dollars for a tract of land that he cannot sell for more now. He can not see but that he would have lived as easily without it. Let us calculate what his money would have been worth to him lent thirty years ago, he having pursued the simple plan of renewing the notes every ten years, at six per cent. interest, making four notes. 1865 it is $1000; 1875, $1600; 1885, $2560; 1895, $4196. Here is a lesson for us. The men around us who are in debt, whose case is hopeless, are those who have no money of their own drawing interest to offset the interest running against them. They will know the relief of owing no man a dollar some day, and of having no property to worry them. Times are bound to get better, and people will be parted with their money more easily, though the that there is going to be a time in the future when money is to come in and pay up these accounts. Another year may see a railroad here, and the timber being marketed. While it is going it may be a short life but it will be a merry one. May next summer find every one of us with a pocketful of money.

HICKS, is greatly blamed with making this winter so rough. His February forecasts are such as strike terror to the soul of the survivor. The storms originating in January will subside by the 2d, and the cold wave following them will have crossed the country to the Atlantic. Along about the 5th or 6th reactionary storms will set in, which will be continued about the 7th, 9th, and 13th. Along these dates hard storms will occur. Snow in the north, rain in the south, threatening and unsettled weather. Cyclones and tornadoes are among the probabilities. Quick and extreme changes to very cold will follow all storms this month. The 17th and 18th will bring storms with changes to warmer. The bad time, though, is the 22d to 24th, when we are to have storms long to be remembered. This storm is to cap the climax of the winter. Look out for awful floods and ice. Fellow sufferers, we are in the grip of Jupiter, with Mars and Venus cutting in. The moon when full on the 9th is in Perigee, and not responsible for its actions. Get in a lot of wood and "stand by!"

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, proprietor, we are in receipt of the late numbers of the *Confederate Veteran.* As would be implied by the name, this beautiful magazine is published in the interests of Confederate veterans and kindred topics. It is tastefully illustrated and filled with matter dear to the heart of an old soldier.

To come to the practical part of this matter, this magazine can be secured for the sum of one dollar per year, and there is not an old soldier in the county but what should send in a subscription. The cause that failed is still a sacred cause to him, and year by year he fights his old battles over again. This periodical is the official organ of 500 camps, and has a wonderful circulation extending over the whole of the South.

On the title page we find these lines:

> "Though men deserve, they may
> not win success.
> "The brave will honor the brave,
> vanquished none the less."

Subscriptions may be sent to the address of the *Veteran*, Nashville, Tenn., or if left at this office will receive prompt attention.

To fully realize the flight of time you must get one of these pad calenders, such as the Pope Man'fg. Co. send out each year, from which you have to tear off a sheet every day. Some morning you will raise your hand to tear the leaf off and be startled to see that it has been twenty days, or ten days since you touched it last. You remember perfectly that you were tearing off the leaves, as you thought, tolerably regularly. As you think about it you begin to believe you are being cheated out of part of your time, and, like maiden ladies, be old before you know it.

GRANDMOTHER GRAGG.

A Remarkable Old Lady; has 110 Descendents Living. A Sketch of Her Life.

Special Correspondence.

BACK ALLEGHANY, W. VA., January 28th, 1895.—Mrs. Gragg, the subject of this sketch, living in this neighborhood, was born in Pendleton County in 1808, being at this time 87 years of age. At nineteen she married Zebulon Gragg from which union she reared thirteen childred. She has lived in the counties of Pendleton, Highland, Pocahontas, Lewis, Ritchie, and Gilmor. For thirty years she has been a widow. Her husband is remembered by the older people of Pocahontas as being the most accomplished boxer and fighter of his day. He was never whipped but once, and that time he encountered one William Keister, of Pendleton County. Keister was a man weighing over two hundred pounds. Gragg weighed 135 pounds. Gragg in parrying one of Keister's blows, had his arm broken. Keister could hit with the force of a sledge-hammer. Mrs. Gragg is a member of the Lutheran Church, having been confirmed in her eighteenth year by Pastor Reamenchnider, and has thus been a consistent christian for sixty-nine years. She has living at this time sixty-four grandchildren and thirty-three great-grandchildren. She is never idle, putting in most of her time knitting. She does not use spectacles, About twelve years ago an accident deprived her of the power of walking. Still she is far from being a burden on any one, and sits quietly in her arm chair all day, and can dress and undress herself without assistance. On being asked if she did not get very tired of sitting still, she replied, "Oh no! I am used to it." She is an interesting talker, and your correspondent has passed many moments in pleasant conversation with her.

Adventure in China.

Mr. A. Sydenstricker who, went from this county as a missionary to China, writes of an attack made upon him by some stragglers of the Chinese army. His letter is dated on November 24th, at Tsing-Kiang-Pu. He had made an excursion to some out stations, and with Mr. H. W. White, another missionary, was in danger of being mobbed in the city of Hsu-Chow-Fu. They escaped by rushing into the residence of an official, and were furnished an escort out of the city the next day.

On his way back he received news of the war and state of affairs at Peking, and word from Chin-Kiang that the foreign ladies and children had better go down. This eroused him to hurry on alone. He was traveling in a cart drawn by a mule. He met thousands of soldiers straggling to Peking, but was not molested until within about ten miles of his destination.

Here two soldiers jumped into the cart, and said it was theirs. The missionaty made resistance, and they caught hold of the mule and swore they would kill him. One of them struck him some heavy blows with his sword, but the padded Chines costume of the missionary saved him from being hurt. Then the other soldier picked up a pole five or six feet long, and struck at him. The first stroke missed, but the second fetched him a stunning blow, but which was not serious. Seeing that this assailants really ment murder, the missionary escaped, leaving the cart and mule in their hands.

From the letter Mr. Sydenstricker has evidently left the interior by this time. He speaks of the country as being in an uproar with no chance for him to work. The letter ends with these words:

"I hope our people at home will not be uneasy about our safety

An Indian Raid.

The followinh from *Steward's Memoir*, is an account of of an Indian raid on the early settlements of Greenbrier Valley. The course of their travels lay between Greenbrier county and Rockbridge, and it is almost certain that the route lay by this place. The following account is taking from reprint in the *West Virginia School Journal* where it is credited to "Lewis' History of West Virginia:"

"The Indians commenced hostilities in 1763, when all the settlements in the Greenbrier valley were totally cut off by a party of Indians headed by the Cornstalk warrior. The chief settlements were on Muddy creek. The Indians, in number about sixty, introduced themselves into the people's houses under the mask of friendship, and every civility was offered them by the people, providing them with victuals and accommodations for their entertainment, when, on a sudden, they killed the men and made prisoners of the women and children. Then they passed over into the Levels, where some families were collected at the house of Archibald Clendenin where they were entertained, as at Muddy creek, in the most hospitable manner. Clendenin having just arrived from a hunt, with three fat elks, they were plentifully feasted. In the meantime an old women with a sore leg was showing her distress to an Indian, and inquiring if he could administer to her relief; he said he thought he could; and drawing his tomahawk, instanly killed her and all the men almost that were in the house. Conrad Yolkam only escaped by being some distance from the house, when the outeries of the women and children alarmed him. He fled to Jackson's river and alarmed the people, who were unwilling to believe him until the approach of the Indians convinced them. All fled before them; they were pursued to Carr's creek, in Rockbridge county, where many families were killed or taken by them. At Clendenin's a scene of much cruelty was performed; a negro woman, who was endeavoring to escape, killed her own child, who was pursuing her crying, lest she might be discovered by its cries. Mrs. Clendennin did not fail to abuse the Indians with terms of reproach, calling them cowards, although the tomahawk was drawn over her head with threats of instant death, and the scalp of her husband lashed about her jaws. The prisoners were all taken over to Muddy Creek, and a party of Indians reatined them there until the return of the others from Carr's Creek, when the whole were taken off together.

On the day they started from the foot of Keeney's Knob, going over the mountain, Mrs. Clendennin gave her infant child to a prisoner woman to carry, as the prisoners were in the centre of the line with the Indians in the front and rear, and she escaped into a thicket and concealed herself until they all passed by. The cries of the child soon caused the Indians to inquire for the mother, who was missing; and one of them said he would soon 'bring the cow to her calf.' Taking the child by the heels, he beat its brains out against a tree, and throwing the body down in the path, all marched over it until its entrails were trampled out by the horses. She said she returned that night in the dark to her own house, a distance of more than ten miles, and coverd her husband's corpse with rails which lay in the yard where he was killed in endeavoring to escape over the fence with one of his children in his arms. Then she went to a cornfield, where great fear came upon her, and she imagined she saw a man standing by her within a few steps.

The Indians continued the

It'll snow,
It'll snow!
When the land with cash is hummin',
There's a money panic comin'!
When the sky is beamin' bright,
There's a hurricane in sight!
And you'll know,
And you'll know,
It was him who told you so!

When the crops are growin' fine,
They'll decline,
They'll decline!
When the weather's kinder sunny,
All the heat will melt the honey!
When it's lookin' rather wet,
It will drown the cotton yet!
And you'll know,
And you'll know,
It was him who told you so!

He's a great one in his way
Every day,
Every day!
He is always prophesying·
You are either dead, or dying;
And no matter what you do,
It's exactly as he knew!
And you'll know,
Know, know,
It was him who told you so!
—F. L. Stanton.

THE ABANDONED HOUSE.

BY FRANCOIS COPPEE.

FOR fifteen years I passed nearly every day, and sometimes twice a day, through a little street situated at the extreme limit of the Faubourg St. Germain, and ending in one of those magnificent boulevards which radiate about des Invalides. It was one of those very rare Parisian by-ways where there is not a single shop. I do not know a more tranquil spot. Several gardens, enclosed in long low walls overhung with branches, shed over the deserted street in May the delicate odor of lilacs; in June, the heavier perfume of elderflowers and acacias.

Among these was one abode even more isolated than the others. When the porte cochere opened to admit a landau or coupe, the pedestrian (who heard the echo of his steps on the sidewalk) saw only a graveled road, bordered with a hedge which turned abruptly toward a house hidden amid the verdure. It would have been difficult to find a corner more secluded. The place contained neither gardener's house nor porter's lodge—nothing but that nest in the foliage.

The pavilion was inhabited. The garden, gay with flowers, always carefully attended to, was a proof of that. In winter, the smoke from the chimneys rose to the gray sky, and in the evening a light shone dimly behind the thick curtains, always closely drawn. Several times I saw going or coming through the lattice-door an old servant in somber livery, and with a circumspect, even suspicious, air. Evidently I should gain nothing by interrogating him. Besides, what right had I to trouble with vain curiosity the unknown host or hosts of the closed house?

I respected their secret, but the enigmatical dwelling continued to exercise for me its singular attraction.

One July night, a stifling night, under a dark, heavy sky, I came home about eleven o'clock, and, according to my usual habit, I mechanically turned my steps so as to pass before the mysterious pavilion. The little street, lighted only by three gas jets far apart, which flickered in the heated air, was absolutely deserted. Not a leaf stirred on the trees in the garden. All nature was dumb in the quiet which precedes a storm.

I was in front of the pavilion, when some notes were struck on a piano within and echoed in the motionless air. I noticed with surprise that, doubtless because of the heat, two of the windows were partly open, though not enough for one to see the interior of the apartment. Suddenly a woman's voice, a soprano of wonderful sweetness and power, burst forth upon the silence of the night.

She sang a short melody, of strange rhythm and the most touching melancholy, in which I divined instinctively a popular air, one of those flowers of primitive music which are never gathered in the gardens raked by professional maestri. Yes, it certainly was a folk song, but of what country? I did not recognize the tongue in which the words were written, but I felt there the plaintive inspiration, and fancied that I detected in them the sad spirit of the North. The air was thrilling, the voice sublime. It hardly lasted two minutes, but I never felt in all my life such a deep musical sensation, and long after the song had died away, I felt still vibrating within me the final melodious note, sharp, penetrating, and, like a long cry of pain. I remained there for a long time in the hope of hearing that delicious voice again, but suddenly a storm burst upon the city. The wind

Casino at Dieppe with some jolly companions, and took part in an animated discussion upon music. I praised popular airs, which spring spontaneously from an innocent sentiment. In aid of my theory, I related my adventure.

"What do you think of this air?" I asked Prince Khaloff, a young Russian with whom I was very intimate. "I shall never forget it," I said warmly. I proceeded to sing it indifferently well.

"Well," replied the young prince, "you can congratulate yourself, my dear sir, in having had such a rare treat. That melody is a song of the sailors of Drontheim, away out in Norway, and the beautiful voice must have been that of Stolberg, with whom we were all in love two years ago, when she made her debut in St. Petersburg—that Stolberg was the rival of her countrywoman Nilsson, and who would have become one of the greatest singers of the century if she had not been suddenly snatched from art, from the stage, from success of all kinds by her love for Count Basil Lobanof, at that time my comrade in the Guards, when we were both cornets in the cavalry. Yes, for two years we were without news of Basil. He had given up his commission and left Russia without saying adieu to any one. And we only knew vaguely that he had hidden himself in Paris with his wife; but we were ignorant of the place of his retreat till you now revealed it by chance."

"So," said I, "the wonderfully gifted artist has renounced everything for a little love affair."

"Say rather for a great passion!" cried the prince. "Although very young, Stolberg had had numerous flirtations when she met Lobanof. I was there in the green room on the evening when Basil—who, I should tell you, is as handsome as a god—was presented to her, and I saw the diva pale with emotion, even under her powder and paint. Oh, it was startling, and I thought that she would carry off our young friend that same evening, pell-mell, with the triumphant bouquets, after the fifth act. But immediately he became as jealous as a Mussulman—yes, jealous of the very public when she sang. He was always there in the front seats of the orchestra, and at each burst of applause he turned abruptly, and cast a sombre look over the house. That look seemed to express a desire to slap the whole audience in the face. Everything went wrong. Even when the Czar was present, the prima donna had eyes for no one but Basil—sang always to Basil. That caused trouble behind the scenes, and the poor girl decided to leave the stage. She did so at the end of three months, at the close of her engagement. He married her- and since then they have hidden themselves in Paris, in the retreat which you discovered. They must be dead in love. But I will wager that Basil will get over it. He is built like the Farnese Hercules, and they say poor Stolberg is consumptive. They pretend even that it is disease which gives her voice its wonderful power and extraordinary sweetness and pathos. Her gift is the result of disease, like the pearl. All the same, no matter how much in love with Lobanof the poor girl is, she will die of weariness in that cage in which he keeps her. Then she must sing very rarely, since in the many times you have passed before their house you have heard her but once, that night of the storm. Well, it will end badly."

The conversation turned to other things, and the next day I left Dieppe to go with some friends to Lower Normandy. I had only been there ten days when I read accidentally in a theatrical paper the following notice: "We announce with sorrow the death of Mlle. Ida Stolberg, the Swedish cantatrice, who shone so briefly and brilliantly on the stage in Germany and Russia, and who renounced her lyrical career in the midst of her success and has been living quietly in Paris for two years past. She died of pulmonary consumption."

I had never seen Stolberg. Once only had I heard that incomparable voice. Still, the reading of this commonplace notice, which announced to me the fulfilment of Prince Khaloff's dismal prophecy, broke my heart. I knew now the whole mystery of the closed house. It was there that the poor woman had languished and been extinguished, deeply in love, no doubt, but stifled also by the captivity to which she was condemned by the jealousy of her husband. No doubt, also, she was full of regrets for the former triumphs of her abandoned art. The fate of Stolberg seemed so sad to me that I fairly hated the man who had sacrificed her whole life. He seemed to me a fop, an egotist, a brute. I was certain that he would soon console himself for the loss of his wife, that he would soon forget the poor dead woman, and that, unworthy of the love which he had inspired, he would also be incapable of grief or fidelity.

On my return to Paris, one of the first persons I met on the Boulevard was Prince Khaloff. I told him how much

"Behold, you people of imagination!" cried the prince. "You were charmed for an instant by this woman's voice, and you feel a posthumous love for her, and a retrospective jealousy of my poor friend. I own to you that I have always thought Basil a more sensual than sensible man, more passionate than tender; but I have seen him since poor Ida's death, and he is a prey, I assure you, to the most horrible and sincere despair. When I expressed my sympathy to him, he cast himself in my arms, and repeated to me, as he wept on my shoulder, that he could live no longer. And it was not pretence. He goes at once to Senegal, to join the Jackson mission, a party of explorers, who will bury themselves, probably forever, in frightful Africa. That is not common, you will own. It is to be feared that fever or cholera, or a shot from the gun of a savage, will end the poor boy's life and sorrows. Take back, I beg you, your rash and premature judgment upon him. Besides, he had before his departure an idea which should certainly seem affecting to you. That pavilion, where he has been so happy and so unhappy, belongs to him. Well, he has closed it forever. Basil wishes that no living being should ever again penetrate that abode of love and sorrow. You can pass there now, and see the house fall into ruin, and on the day when they put a notice upon it, on that day you can say, 'Basil Lobanof is dead.'"

I left the prince, and the next day, reproaching myself for my injustice, I went to see the deserted house. The shutters were closed; the dead leaves of the great plane tree, half-bare (it was the end of autumn), covered the grass of the lawn. Weeds forced their way through the gravelled walk. The work of destruction had begun.

Months passed; a year; then another; then the daily papers were full of the great anxiety felt over the fate of Jackson and his companions, from whom no news had come. You know that even to-day the world is ignorant of the fate of those brave explorers.

Living always in the same vicinity and passing every day before the abandoned pavilion, I say it decay, little by little. The rain of two winters had lashed constantly the plaster of the facade and covered it with a damp mould. Then the slate roof was damaged by wind and rain storms. Dampness attacked everything. Lizards sunned themselves on the wall; the balcony was loosened; the roof bent. The appearance of the poor house became lamentable. As for the garden, it had returned quickly to its savage state. The flowers were not cultivated; the rose-bushes were untrimmed, and had only leaves and branches; the geraniums were dead. The grass had long since disappeared under the dead hay, and the high stalks of the weeds were disdained even by the butterflies. Nothing grew there but thistles and the pale poppy. It was a gloomy spot!

Years rolled on. It was now impossible to hope for the return of the Jackson party. Evidently those intrepid pioneers had succumbed to hunger and thirst in some horrible desert or been massacred by the savages, and Count Basil Lobanof was dead with them, faithful to his Stolberg. The deserted house had fallen absolutely into ruins. The great tree which was near the house, and whose foliage was no longer kept in check by trimming, had thrust one of its immense branches through the window. The shutters had fallen off, and the tree had pushed its way into the interior of the disembowelled house. There might be mushrooms within and even grass growing on the floor of the salon. Each time I passed before the old ruin which had come to to the last stages of decay, I thought, abandoning myself to a romantic revery,—"It is better that it should be so. If they had heard of the count's death, the heirs no doubt would have caused steps to be taken at once for its restoration. They would have broken it open brutally, and let in the garish light of day, to desecrate those hallowed associations of love and sorrow. Basil Lobanof has done well to disappear, and nature lovingly destroys slowly this old love-nest, and keeps it from profanation."

The other day I saw the ruin again; the branches of the great tree came through the roof, and there were little trees growing in the rocks. Then I met Prince Khaloff, who had not been in France for a dozen years. We walked and talked together, and I told him all about the abandoned house, its slow destruction, and the thoughts it suggested. The prince burst into laughter.

"Decidedly, my dear fellow, you will never be anything but a poet. Basil is married again, the father of three children, and holds the office of First Secretary to the Russian Ambassador at Rome."

"The Count Lobanof is not dead!" I cried, stupefied.

"On my last visit to Rome he was as well as you or I."

"He did not go with the Jackson party? Oh, the perfidious man!" I cried, furious at my wasted sympathy.

"Basil is not so guilty as that. Wild with grief after her death, he would, for good or bad go with the party, and he set out for Senegambia. But on the sixth day of their march he fell seriously ill and was taken to St. Louis by a caravan, in the greatest agony. There he recovered—but it was not his fault. His friends profited by his weakness and lack of energy to carry him back to Europe, and since then, after waiting a long time, he has consoled himself."

"But then the deserted house? What does that comedy signify?" asked I, in a bad humor.

"How severe you are, my dear!" replied the amiable Russian. "It is not a comedy, but it proves on the contrary, that the count is a man of honor. What did he promise? That as long as he lived no one should go under the roof which had sheltered his love. And he has kept his word, though it has cost him a great deal. Besides, who knows if he does not always mourn his delightful singer, and regret bitterly the evenings passed in that closed house, listening to the divinely sad music of that voice which caused him so much happiness, so much sorrow? All that I can tell you," added the prince with an ironical smile, "is that with a large fortune, a beautiful family, and a home in the Eternal City, a despairing love twelve years old ought to be endurable!"—Translated for Romance.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The whistling buoy can be heard about fifteen miles.

Asiatic cholera is the most rapidly fatal thing known to medical science.

Carriages propelled by electricity derived from a storage battery are common in Berlin.

A French physician reports a case of hiccough successfully treated by taking snuff until sneezing was provoked.

Lightning is most destructive in level, open country. Cities, with their numerous projections and wires, are comparatively exempt.

A total absence of butterfly life in England is noted. Beyond an occasional white butterfly, there are none to be seen this summer.

Irish potatoes in a store, with a cellar under them, will stand a temperature of ten degrees, and without a cellar a zero temperature will not hurt them.

Gardening ants collect pieces of vegetable and pile them up to rot in the dark interior of their nests until the rubbish is covered with a growth of fungus on which the ants feed.

People wink because the eye must be kept clean and moist, and by the action of the eyelids the fluid secreted by the glands of the eyes is spread equally over the surface of the globe.

The greatest earthquake on record within the limits of the United States occurred in California in 1872. For ten days the ground was continuously agitated, not being perfectly quiet for as long as a single minute.

At the meeting of the German Congress of Natural Science in Vienna, Professor Bolteman delivered an interesting lecture on aerial locomotion. He predicted the greatest success for the application of aeroplanes.

Professor Roux, of Paris, at a recent hygienic congress at Budapest, asserted that in the Paris hospitals seventy-five per cent. of the children inoculated with Behring's anti-diphtheritine (serum taken from horses) were saved, while of those not inoculated sixty per cent. died and only forty per cent. survived.

Released Her Imprisoned Foot.

A women crossing a network of railroad tracks in Long Island City not long ago stepped on a frog, which was unlocked, and pinioned her foot securely. There was possibly no danger from an approaching train, for there were many men about, but her position was not comfortable.

Her cries attracted assistance to her side, and the groups of men began suggesting first one thing, then another to release the foot. "Give a sudden jerk," suggested one. "Slide your foot forward," said another. The woman tried, but could not move her foot.

"No, that won't do," cried a third. "Get a crowbar. Get anything. We've got to pry it out." At this the woman became hysterical, and the men all grew nervous. Several ran up the track, and several down to signal any approaching train.

Just then, when the excitement was high, a railroad employe crossed the track, swinging a tin dinner pail. "What's the matter?" he asked of one of the crowd. The situation was explained to him. Everything had been tried, his informant said, and they were waiting for a crowbar.

"Why don't you unlace the shoe," he said, and taking a knife from his pocket he cut the laces. No one had thought of that, but the remedy was effectual, and in fifteen seconds the half fainting woman was able to pull her foot from the shoe, and a slight effort then released the latter.—New

Spring or summer—hail or snow,
Country's always on the go!

Puffin', blowin',
Hot, or snowin',
Always goin',
Goin'!
Goin'!

Say your say by night an' day—
Country's happy on the way!
Spite o' weather, spite o' crops,
Always goin'—never stops!

Puffin', blowin',
Makes a showin',
Always goin',
Goin'!
Goin'!

Stormy skies, or weather fair,
Country's got the roadway clear
Storms may howl, or bells may chime,
Country's goin' all the time!

Puffin', blowin',
Reapin', sowin',
Always goin,'
Goin'!
Goin'!
—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Man wants but little here below—woman wants the rest.—Truth.

A man never knows how to be a son until he has become a father.—Atchison Globe.

With most people, success has a strong tendency to destroy belief in luck.—Puck.

He—"I hear that you are going abroad in a month?" She—"Not much—in a boat."—Truth.

He—"I'm telling you the honest truth." She—"Is there dishonest truth?"—Detroit Free Press.

Popularity is one of the most vague and undefined possessions that man acquires.—Milwaukee Journal.

When a man goes into business, everybody wonders "where on earth he got the money."—Atchison Globe.

This sweet old world is funny,
But we learn it by degrees;
The bees first steal the honey,
Then we steal it from the bees!
—Atlanta Constitution.

The trouble about the trials of this life is that a fellow always wants to render his own verdicts.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Visitor (discovering acquaintance)—"Hello, what are you here for?" Prisoner (briefly)—"For six months."—Detroit Free Press.

The Author—"I trust you enjoyed my play?" The Parvenu—"Yes, indeed. The entr'actes are so delightful."—Chicago Record.

Nor bruised nor bleeding was the man
Who near the car's front took a seat;
No broken bones had he, although
He'd fallen over forty feet.
—Puck.

"I want a position for my son as an editor?" "What are his qualifications?" "Failed in everything else."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Did you tell your mistress that I called yesterday when she was out?" Maid—"It wasn't necessary. She saw you coming."—Inter-Ocean.

"Flossie has accepted that horrid old Goldheap. What do you suppose she was thinking of?" Hettie—"Herself, dear."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Kashem—"Why don't you put a check to that fellow who is everlastingly dunning you?" Bilker—"What'd be the use? The bank wouldn't pay it."—Buffalo Courier.

Old Lady (proudly)—"My boy is a hustler all the time, but he is humping himself here lately." Visitor—"Is that so? What bicycle does he ride?"—Detroit Free Press.

Now all the college boys bestow
Upon their hair and muscle
Consummate care, because they know
In football they must hustle.
—Washington Star.

Minks—"There is one great objection to onions." Winks—"What's that?" "They are wholesome." "Do you consider that an objection?" "Certainly. People who are fond of them don't die half so soon as you'd like them to."—New York Weekly.

"Yas," said Mr. Jason, "I allow that women air the sentimental sex and all that sort of thing, but I've allays noticed that when a couple git engaged it is the woman that first thinks of figgerin' out how they air to live on his salary."—Indianapolis Journal.

Indicative: "What makes you think Jack Youngley is going to propose to you?" "Why, we were dancing the other night and I complimented him upon the easy way in which he held me. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'it's always easy for me to hold my own.'"—Brooklyn Life.

Grass Growing a Science.

Since grass growing has become a science and an art you may hire a man to create a lawn for you in a fifth of the time once thought necessary for such a creation. Thick and luxurious lawns are produced between spring and autumn, and a lawn of two years under the modern forcing process may easily rival one of five years under the old-fashioned system. Artifical stimulants and abundant water are responsible for the new order of things.

Never Idle.

"A million people out of work," says newspaper writing of these hard times. Added to this misfortune are the physical infirmities with which thousands have to bear. But there is one thing that is never idle; always at work, unceasingly in search of those thus deterred, it seeks to cure such and help them to grasp a chance when it comes. This is the mission of St. Jacobs Oil. Among the millions there are thousands suffering with neuralgia. For this it is a positive cure. Use it and there will be a thousand sufferers less and a thousand chances more to get work and hold it. Better times may come soon, and there is nothing like the great remedy for pain to help you out of painful troubles and into place again.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

No Italian girl can marry without a dowry.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures
all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

Compressed air is used to drive certain Paris street cars.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
Frank J. Cheney.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. Gleason,
{ SEAL }
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Whole Family Helped

Mrs. H. K. Johnson

"My husband was troubled with *Rheumatism* so that he could hardly lift his hand to his head, and also had severe pains in his stomach after eating. Four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla *completely cured him.* Our son was all run down and Hood's Sarsaparilla built him up, and he gained 15 lbs. Our little boy Leon has also been given appetite, weight and strength by the medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of *Erysipelas*, which I have had for 15 years and which is now entirely driven out of my system. Since

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

taking Hood's I am better in every way." Mrs. H. K. Johnson, Lyme Centre, N. H.

Hood's Pills are a mild cathartic. 25 cents.

P N U 43

EASTMAN COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., offers both sexes the best educational advantages at the lowest cost. Healthful; best influences; elective studies. Superior instruction. Departments of Book-keeping and Business Studies; Shorthand and Type-writing; English and Modern Languages; Penmanship and Drawing; the elementary branches, etc. NO VACATIONS. Positions obtained for competent students. Address, for Catalogue CLEMENT C. GAINES, President, 53 Washington Street, Poughkeepsie, New York. COLLEGE

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Made in 32-40 and 38-55 calibres. The only repeater on the market for these cartridges.
Light Weight. REPEATING Easy Action.
Solid Top, Side ejection. Made in "Take Down."
Write for catalogues to
The Marlin Fire Arms Co.,
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Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau.
3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

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"SUPERIOR NUTRITION — THE LIFE!"
IMPERIAL GRANUM
THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD
Has justly acquired the reputation of being
The Salvator for
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An incomparable aliment for the
Growth and Protection of Infants and
CHILDREN
A superior nutritive in continued Fevers.
And a reliable remedial agent
in all gastric and enteric diseases;
often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed depending on its retention;—
And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable.
Sold by DRUGGISTS. Shipping Depot, JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

COOKING BEEF GERMAN STYLE.

Many who have married German gentlemen would like to set before their husbands occasionally a genuine German dish if they knew how to prepare it. The recipes given here for good German cookery were obtained during a residence in Germany in the family of a notable hausfrau. They will prove agreeable additions to the general American menu.

For a favorite Teutonic dish take three pounds of the best beef, or, for a large company, four or six pounds.

Wash the meat and place it in a large jar or crock. Insert half a dozen cloves. Lay on top a bay leaf and one large onion, thinly sliced. Pour over the meat enough mild, boiling vinegar to nearly cover it, and close the jar with a plate.

Should the vinegar be very sharp, water it, as the taste of vinegar should not be too strong. The boiling of the vinegar is necessary, the albuminous coating thus formed retaining the meat juices.

In two days boil the vinegar again, and again pour it over the meat and cover, this time turning the beef. In from three to five days it is ready for use, and should be quite tender. Though three days are a long enough time, five are no injury.

Remove the meat from the jar and wash it free of the onions. Then cut pickled pork into very fine strips, as thick as a lead pencil and about three inches in length. With a sharp knife make deep incisions thickly over the top of the beef and thrust in the bits of pork. Turn and treat the other side similarly. Tie into shape with a strong cord.

Place in a deep kettle a piece of butter the size of an egg, and when hot put in the meat. In a moment's time turn it and add enough boiling water to nearly cover it. Close the kettle tightly. Baste frequently with its own liquors and cook with a good fire three hours and not a moment less; an extra half hour is preferable.

The gravy is made by a flour thickening, and a cup or half a cup of sour cream added.

After having gone through this process once sauer braten will be found to be an easy dish and one that will repay all trouble. It is excellent sliced cold. To keep it moist and tender turn over it the remaining gravy, cover and set in a cool place.—New York Press.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Milk applied once a week with a soft cloth freshens and preserves boots and shoes.

Acid phosphate will remove ink stains from the hands when everything else fails.

One of the easiest ways of taking cold is to drop asleep without an extra wrap over the shoulders.

Canned sardines carefully browned on a double wire gridiron and served with lemon are appetizing.

These are the days when extra care should be taken to keep the feet perfectly dry. A fresh pair of stockings should be used every day.

When an eiderdown comfortable has got hard and lost all its elasticity, hang it in the cool, balmy sun for a few hours, and all the life will come back to it.

Calicoes, ginghams and chambrays cannot be properly washed along with the white clothes. They need a much quicker process, and the long delays of an ordinary wash day would ruin them.

Wall paper samples are deceptive. Never select from them. They will make your room look smaller, quite often, though they had not that effect in the sample. Select from the roll and have several strung out at once, so that you may get the full effect.

When you have strained your plain boiled potatoes, take them at once to the open door or window and give them a vigorous shaking in the draught. They will become white and mealy. Try it once, and you will do it always, so great is the improvement.

If you have many short stemmed flowers to arrange it is well to fill a low dish with damp moss, then with a sharp stick dibble holes in the moss and insert the stems. When the flowers have faded the moss may be dried and used again. Pansies show to better advantage in this way than in any other.

Do you wish to make gruel for a sick friend? Take corn meal and sift it into a quart of boiling water, stirring it until it is of the consistency of cream. Add salt to flavor, and let it simmer for half an hour or longer; then run it through a fine sieve. Have in a bowl a little cream or rich milk. Pour your boiling gruel into it, and you have a drink a sick person ought to relish.

White suede gloves may be cleaned by using dry pipe clay and an old tooth brush. White cloth such as is worn on military uniforms can be cleaned in the same way. Wet the clay and rub it vigorously. It will make an awful looking mess at first, and you think that you have ruined the cloth, [illegible]

Snail Eating.

We shall never, in all likelihood, grow to share the French taste for edible snail, though the big escargot is common enough in many parts of England, where tradition says they were introduced by the Romans, and still live on round the sites of their villas. The escargot is really at its best when taken in the vineyards at the end of March and the beginning of April. They live on the shoots of the vines, and during the winter bury themselves in the ground, during which time, like the souls hung up to air in hades, they are purged of all gross humors before they return to enjoy themselves in the Elysian fields in spring.

Cooking the snails is not an easy matter. They are drawn from the shell, which is then carefully scrubbed and washed. Their heads are cut off, and they are well soaked in salt and water, then returned to the shell, which is stopped with parsley batter and laid to simmer in a hot dish over the fire. An enthusiast sent the writer some dozens, taken at the right season, from his vineyard in Burgundy, with a few bottles of red and white wine (Corton) made from the juice of the grapes from the vines on which they had fed, in order, as he said, that "the snails when eaten might find themselves en pays de connaissance." The combination was excellent, and, though there may be two opinions about the flavor of the escargot, there is no doubt that both in taste and substance it is an edible unlike any other known. The Wiltshire people, especially the population of Swindon, eat the large garden snails as a common dainty.—The Spectator.

THE WINE INDUSTRY.

Some Figures on the Products of European Vineyards.

Viticulture in this country represents only about one-twentieth of the product of France or Italy. France leads in quantity produced, and Italy in area of vineyards. The vintage of 1874 was the greatest ever known in France, the product exceeding 1,800,000,000 gallons, although fiercely attacked by the phylloxera. The yield declined rapidly, and has not risen to 700,000,000 in many years; yet rose last year to 1,125,000,000 gallons. In 1877, the acreage was 5,866,242; in 1892, only 4,527,500; but last year an increase of about 25,000 acres occurred. There are no vineyards in the northern countries of Europe—the British Isles, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium. A recent statistical statement credits Europe with 23,000,000 acres in vineyards, and all other parts of the world with 1,000,000 acres—a very round and doubtless uncertain estimate. The total area of Italian vineyards is placed at 8,666,000 acres. The average production of the past ten years, in millions of gallons, is thus stated: France, 681; Italy, 630; Spain, 562; Austria, Hungary, and Germany, 83; Portugal, 78; Russia, 72; Servia, 60; Bulgaria, 56; Turkey and Cyprus, 45; Roumania, 40; Greece, 31; Switzerland, 22.

The larger part of the product of the United States is on the Pacific coast, where alone the European vines will grow. On the Atlantic coast, by far the greater portion of the product comes from the vineyards of Western New York.

Temper of Horses.

The supply of horses in India is essentially by importation, and though the Arab of Najd may know if he have a promising colt that a market is to be found for him among dealers

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A PASSION IN THEIR BLOOD.

City People Can Seldom Endure a Country Life.

It is not only the people with money that are attached to the cities: what charitable worker has not experienced the difficulties involved in tempting the poor into the country?

"Oh, ma'am, it's so lonesome, here, and there's so many cows to chase you!" wailed one wretched woman who had been taken out of a squalid tenement and placed in a clean, comfortable room, with a prospect of good wages, in a little village. She sickened for her crowded street, and the hand-organs and monkeys, and the motley procession surging past her window; sickened as miserably as the Swiss for his mountains.

There was an agreeable man, a workingman, who passed so much of his time in the Liberal Arts building that I came to know his face: he used to hold arguments with a man in clerical dress on the subject of the unions, and he spoke with so much moderation, such a broad charity, and withal so shrewd a humor, that, far as I am from his household of faith, I could not sympathize with his opponent's discomfiture. Rather, I thought, "Were all labor organizers like you, employers would do well to treat with the unions."

This agreeable man once spoke about the attachment of the poor to the great cities. "I have felt it myself," said he; "I moved into the country, and came in on a train every day, but it was for the children's sake, just that. There isn't a day, especially in the evening, that I don't miss the streets. That's what I tell my wife. I don't want the children to grow up with that passion for the city in their blood. I'm raising some vegetables at great expense, so as to get them in the way of loving things that grow. But I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks myself. You see, there is excitement all the time in the street, and something to see and to hear. Besides, if a fellow is not big himself, he likes to belong to something big. See?"—Octave Thanet, in Scribner.

A Keen Retort.

The following keen retort is attributed to the French artist, Couture:

A man stepped in front of him whom he recognized as having known a quarter of a century before.

"Do you not know me?" he asked. "They say I have not changed."

"That is exactly the reason," replied Couture, quickly, "why I do not know you."

Time creeps at morn, walks at noon, runs at eve and flies at night.

Why Not Fire-proof and Bullet-Proof?

A very interesting suggestion has been made that firemen's uniforms should be made out of the new asbestos cloth, and I should say it deserves very serious attention. Samples of the cloth which have been submitted show it to be quite as light and pliable as ordinary woolen cloth of close texture and heavy weight. There is no doubt about its being practically fire-proof, and its cost is not prohibitive. The proportion of fires wherein firemen are suffocated are small. The men suffer more from burns caused by scorched or blazing clothes. With the policemen in bullet-proof garments and the firemen in asbestos, we might consider ourselves pretty safe from the spread of anarchy by torch or bomb.—New York Press.

TO PUT ON needed flesh, no matter how you've lost it, take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It works wonders. By restoring the normal action of the deranged organs and functions, it builds the flesh up to a safe and healthy standard—promptly, pleasantly and naturally. The weak, emaciated, thin, pale and puny are made strong, plump, round and rosy. Nothing so effective as a strength restorer and flesh maker is known to medical science; this puts on *healthy flesh* not the fat of cod liver oil and its filthy compounds. It rouses every organ of the body to activity, purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood so that the body feels refreshed and strengthened. If you are too thin, too weak, too nervous, it may be that the food assimilation is at fault. A certain amount of bile is necessary for the reception of the fat foods in the blood. Too often the liver holds back this element which would help digestion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stimulates, tones up and invigorates the liver, nourishes the blood, and the muscles, stomach and nerves get the rich blood they require.

Spent Hundreds of Dollars with no Benefit.

M. J. Coleman of *33 Sargent St., Roxbury, Mass.*, writes: "After suffering from dyspepsia and constipation with untold agony for at least 18 months, I am more than pleased to say that after using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets' for one month, I was entirely cured, and from that day to this I do not know, thank God, what even a slight headache is. I paid a doctor on Tremont St., Boston, in one day (for his advice only,) the sum of $10.00 with $3.50 for medicine, and derived no benefit. I got more relief *in one hour* from your medicines, as far as my stomach was concerned, than from all the other medicine I used.

M. J. Coleman, Esq.

If any person who reads this is suffering from dyspepsia or constipation and will use your medicine as I have done, he will never regret it."

P N U 43 '94

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WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 18 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc.
WOOLSON SPICE CO.,
450 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio.

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Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.

They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address
REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

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$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN,
FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
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SEND FOR CATALOGUE
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You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

The Best Thing in Milk Pails

is Pearline. That's the solid truth. You get them cleaner, and with less work and fuss, than with anything else you can use. It saves you so much that it's cheaper than the commonest stuff can be. Proof—the largest dairies and dealers use Pearline.

Some women are afraid of Pearline. They think that where cleaning is made so easy, there must be some harm to the thing washed. But Pearline can't hurt milk pails, anyway. And it can't hurt the finest lace or the softest hands, any more than it hurts milk pails.

Not So with the imitations—the fact that they are imitators or followers proves a lack of something.

"The More You Say the Less People Remember." One Word With You,

Andrew Price, **Editor**

Marlinton, Friday, Feb. 1, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

FRANCE for the first time has a Protestant President.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, the great English statesman, is dead in the forty-sixth year of his age.

WHEELING, in its city election, went overwhelmingly Republican. The *Register*, however, says that Democrats will be allowed on the streets after dark, by way of consolation.

"LOVE laughed at the wheightmaster" when Miss Gertie Platt, weighing 495 pounds, was united in marriage to Mr. John W. Coffee weighing 56 pounds, in New York, last Thursday.

THE legislatures of New York, Massachusetts, and Kentucky are considering bills to reduce the big hats of ladies at the theaters, which obstruct the view of "one or more" persons who have paid to see the show. A bill to reduce big heads in the morning would suit Kentucky better. The bills are not ridiculous from a theater goer's point of view. On this line is the anecdote of the man at the theater who asked a beautiful girl in front of him "How can I see the stage for your hat? This show is worth $1.50 to me." The girl replied, "Why do you want to look at a show worth $1.50, when you can see a hat worth $35?"

"NOTHING goes long in this town" is the complaint made in every small town in the State, and our own is no exception. It may be church work, a literary sotiety, an incorporation, a farmer's alliance, or anything requiring a concerted action. At first every one is eager and great hopes are entertained of having struck something that will prosper and add new interest to life. After a few meetings it is found that the attendance is decreasing; some have taken too little part in the work and others too much; finally the project is found to be dead, and something else is gotton up. Something needs to strike us to stir us us up a little.

For the Times.

On Winter.

The Poet keen for winter, you know,
Is cunjured by the "beautiful snow,"
"A landscape of white,"
"The queen of the night,"
And "Boreas" out on a blow.

WE swear like a trooper, forsooth!
With a thumping big pain in our tooth,
Confined to our bed
With a cold in our head,
We're supposed to be telling the truth.

HE loves all its "varying phases,"
The "crystals" come in for his praises,
A lonely icicle
His tendencies tickle,
And up goes the tail of Pegasus.

Oh, the winter may do for some classes,
But our comfort it sorely harasses—
With our cows on the die,
And roughness so high,
You may say it is hard on the masses.

etc.

Encke's Comet.

Next Monday, February 4th, an important event is looked for in astronomical circles. Encke's comet will be at its nearest point to the sun. Then it will begin to recede, and finally it will disappear from the view of the most searching and powerful telescopes. Still it will not be out of the solar system, indeed not so far away as the planet Jupiter. Owing to something peculiar in its motion it will be observed with more than ordinary interest by scientists. Passing as it did near Mercury in 1891 the effect of this planet in retarding its motion will give a more correct idea of

The Legislature.

They will not drop the Virginia State Debt question. The best and truest thing that Governor MacCorkle ever said was in an official paper to the effect that West Virginia did not owe one dollar of that debt "in law or in equity." The best plan to pursue is to let it strictly alone. To assume the fifteen or sixteen millions apportioned to us would be to put an average debt of over $100 on the head of every family, or more than twenty dollars on every man, woman, and child in the State. It would be worse than the plagues of Egypt. And the miserable Legislature will not keep off the dangerous subject, while a poor citizen views the proceedings with the gravest apprehension, with no relief but to "cuss" the whole caboodle most heartily. This portion of the old State never received in improvements what it had paid in taxes, and as Virginia will never pay us anything, what good is it to confer with her?

Dr. Moomau has excanged his place on the Committee on Railroads for a position on the Committee of Education. Our Representative has always been very much interested in the subject of free schools, and we dare say that his work on this committee will be very congenial to him.

Dr. Moomau has introduced a bill (House Bill No. 178) concerning the deer law. What the substance of the bill is we have been unable to discover.

Logan County, recently divided to form the new county of Mingo, is in a terrible fix. Two of the three County Commissioners live in the new county, and it will tax the ingenuity of the lawyers to know exactly how to supply their places so that they can repair the damages caused by the division.

The vote for Senator on joint ballot was; Elkins 60, Camden 29, Wirt R. Neal, of the Populist, or as it is called in other lands, the "American Socialist-Agrarian Party," 2, with two members not voting.

The proposed system of working convicts on the public roads, known as the Edwards' Road Bill, has received a death blow in the report of the superintendent of the penitentiary who claims that it will cost $90,000 per year to sustain the convicts under this law.

A law enabling the employees of a lumber jobber to retain a lien on the forest products manufactured by them, is needed, and the bill proposing this measure should become a law. This would be no drawback to the honest operator, and would checkmate the adventurer. West Virginians will trust any one, provided he is a stranger.

One bill provides that the county officers shall receive a fixed salary, turning the fees over to the State. This bill would suit the clerks of this county, as it provides them with the handsome salary of $1000 each. The same amount to the Sheriff who is compelled to give a $75,000 bond is not enough.

House Bill No. 196 provides that dogs shall become personal property, so that all you dog-stealers may abandon your evil ways. They would then be taxed, no doubt, and we will be more careful how we say that "we would not take fifty dollars for that dog" for fear he will be so rated by the assessor. Hitherto the dog has occupied much the same position as the Indian (not taxed), and the negro (not counted.)

Murder in Monroe.

Last week a well known citizen of Monroe County, being displeased at a youth for marked attentions to his daughter (the parties going to the same school), was killed at the school house in an alterration with the boy. The dead body remained in the school house during the day, and the teacher, a lady, proceeded with the regular routine as if nothing had happened. Taken in all its aspects this is one of the most sensational occurrences

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA. S. W. HOLT

SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS.

The Deputy-Sheriff Holds up a Black Pair, for Which he will Lay Claim to the $200 Reward for the Arrest and Conviction of the Robbers who Broke into Capt. Edgar's House Last January.

Within the last three or four years there have been three most atrocious robberies committed in the southern part of this county, of which no conviction of the criminals has been made. The first was in the fall of 1891, when R. E. Overholt & Son's store was broken in, and the negro Bill Underwood killed in an affray with the burglar. The second was an attack made on Mr. N. J. Brown, in February, 1892, in his store at Mill Point one night, in which he was clubbed and robbed of over $500. The last occurrence of this sort was when Capt. Edgar's house, at Academy, was broken in, the inmates held in duress, while the house was searched and robbed of a considerable sum of money, in January, 1894.

Though two years intervened between the Brown and the Edgar robberies, the manner in which they were carried out leaves every one to believe they were both the work of the same gang. In both two men participated, blacked and of the same general description, both were committed early in the night, and on both nights horses were stolen from neighboring barns and ridden towards the railroad.

So on last Friday evening when a suspicious looking pair of negroes passed through the Levels, evidently seeking to escape notice, and were muffled up though the day was not particularly cold, Deputy Burns decided to take them in. He overtook them about dark at Mill Point and arrested them. They gave their names as Alex. Armstrong and Frank Cumberland. On being searched, a revolver was found on each of them, and on Armstrong a billy, and a bottle of vaseline, and a bottle of gunpowder, evidently intended to disguise the face and hands by blackening.

The negroes were taken to Capt. Edgar's where they were guarded over night. When the robbery was committed one of the men fired a ball through the ceiling of the room. It has been reported here that when these men were taken into that room, which is a large, high-pitched apartment, the negro Armstrong instinctively looked up at the place where the ball had hit, seeking it out the moment he entered. This was very noticeable.

At a preliminary examination held last Saturday, which was attended by Prosecuting Attorney McClintic, the negroes were sent on to await the action of the grand jury, on the evidence of Capt. Edgar and others.

If these parties are convicted the Deputy-Sheriff will be entitled to the reward of $200 offered by the County Court. The accused were

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1 25 6m

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop,

—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

☞ Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.
per day 1,00
per meal ... 25
lodging .. 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

PATTERSON SIMMONS,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer ... Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.
Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent

E. A. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION
DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

☞ At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE.—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention,

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

FEED, LIVERY
—AND—
SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boards.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses brokec to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton w. Va.

FIRE FIRE

InSure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,

WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 18[illegible]
Cash Capital $100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL.
MARLINTON W. Va.

BLACKSMITHING
AND
Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3½ miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain

—A good many chancery suits were started for February rules.

—Hon. B. F. Martin, ex-Congressman, of Grafton, is dead.

—See S. W. Holt's announcement in another column.

—Capt. John Peters piloted a raft through the chute of the splash dam the other day, the first time it has been done.

—It is reported that a man named Arbogast froze to death near Circleville, in Pendleton County, recently.

—Three hundred and twenty-one bills had been introduced into the Legislature up to last Saturday, the result of the first fifteen days' work.

—S. W. Holt begins to-day to put down his winter stock at low-water mark to clear it out for his spring goods.

—An old lady of near 80 years, living near Marlinton, has never been farther away from her home than to Hillsboro, a distance of eleven miles.

—Married, near Jacox, January 16, 1895, by Rev S. C. Morgan, Mr. Benjamin F. Clark, of Greenbrier, and Miss Nannie Dean, second daughter of Joseph B. Dean.

—The weather in this part of the world is still very cold and winter like. The farmers are already wishing they had mowed closer to the ground or cut out a few more fence corners last summer.

—About 8,000,000 feet of lumber will be driven down Knapp's Creek this spring. There will be two drives. The first will be ready to commence in two or three weeks, A good many logs are already in the creek between Driscol and Marlinton.

—George S. Taylor, a good blacksmith, has bought the old Indian Draft school-house and will set up at that place. For the last two years he has lived at Huttonsville, in Randolph County, where his family were much troubled with sickness.

—There will be shooting match at Wm. Gibson's barn on Elk, next Tuesday. The principle prize is a Winchester rifle. The match will be formed among the marksmen present, who will each use his own rifle. Distance, sixty yards with rest or forty yards off-hand. Rules will be adopted by the marksmen to govern the proceedings on the day of meeting.

—A sort of distemper is very prevalent among the horses just now. A veteran in the horse line gives this remedy: Put a little indigo in a rag, and water the horse with water which has been discolored by dipping the indigo in it. To get the horse to drink, it is necessary to water him from a bucket, and to offer him no water but what has been treated in this manner.

—From a letter from Lexington, Va., in a recent issue of the Staunton *News* we learn that Levi Gay, Esq., has recently purchased, at $6,000, the fine old Dunlap farm on Kerr's Creek in Rockbridge county, containing about 347 acres. Whether Mr. Gay proposes to move to Rockbridge or not, we have not learned. If so, Pocahontas will lose a prominent, public spirited and valuable citizen.—*Greenbrier Independent.*——Mr. Gay informs us that he is not going to move to Rockbridge as long as we let him stay here, and unless he changes a good deal, his presence will be endured.

—Do not forget that next Saturday is ground-hog day. If on that day the sun shines enough for the ground-hog to see his shadow the winter will close down on us for six more weeks. If it is a cloudy day throughout the winter is broken, and we can look for warmer weather. The ground-hogs, which have been hibernating in their burrows, awake and come out to make their observations. If they do not see their shadows they do not go to bed again, but if the sun is shining they take another sleep of six weeks. It is very seldom but what the sun shines at some time during a winter day, and their is always enough bad weather to justify the belief, after the 2nd

time, and unlimited credit is given him, presently that contractor throws up the job, and leaves his creditors behind him. A very sad incidence of this way of doing business happened recently at Marlinton, which we cannot mention more specifically now. These creditors are in very much the same state of mystification about the funds available, as are the creditors of a certain railroad company in Randolph, in which over a hundred citizens lost sums varying from $30 up to $2,500. The *Elkins News* says, "The whole matter is in the courts and the lawyers and the corporation are writing it up in different phases; they have got to a point where a common laborer cannot exactly understand the run of the matter, viz: Captain Potts told Colonel Bullock that O. C. Womelsdorff said Mr. Anandale heard Senator Scott tell Lawyer Talbott that Judge Hoke believed that Dr. Yokum thought Col. Brown was sure that L. D. Strader and Balis Ward heard Judge Finley say that President Diller knew there was no available funds in the treasury of the Roaring Creek and Charleston R. R. Company, for the time being."

—Ed. Times: I has been mentioned as ertending a 'Bag-party.' What am de same? Colored Subscriber.——We have heard a "bag-party" defined as being the occasion when one or more persons take bags and go out and fill them with grain or poultry from other people's preserves. The proper time for holding one is any time after midnight. The "darkey's hour" is especially adapted to a bag party. This is the most popular season of the year. Some people carry the thing to excess and live to regret it. Never be caught attending one.

—The court-house contractors claim that they have secured some of the prettiest oak for finishing the court-house they have ever seen. The oak cost them six dollars per thousand, and they inform us that if they had bought it in a city that it would have cost about sixty dollars per thousand. The oak is all first class.

—We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of valuable reports and public documents from Auditor Johnson, Govenor MacCorkle, Labor Commissioner Sydenstricker, State Superintendent Lewis, Adjutant General Holley, and Attorney General Riley.

—Reports from the neighboring counties are to the effect that the Sheriffs are finding it almost impossible to collect enough taxes to pay the school drafts. This county is no exception.

—Mr. H. A. Yeager has qualified as postmaster at this place and will take charge of the same the first day of February. The postoffice will be located near the East end of the county bridge.

—If you believe in keeping comfortable, come to S. W. Holt's for Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Dress Goods—all lower than the lowest.

—The Cumberland Lumber Co., will drive its logs to Ronceverte this year. The arks are being put in near Dunmore.

Col. Meachan's Railroad.

This road is to come to this point from Harrisonburg, Va. It utilizes the old narrow gauge grade extending into Highland. It crosses the Alleghany near Frost and follows the course of Knapp's Creek to its mouth. The pass through the Alleghany is considered one of the most practicable routes through that mountain. Last week a public meeting was held in Harrisonburg to consider the advisability of subscribing $150,000 to its construction, as it threatens to leave the county to its right if this is not done. The proposition was met with universal favor by all present. The money, if paid, is subscribed on the condition that the road is to be completed before payment, and by January 1st, 1897. That will out us off several years later, but think how much sooner it will reach Marlinton than the Ohio River, toward which it is building.

When everybody can reform everybody else the bow of promise will be a

Our Hillsboro Correspondent gives the particulars of the arrest of the two Negroes.

Hillsboro, W. Va., Jan. 29, 1895.—On last Friday, Jaspar Payne while on his way from the railroad was pased by two colored men near Falling Spring, coming this way walking; one of them he recognized as Alex. Armstrong who formerly lived in this neighborhood. Knowing that Armstrong had been suspected of having a hand in the robbery of Capt. A. M. Edgar about that time in '94, it occured to him that the people here would like to apprehend him, so he went to Mr. Thomas Edgar, living near Falling Spring, and put him in possesion of what he knew. Mr. Edgar immediately set out for this place, and arriving considerably in advance of Armstrong and his associate, made all necessary preparations for their arrest. They reached this place about dark, and were allowed to pass through. Shortly afterward Deputy Sheriff R. K. Burns with three men started after them and overtaking them near Marvin Chapel, he called on them to throw up their hands which they did after some hesitation. They were told that they were suspected of the robbery of Capt. Edgar in January, '94 and placed under arrest. A search of their persons brought to light, two revolvers, a mace, some gunpowder and a box of vaseline. Armstrong, who told different parties on his way here, that his name was Biggs, now gave his true name and that of his associate, whom he said was Cumberland. The officers brought them back to Capt. Edgar's where they were kept during the night. The next day (Saturday) Pros. Attorney L. M. McClintic, who had been sent for, arrived, and the prisoners were brought to the H. M. & F. Academy, for a preliminary hearing before Justice G. R. Curry.

Considerable excitement prevailed, and old and young, big and little from the town and surrounding country, eager to see and hear, filled the building to its utmost capacity.

The testimony of Capt. and Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Isaac Smith and daughter, Mr. Edgar Beard, Chas. Lee and Edward Stewart, was now taken. Capt. and Mrs. Edgar testified that in many ways the men bore a strong resemblance to the parties who robbed them in January '94, and that they believed that they were the same men. Mrs. Isaac Smith and daughter, testified that they were very much like the men who ate breakfast with them a short time before the robbery, and that they believed that they were the same men. The other witnesses testified that they bore a marked resemblance to the men they had seen in the neighborhood just before the robbery. Chas. Lee (colored) stated that "They filled the bill exactly."

Justice Curry finding the evidence sufficient to hold the prisoners, and they not being able to defend themselves or give bail, sent them to jail to await the action of the next grand jury court. Cumberland who was traveling with Armstrong has a repulsive face stoops a little when he walks, and talks incoherently. He says that he can prove himself clear, and that he and Armstrong were on their way to Bath county, Va., to visit friends.

Armstrong, a bright mulatto, stoutly built, and a smooth talker is well known here, having lived here for a good many years. He was born in Highland county, Va., and brought here when he was quite young. He lived here until about 12 years ago, when he went to Marietta, Ohio. There he claims he has been since that time. For some time he has borne an unsavory reputation, and his poor effort at self vindication at the trial, and his covert way of coming into the country, all tend to strengthen the belief of many persons here, that he is guilty of the crime with which he is charged.

SOCIETY ITEM.

On the 14th, day of February (St. Valentines day) Misses Jessie and Lucy Renick will give an entertainment for the young people. They promise something different from the ordinary run of entertainments and no doubt all who attend will have much fun and enjoyment.

NEW SORT OF PIG.

This is not a fabrication, but a living reality, and Carter will take pleasure in showing all doubting persons this wonderful freak of nature. "Jenkins."

Personal.

It is reported that Mr. Washington Moore, of Sunset, is seriously ill. Also his son, Points, is much complaining.

Messrs. E. I. Holt and N. J. Brown, of the Levels, made a trip to Randolph County, last week.

Mr. G. H. McLaughlin has returned from a visit to Greenbrier County.

Mr. Charles Steinmeyer is stopping with Captain Smith.

Mr. J. C. Gay made this town a business visit last Monday.

Mr. Will Harper, of Sunset, was in town on Tuesday.

AT HUNTERSVILLE.

H. P. McGlaughlin, Esq., of Huntersville, was here on Tuesday. His family has been visited with a scourge of typhoid fever. He reports his boys as well, and his wife able to be up and about.

Mrs. Lanty Herold has been quite ill, but is much better.

Mrs. Mary Barlow is somewhat improved in health, which was not so good some time since.

Dr. Austin, of Green Bank, spent Saturday night in Huntersville, on his way to Lewisburg to see his little girl, who is suffering from whooping cough.

Mrs. J. C. Loury has about recovered from her recent severe illness.

Mr. J. J. Beard is confined to his room.

The sympathies of this community were deeply aroused by the recent and sad decease of Miss Minnie McElwee, eldest daughter of Mr. Divers McElwee, of Driscol. She was a very popular and estimable young lady. Her sufferings were very intense and protracted.

In Memoriam.

In memory of Minnie McElwee, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs D. B. McElwee, who departed this life January 12th, 1895, after an illness of several months. She was just blooming into womanhood, beloved by all who knew her. Her death, though expected, was a great shock to her many friends. Our loss is her eternal gain. Fully trusting in the promises of her Savior she passed away.

Tread softly, be still,
An angel has been our guest,
And borne the spirit of our darling
Home to the realms of rest.

She is sweetly asleep in Jesus,
Not a trace of care upon her brow,
A lovely rose on earth just blooming
But transplanted in heaven now.

Oh! the lovely, glorious visions
That her eyes do now behold,
And her feet so softly treading
O'er the streets of pearl and gold.

Weep not, mother, for thy jewel,
With God beyond the utmost star,
Think of her as a lovely angel
Holding the beautiful gates ajar.

A Friend.

FOR
if this notice should lead you to purchase your clothing, hats, caps and shoes of P. Golden, it will not have been in vain
YOU
N. B. If you don't happen to see this notice, please call at my store between the hours of 7 a. m. and 11:30 p. m.

An Ecstasy.

From the Detroit Free Press.

She put her arms around his neck,
And for a season
He disappeared from earthly gaze,
As stars are hid in sunlit days:
Those lovely arms, so wondrous soft and fair,
Were in those monstrous sleeves that women wear—
That was the reason.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. Burns,
Deputy-Sheriff.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Cold and freezing; still good sleighing.

The sick are about well. Miss Susan Ray, of Bruffey's Creek has pneumonia but is improving.

A. L. Anderson's school closed on Beaver Dam, and he is at home again to help "papa" make sugar.

Rev. S. C. Morgan started to Elk to visit his daughter and friends.

The next quarterly meeting will be held the 4th Saturday and Sunday of February, at this place by Rev. R. R. Little P. E.

Mr. R. W. Hill is preparing to build a large barn where the other was burned last fall, with P. M. Townsend, sawyer.

Squire Bruffey is teaching a good school at Pleasant Valley.

G. P. Hill who has been sick for ten weeks is still unable to be out.

Some fox chasing, but no foxes killed yet.

PECULIAR ACCIDENT.

While Wm. Workman was returning from a hunt, driving his horse before him, the horse turned out of the path. He used his gun to guide it back. The gun was accidentally discharged, killing the animal instantly. One barrel of the gun burst and hurt one of his hands. This happened on Black Mountain.

MARBLE QUARRY.

We understand that Capt. McNeel has been offered $30 per acre for his land underlaid with marble.

Observer.

Dunmore.

Behold it snoweth! and the wind bloweth, and E. F. and C. O. Arbogast goeth to mill at Mill Point with two sled loads of wheat.

The drummers, English sparrows, and robins have made their appearance in our town.

Professor Adams is meeting with quite a success in his singing schools.

Mr. H. N. Moore was up for his bees this week.

C. P. Kerr, the American Constable, was in town this week.

Mr. Chris. McLaughlin is in the Levels this week with his best girl.

Mr. Perly Noel took Miss Josie Walker to the Levels last week.

Mr. Harry Taylor is off to Huttonsville for a new wagon.

George S. Taylor is moving to Edray.

Rev. E. F. Alexander was in town Sunday and Monday.

The sick are improving.

Mr. Phil Edmiston is home from the Davis lumber camp.

We understand the people are going to build a new church at Point Lookout, two miles above Green Bank.

Opossum.

Green Bank.

Winter! Yes indeed, winter cold and favorable and warm and cloudy and clear and snowing and still snowing and feed is getting scarce but grain plenty.

Mr. Sam'l Sheets, of Dunmore, was in our town on Monday, but oh! so hard to part with, oh dear me! we won't tell

Mr. J. C. Crowley was among his friends at this place Monday, and reports the snow as badly drifted on the top of Cheat.

Those on the sick list are Mrs. George Cooper, Mrs. E. O. Moore, Mr. Tom Patterson, Mr. George Rayburn and Mrs. J. O. Beard's little daughter. Dr. L. L. Little attending physician.

Messrs. C. O. Arbogast and E. F. Arbogast started to day for Mill Point for a load of flour.

We are glad to see Mr. George Rayburn out again after a severe illness.

We are glad to see Mr. Ellis Curry out again.

J. H. Curry is trying to work, but can do but little on account of his hand not being sound, he is having a bad time, and says he may have to go to the poor farm soon.

Prof. Adams is teaching a first class singing school at this place.

C.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Renick's Valley. Four miles from turnpike, and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town.
Lobelia, W. Va. W. S. Hill.

Justice's blanks fifty cents per hundred. All job work neatly done.

The number of science schools in England has nearly doubled in the last ten years.

It is proposed to construct a monster telescope in Paris for the exhibition of the year 1900. It will cost upward of $9,000,000.

It is said that at this time there are twenty-two ex-sovereigns residing in different parts of Europe, none of them in the countries where he or she ruled.

There is undoubtedly no country where music lovers can enjoy such rare opportunities for the cultivation of a musical taste as in the German Fatherland, avers the New York Advertiser.

It is an exceedingly interesting fact, observes the New York Independent, that the exports of American silver are large and rapidly increasing. During the first half of 1894 our shipments were as large as the entire calendar year of 1892, and for the first eight months of 1894 about double that for 1891. The experts of domestic silver for the first eight months of 1894 were $39,069,087. It would be remarkable and at the same time very agreeable if we could market our surplus silver to our foreign friends.

In the Interior Department at Washington there is most valuable manuscript on the Six Nations. It was compiled and written by experts in the Bureau of Ethnography, and is intended to be printed at some time in the future. The work is a complete history of the Six Nations, contains a full vocabulary of their tongues and dialects, enters into a minute study of their religious belief and manner of worship, besides describing fully their social customs. It is said that the manuscript may lie for years without being put into the printer's hands unless some one interests himself sufficiently in the matter to have the work begun upon it. When completed the book will make several volumes.

A recent number of the Journal of Education had a very interesting and instructive article upon the comparative costs of war and of education. There is no better proof of the essential barbarism of even the most civilized nations of the world than is afforded by a comparison of the sums of money expended for the maintenance of physical supremacy as against the expenditure for mental improvement. Though it be assumed that brain is better than brawn, there is little evidence that statesmen so regard it. From tables compiled by the Journal of Education we take the following, which gives the amounts per capita expended in various civilized and enlightened countries for military and educational purposes, respectively:

	Military.	Educa'ion
France	$4.00	$.70
England	3.72	.62
Prussia	2.04	.50
Russia	2.04	.03
Austria	1.36	.32
Italy	1.52	.36
Denmark	1.76	.94
Holland	3.58	.64
Switzerland	.82	.84
United States	.30	1.35

There is something peculiarly fascinating, muses the New York Herald, about the idea that electricity, which scientists confidently predict will some day be the most docile and useful of man's industrial slaves, also possesses properties that make it a valuable agency in combating disease. While it must be conceded that the results achieved and the knowledge gleaned in this application of the all potent and mysterious fluid fall far short of what has been achieved in developing it as a motor power and light producer, the papers read at the meeting of the National Society of Electro-Therapeutists, in session in this city, make it evident that great progress has been made. To a lay mind one of the most interesting statements made was that of President King, who declared that a nine-year-old boy who was unable to add three and three together, after receiving thirty treatments of electricity, was able to add a column of figures as quick as the Doctor could himself. After that one may well cry "Eureka! the educational problem is solved."

This world is rollin' right—
A sun for every mornin'
An' a star for every night.
Then shout your hallelujah
Ah' raise your sweetest tune;
If we're freezin' in December
We'll be warm enough in June.

No matter how the tempest blows,
This world is rollin' right;
The summer burns to red the rose,
The winter makes it white.
Then shout your hallelujah
In mornin' time an' noon;
If we're freezin' in December
We'll be warm enough in June.

No matter what the people say,
This world with beauty beams;
There's sun enough for makin' hay
An' dark enough for dreams.
Then shout your hallelujah,
For we'll git to glory soon;
If we're freezin' in December
We'll be warm enough in June.

—Frank L. Stanton, in Judge.

OLD JERRY'S CLAIM.

BY J. G. FOWLER.

THE spring of 1870 saw me one of a community of "squatters" in Southeastern Kansas. The land on which we had settled without authority belonged to the Osage Indians, but was about to pass into the hands of the Government, to be opened up for settlement under the pre-emption laws. We established a postoffice and trading place, giving it the name of Osage City.

There had been as yet no official survey of the land, and we squatted a good deal by guess as to location. Being beyond regularly constituted authorities, and without State courts or laws of local application, we banded together for mutual protection against both Indian marauders and white intruders.

We formed the "Osage City Club," elected a "Club" sheriff and judge, passed such laws as we considered needful for order and the protection of each member's rights, and pledged ourselves to stand by these regulations to the death, if need be. As the first settlers, we believed that we had the best right to the country, and looked with disfavor on new comers.

One of our number was Jerry Saunders—"Old Jerry" we called him—a rough graybeard of fifty or more years, whose family consisted of himself, wife, four sons and a daughter. The youngest son, George, was nearly seventeen, and as the "Club" law allowed a father to hold a hundred and sixty acres of land for each son over sixteen years of age, besides the same amount for himself, Old Jerry and his boys were "holding down" five claims.

The boys, however, lived with their father, and paid only occasional visits to their claims, after making such trifling improvements as were required by the "Club" laws.

Saunders's daughter, Polly, was a beautiful and lovable girl nearly fourteen years old—a fearless horsewoman, and a great favorite among the squatters. She was her brother's equal in riding and managing the half-wild ponies, which were so much in use with us at that time. She often rode from one to another of our humble homes, where she was always sure of a hearty welcome.

Old Jerry almost worshiped this girl. She was the sole being in whose presence he would neither use profane language nor chew tobacco.

"My leetle gal don't think it's nice," he would say. "She thinks her old dad a heap nicer'n he be, an' somehow or 'nother I don't like the idee of her a-findin' out different."

We sometimes twitted the old man about his fear of Polly, but we liked him the better for it.

One day a messenger was sent from claim to claim, calling together the members of the club to consider a case of infringed rights. All assembled at the "city" store that night to hear the particulars.

Old Jerry was the aggrieved party. It appeared that a new-comer had "jumped" the claim of his son George, and before they were aware of his presence, had built a cabin upon it and domiciled his family. Old Jerry had ordered the intruder to leave, but the man had refused to go.

Our meeting immediately appointed a committee of three to wait upon the stranger, and in the name of the Osage City Club to order him to leave the claim within three days.

I was chairman of the committee. We found the intruder hard at work breaking prairie, while his little boy was following the plow and dropping corn in the furrow. This was at that time the usual method of planting sod-corn. If the grains were dropped as close to the edge of the furrow as possible, the next round of the plow would cover them with a little loose dirt, without throwing the heavy, tough sod flat upon them.

The stranger was a tall, rawboned man, seemingly of more than ordinary physical strength and force of character. He stopped his horses

"Howdy, gentlemen!" he said, looking at us inquiringly.

"We've come upon business," I said, after returning his greeting, and the sooner we get at it the better."

"Right you are, I reckon, stranger," he replied. "I don't go none on beatin' round the bush. What's yer business?"

"Well, there's not much to say, and it won't take long to say it. You've jumped a man's claim here, and we've come to warn you off of it. We represent the Osage City Club, and mean what we say."

"Oh, that's what you've come for, is it?" he said, reflectively. "Well, it's just this way with me. I don't consider 'at I've jumped anybod's claim at all. If I did, I'd leave 'ithout any orderin' as soo's I found it out. But I don't consider 'at this claim was bein' held down by anybody. I seed a little jag o' hay 'at sombody'd cut out yander—maybe a quarter of a ton or so—an' one furrer acrost the land over thar; but there wa'n't nobody a-livin here, an' I just settled an' built my cabin.

"Then comes an old feller, an' says 'at he was a-holdin' this claim for one of his boys, along 'ith one apiece for his other'n's an' himself. Thinks I, 'that ain't no fair shake,' an' I told him so.

"Says I, 'I wouldn't jump no man's claim; but where a man's already got a good un, an' then not satisfied 'ith that, wants a whole lot more, that's a different thing.' Says I, 'I've got a better right to one claim for my family 'an you have to four or five for yourn.' The old feller got consid'able hot, an' said 'he'ed show me what's what,' an' went off."

I looked at my two companions and they looked at me. We all felt in our hearts that the stranger had the best of the argument; but we were sent for a certain purpose, and were determined to carry it out.

"We can't stay and discuss the rights and wrongs with you," I said. "We are sent by the Club to warn you to vacate these premises within three days. Your opinion has nothing to do with our business. My advice to you is to obey the orders of the Club."

"Gentlemen," he replied, speaking slowly and mildly, "I don't aim to wrong nobody. If I didn't think I had a right here, as I said afore, 'twouldn't take no coaxin' or warnin' to git me off. But I've got my family to look out for as well as any of you uns, an' I propose to stay right here. If I don't, it'll be 'acause I can't help myself. I'm willin' to pay the old man for what work him or his boys done on this claim. an' pay 'm more'n it's worth. But I will not give up this claim till I have to. That's all I've got to say."

He went on with his plowing, and we departed, much astonished at the man's obstinacy, and yet not without a feeling of respect for his determination not to be bullied out of what he considered his rights. We still expected, however, that after he had thought the matter over he would see the uselessness of resisting so many and decide to go.

But after the three days the stranger was still there, apparently with no notion of changing his mind. Again the Club was summoned in extra session.

Some of the members were in favor of taking immediate forcible possession of the claim, and "ousting," alive or dead, the obstinate stranger, who dared to defy the edicts of the Club. Others, among whom were the members of the committee who had called upon him, did not feel that he was entirely in the wrong, and wished to give him the semblance of justice at least. Our view prevailed. It was finally agreed that we should try the case in Club court on the following day.

Next morning the sheriff rode over to the disputed claim and summoned the man Graham—as we had learned his nam to be—to appear forthwith before the Club judge for trial.

"Well, Mr. Sheriff," was his reply, "I won't consent to no sech a game. 'Acourse I know well enough 'at I might just as well give it up now as agree to stand a trial afore yer Club, 'acause the old feller 'at wants me ousted is one of ye, and ye're not a-goin' back on him. I aint got nothin' agin ye, Mr. Sheriff, nor any on ye, but I don't calculate to be bluffed out, nor swindled out by no sech scheme. If ye git me off'n thit ere place, ye'll have to do it by force, an' take yer chances while ye're a-doin' it."

The trial was held, notwithstanding, and of course resulted in a unanimous verdict for the plaintiff, George Saunders. The sentence of the court was that Graham be put off the claim on the next day, by force or otherwise, bag and baggage, and young Saunders placed in possession. About twenty of us assembled the following morning to carry out this sentence.

I am not sure that we all went with willing hearts. But we were pledged to protect each others' "rights," and stand by the Club court, and this we were determined to do.

Old Jerry and his sons, of course, were of the party. Headed by our sheriff, we proceeded to Graham's cabin. He saw us coming, and was prepared for us.

possible, to give peaceable possession. We dismounted a short distance from the cabin, I held both horses while the sheriff walked to the door.

Graham appeared, standing a little back from the entrance, his right hand under the left breast of his coat, his left hand behind him. We readily guessed what the position meant. He was armed and ready to fight to the death.

He was pale, but his voice had not a tremor in it, as he said, "Stop right thar! I know what ye've come for, Mr. Sheriff, an' ye needn't tell me, or argy the case at all."

"Graham," began the sheriff, "come now, you'd better—"

"No use to argy at all," repeated Graham. "Now let me tell ye; I aint got nothin' agin any on ye, as I've told ye before. But this is my house; my goods are in it; my family is in it, an' I'm a-goin' to protect em as long's I've got a finger 'at can pull a trigger. There can't none on ye come in here till I'm as dead as a mackerel. An' if ye do kil me, Mr. Sheriff, I've just got one favor to ax: Act white with my wife and children, an' don't lay nothin' up agin 'em on my account."

Here the remainder of the party rode up, and the sheriff walked over to consult with the men. After a short conversation the whole party dismounted, and left two or three to hold the horses while the rest pressed closer to the cabin.

"Well," called out Old Jerry, "air ye a-goin' to give up, or do ye hanker after a necktie persuader?"

Graham had not shifted his position an inch since he first appeared. Slowly and distinctly came his reply: "All I've got to say is what I've already said to your sheriff. You've already got four times as much land as I have, an' there aint no civilized law 'at would let a boy not seventeen year old hold a claim for his father, agin a man 'at's got a family to support. I'm here to protect my family an' my goods, till I die, an' the first man 'at tries to come in here, or makes a move toward me, does it at his own risk. I mean what I say, gentlemen."

This was a bold speech for one man to make to twenty. But there he stood without flinching, and it was plain that he meant what he said.

For a few moments we stood facing him, scarcely knowing how to proceed. No one of us cared to make the first advance. for whoever did would in all probability invite his own death.

As we hesitated, we were astounded to see Graham suddenly withdraw his hands, jump down from the doorstep and, with a horrified exclamation, rush past us like, as Old Jerry afterward put it, "a streak of greased lightnin'."

Turning to look after him, we saw an alarming spectacle.

Old Jerry Saunders's half-wild bronco, with Polly on his back, came furiously across the prairie. Sometimes the brute stopped suddenly, shook its whole body as a dog does after coming out of water, and sprang up and down in buck leaps. Then it came on again, galloping with lowered head and many a quick swerve.

The reins had been jerked out of Polly's hands at the beginning of the bronco's run; his forefeet, in springing, had caught them, one check strap had given way and the curb-bit had fallen from his teeth. Polly, grasping the short mane near the shoulder, kept her seat, but jerked to and fro with the savage creature's plunges, seemed every moment likely to be thrown. Her horse fairly shrieked with malice, and would, we feared, trample her should he get her down.

But this was not the danger that had most alarmed Graham for the girl. The bronco's course, when he ran, was toward a dense growth of scrub a quarter of a mile distant. Should he reach this, Polly would be knocked off or badly mangled among the low trees.

Graham, entirely disregarding our armed company, ran past at right angles to the pony's line. It looked as if he might as well attempt to stop a cyclone as the bronco. But he sped on as if without a thought of danger to himself. We followed at a much slower rate of speed.

Perhaps seeing his course likely to be intercepted, the bronco ceased all antics and made straight for the scrub. But he had miscalculated Graham's swiftness. With a spurt the squatter was at the pony's shoulder, and next moment was hanging around its neck with both arms.

Then began a terrible struggle. The bronco struck Graham with its forefeet, but he, nevertheless, contrived to fling them up to its shoulders. The brute tore his shirt away from his back, and left a stream of blood from its teeth.

But its speed had slackeded, and Polly was able to spring off. At that moment Graham almost flung the pony. Then he dropped, and the wild brute rushed away.

Old Jerry Saunders cried like a baby as Polly, trembling from the long strain on her nerves, ran into his arms, flung hers around his neck and broke into tears with the reaction from excitement. Graham still lay where he had fallen, unable to rise, but fully conscious and cool in mind.

no shape for fightin'."

"Graham," cried Old Jerry, rushing up and taking his hand, "don't talk about fightin.' Ye ain't got none of it to do. Say, I wish ye'd forgive me for the trouble I've made ye. Ye're the spunkiest man ever I seen. The place is yourn, an' so's the best team I'v got to my name, an' all the work me an' George can do to help you with yer crops this year."

"Well, I ain't needin' help with work. I can hoe my row, I reckon. But it's neighborly of ye—thank ye all the same," said Graham. "Ye see, I was bound to hang on to my rights."

"That's all right—the claim's yourn," said Jerry.

We carried the wounded man to his cabin as tenderly as we could. One o' his legs was shockingly bruised and a great chunk almost torn out of the flesh behind his left shoulder.

We all joined in to pay the doctor's bill and provide for the wants of his family until he was able to work again.

Old Jerry was as good as his word. He and George finished breaking out the land and planting the seed. Then when Graham could get about the old fellow led over his finest team of horses, and insisted upon giving them to him as a small token of his gratitude for having saved his darling.

Graham, finding he could scarcely retain Jerry's friendship without accepting the horses, took them into use. Some years afterward, when his energy had made him prosperous, he insisted on giving George, Jerry's youngest son, a thoroughbred bull and two high-priced cows.—Youth's Companion.

Cents Are Legal Tender.

There is one story so utterly ridiculous that it seems incredible that it should ever have been printed, which in one form or another makes the rounds of various newspapers of the country annually. Look for it and you will sooner or later see it crop up again.

This tale is always based upon the unpopularity of the one-cent pieces in the extreme West and Southwest. In its most common form it tells of some Eastern traveler who attempts to dispose of a hundred or so one-cent pieces in San Francisco, El Paso or some other place. The tradesman is always represented as looking at them curiously and declining them.

The writers of these senseless tales may have been in the West or they may not. It matters little—their story is pointless. They seek to brand the mythical tradesman as of the same category with themselves.

The cent is a legal tender in amounts of twenty-five and less. If an Eastern man in San Francisco or anywhere else owes a debt of twenty-five cents and tenders twenty-five cent pieces in settlement, the courts will sustain him.

Of course, the coins are not popular in the extreme West and South, but no one need carry a hundred of them in a cigar box or anywhere else as useless metal. If you are in a city that has not a United States Treasury, go to the Postoffice, dump in twenty-five cents and see if you will have any difficulty in obtaining stamps or postal cards of like amount. If one is refused a letter of complaint to the postal authorities will soon work the removal of an employe who would discredit United States money.

It is well to bear this matter of the legal tender of a cent in mind. No one for spite can make a person take more than twenty-five of them in any single transaction involving the settlement of a debt. One need have no fear, then, of receiving $100 in cents from some embittered debtor.—New York Herald.

The Freight Became Alive.

"Two weeks ago I saw a car load of chickens in Alabama," said T. L. Hollinshead. "The remarkable thing about it was that the chickens were all from one day to three days old. Among the freight in a local car was a basket of eggs which had, in some way, been overlooked, and the car remained on the side track for a number of days. It was then picked up as an empty and taken into Selma, where, upon opening it, a number of small chickens were seen toddling about the floor; in fact, enough to be called a car load. In very hot weather it is not infrequent to find eggs on the point of hatching. Every commission merchant has had such experiences, but the Alabama incident is the only one of that kind I ever heard of."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

One Big Free Lunch.

Tourists who strike Cario, Egypt, after a ruler's death are in unusual luck. For forty days after the Khedive's death food is served with coffee and cigarettes to all who visit the tomb.—Chicago Times.

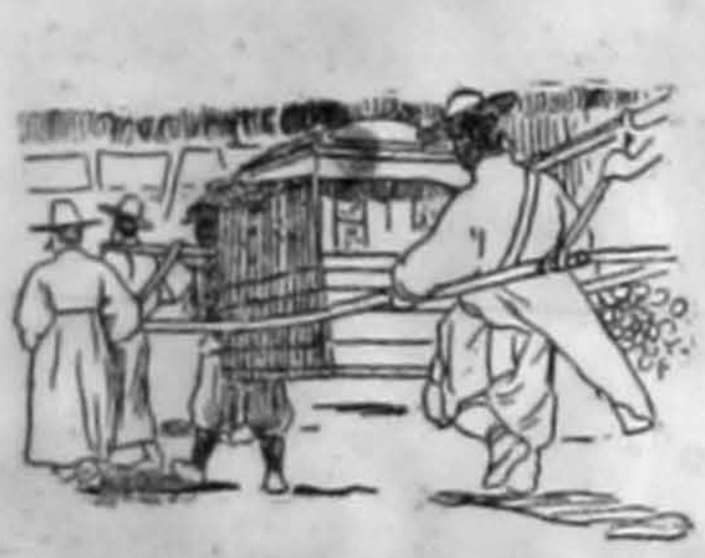
A new scrubbing machine is whirled over the floor like a lawn mower. It soaps, wets, rubs and dries the floor, and two or three

Surroundings.

ONE of the most interesting men in the world to-day is the King of Korea. The war between Japan and China is being fought over him, and the future of Asia is involved in the struggle. The King is the absolute ruler of 12,000,000 people. The land of Korea belongs practically to him, and the development of its immense natural resources in gold and coal, which is sure to occur after the war is over, may make him one of the richest kings in the world.

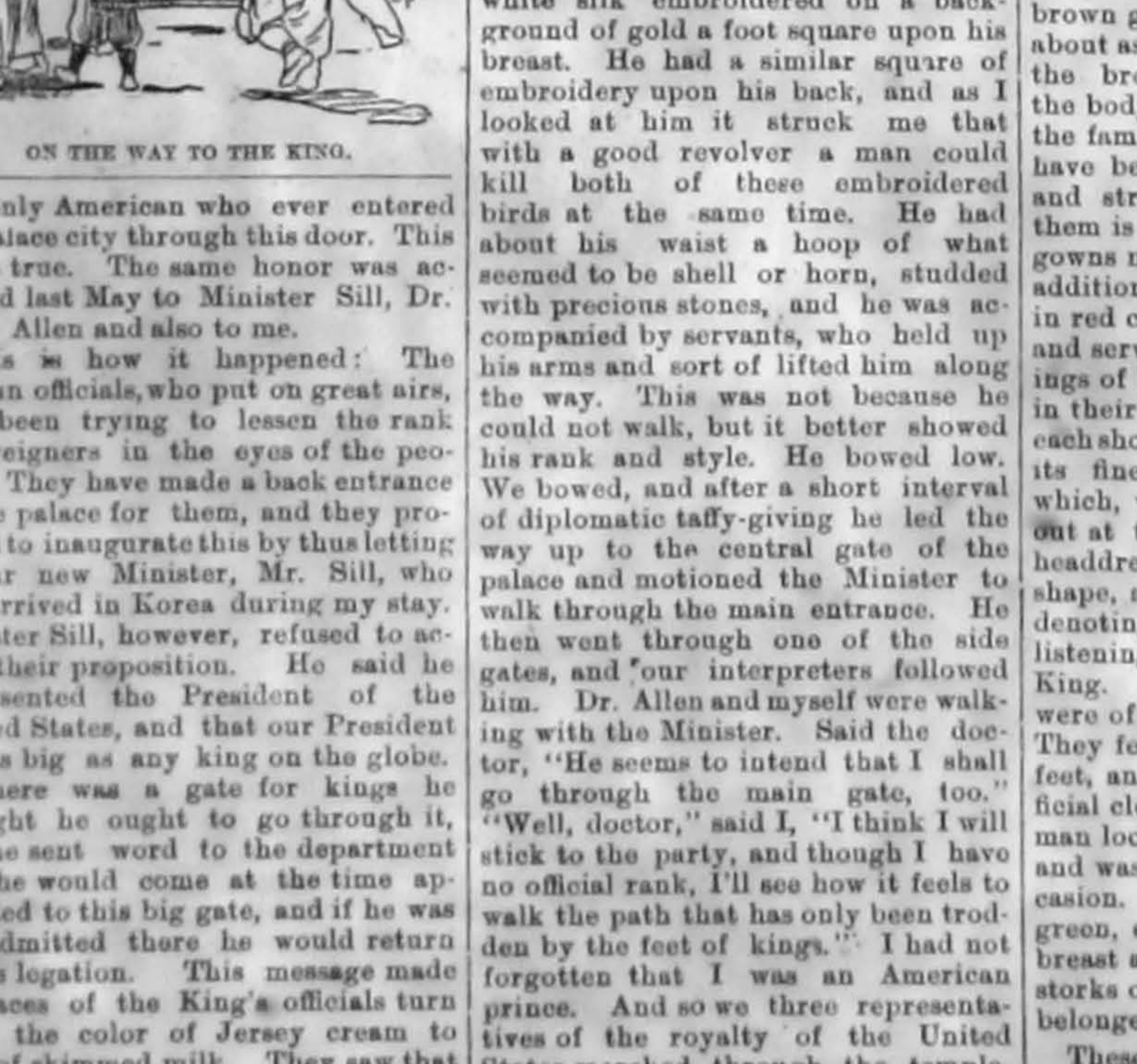
I had an audience with him six years ago, and I met him in one of his palaces in Seoul just before the outbreak of the present rebellion, writes Frank G. Carpenter. He received me with the highest of honors, and I am, I believe, the only strictly private American who has ever gone through the imperial door of the great gate which leads into his palace city.

The King's palaces cover nearly one thousand acres. They lie at the foot of a ragged gray mountain, and a thick wall of stone as high as a two-story house runs around them. This wall is entered by a half dozen great gates, at which, day and night, soldiers are stationed to see that only the proper people go in. Each gate has its own rank, and there are special entrances for servants and low nobles. The great central gate is reserved for the highest. It has three doors, and the middle of them is kept for royalty alone, and only kings and princes are supposed to go through it. I see that the papers state that General Clarence Greathouse, the King's foreign adviser, is the only American who ever entered the palace city through this door. This is not true. The same honor was accorded last May to Minister Sill, Dr. H. N. Allen and also to me.



ON THE WAY TO THE KING.

This is how it happened: The Korean officials, who put on great airs, have been trying to lessen the rank of foreigners in the eyes of the people. They have made a back entrance to the palace for them, and they proposed to inaugurate this by thus letting in our new Minister, Mr. Sill, who had arrived in Korea during my stay. Minister Sill, however, refused to accept their proposition. He said he represented the President of the United States, and that our President was as big as any king on the globe. If there was a gate for kings he thought he ought to go through it, and he sent word to the department that he would come at the time appointed to this big gate, and if he was not admitted there he would return to his legation. This message made the faces of the King's officials turn from the color of Jersey cream to that of skimmed milk. They saw that there would be trouble and they referred the matter to the King. Now, his Majesty has more brains than all of his ministers. He is packed full of common sense, and he at once became very angry. He not only said that the Minister should go through the chief gate, but he sent his own chair and servants in order that he might ride there in state. I don't know that he remembered me from my past interview, but he was told I wanted to meet him and he said that he would give me a special audience after that of the Minister was over.



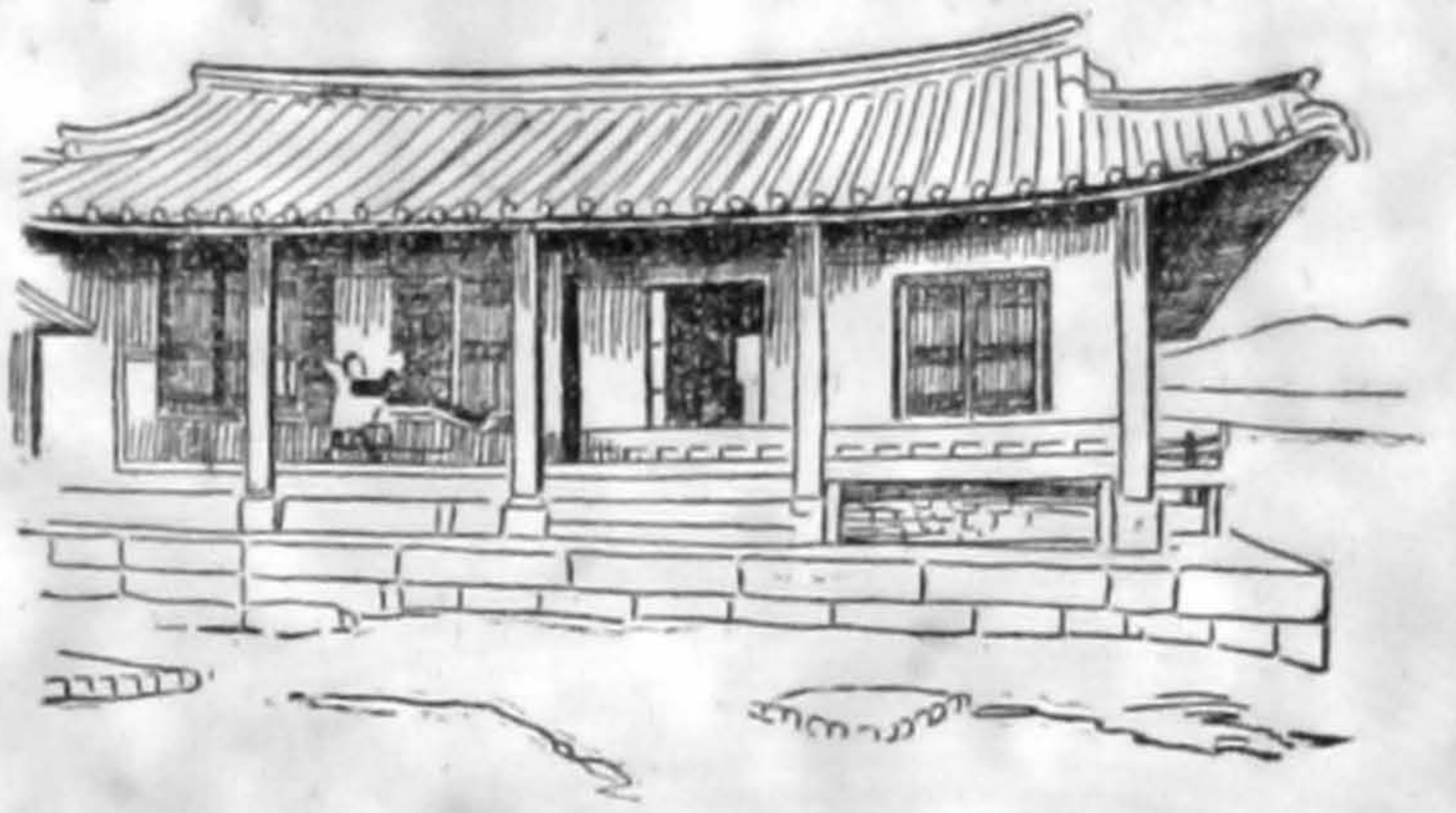
THE KING'S GATE, THROUGH WHICH MINISTER SILL ENTERED THE PALACE.

Allen and myself had on plug hats, boiled shirts and swallow-tail coats. The servants who came from the palace were dressed in white gowns, belted in at the waist, with sashes of green. The soldiers wore blue coats and plum-colored pants, and out of the back of their black fur hats were tassels of the brightest vermillion, each of which was as big as a fly brush. Oh, it was gay!

In this way we went down the Pennsylvania avenue of Seoul. Our kesos ran in front and howled out to the common people to get out of the way for the great men who came. Men and women were crowded up to the walls. Bullock carts were driven down the side streets with a rush. The people who smoked took their pipes out of their mouths and held them behind them. Women with green coats over their heads scampered into their houses, and the eyes of all were so stretched out at the sight that they lost their almond shape and became circular in wonder. It was so till we reached the gate of the palace. Here our soldiers put down the chairs, aud, accompanied by our pompous Korean interpreters, we walked toward the gate. Midway on the platform we were met by one of the high officials of the King, clad in a gorgeous green gown, with a stork of white silk embroidered on a background of gold a foot square upon his breast. He had a similar square of embroidery upon his back, and as I looked at him it struck me that with a good revolver a man could kill both of these embroidered birds at the same time. He had about his waist a hoop of what seemed to be shell or horn, studded with precious stones, and he was accompanied by servants, who held up his arms and sort of lifted him along the way. This was not because he could not walk, but it better showed his rank and style. He bowed low. We bowed, and after a short interval of diplomatic taffy-giving he led the way up to the central gate of the palace and motioned the Minister to walk through the main entrance. He then went through one of the side gates, and our interpreters followed him. Dr. Allen and myself were walking with the Minister. Said the doctor, "He seems to intend that I shall go through the main gate, too." "Well, doctor," said I, "I think I will stick to the party, and though I have no official rank, I'll see how it feels to walk the path that has only been trodden by the feet of kings." I had not forgotten that I was an American prince. And so we three representatives of the royalty of the United States marched through the temple-like entrance. The act in itself seems little in America, but it was a great thing in Korea, and everywhere I went after that it was mentioned in connection with my introductions to other Koreans.

In our march through the city of the King this gorgeous Prime Minister stalked along in front of us, leading us through great courts till we came to another gate, through the center arch of which we passed. Then we went on through other courts walled with palaces, past servants clad in brown and red, and by officials

for the main gate to be opened. The Secretary thereupon changed his mind. He came back and was practically lifted by his servants to the top of a hill where there was a new gate, and he led us through this. This brought us into the vestibule built for the foreigners. It was a magnificent corrider, so long that you could not see the end as you stood at the top and looked down it. It was lighted at the top and on both sides by beautiful lattices of white paper. The woodwork was papered with this wonderful Korean paper, which is as smooth as ivory and as strong as leather. The floor was covered with matting as fine as the web of a Panama hat, and so thick that our feet sank as softly into it as they would have done had it been Brussels carpet. This corridor had many landings. We descended from one to another by easy steps, and after a walk of perhaps a quarter of a mile, we came out of it into an open hall, which looked out upon the gardens of the King, and gave a view of the new palace in the distance.



UNITED STATES LEGATION AT SEOUL, KOREA.

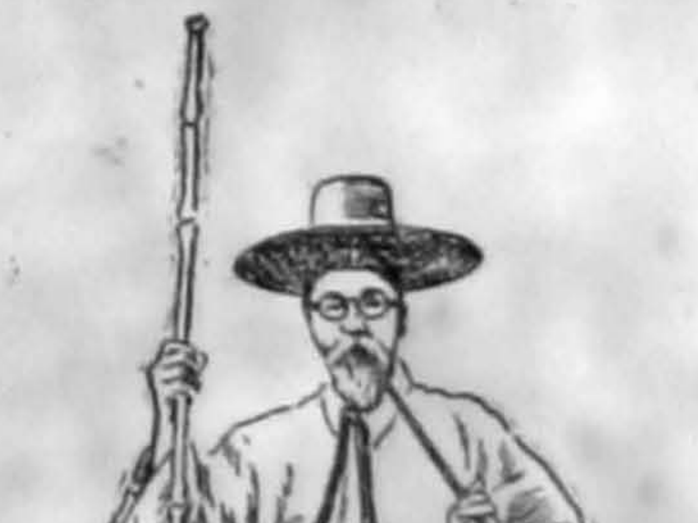
This room was furnished in foreign style, and the highest officials of the King and a number of great nobles of the court were gathered within. Each noble had his servant with him. Tall, broad-shouldered men, clad in brown gowns and gorgeous hats, stood about as guards. These are known as the brown-coated kesos. They are the body-guard of the King and, like the famed soldiers of Peter the Great, have been picked out for their height and strength. Nearly every one of them is over six feet, and their long gowns make them look like giants. In addition to these, there were servants in red caps, servants in caps of purple and servants with gorgeous headdressings of blue. The officials were clad in their court dresses, and the head of each showed a topknot shining through its fine Korean cap of horse-hair, which, with its great wings flapping out at the sides, forms the official headdress. These wings are oval in shape, and they stand out like ears, denoting that their owners are ever listening for the commands of the King. The gowns of these officials were of the finest silk, made very full. They fell from their necks to their feet, and nearly covered the great official cloth boots, which made each man look as though he had the gout and was nursing his feet for the occasion. The gowns were of dark green, embroidered with gold on the breast and back, and containing white storks or tigers, according as the man belonged to the civil or military rank.

These men are all very dignified. We were introduced all around by the Cabinet Minister who conducted us into the room, and we then sat down table upon which were plates filled with assorted cookies about the size of macaroons. At each man's seat there were champagne glasses, and the servants opened a half dozen or so of cold bottles while we chatted and waited. The American Minister had his presentation first. He spent about half an hour with his Majesty, and then one of the English-speaking officials came into this room and told me that the King was ready to see me. Taking off my hat and my eyeglasses I walked with this man through long passageways, walled with stone, by red-capped, red-gowned servants, and past soldiers in gorgeous uniforms to the gate of a large courtyard. As we neared this my interpreter, who was a high official noble, bent his head over, and his face looked like that of a man in pain at a funeral. As we entered the court he bent half double, and as I looked across it, I saw that there was a large open hall facing us. This hall had a massive roof of heavy tiles, and at the front of it there were a number of big round pillars painted red. There were three entrances to it, reached by granite steps guarded by stone dogs, and the floor was, I judge, about six feet from the ground. Within the hall, in front of a Korean screen, stood the King, with two eunuchs on each side

the interview, whispering in tones of awe his Majesty's sentences to me and my questions to him.

The King was dressed in a gown of crimson silk, cut high at the neck, and embroidered with gold medallions as big around as a tea plate. There was one of these medallions on each of his shoulders, and one covered each side of the gown at about where the fifth rib is supposed to be located. This gown reached to his feet. It was gorgeous beyond description and it harmonized with his cream-colored complexion. The sleeves of the gown were very full, and out of them a pair of delicate shapely hands came from time to time, and clasped each other nervously. On one of his fingers I noticed a magnificent diamond ring, and it seemed to me as though the great solitaire must cut his fingers, as he clasped and unclasped his hands, now folding them together, and now pulling one finger after the other, as though he would crack the joints. He shook his own hands at me in Chinese fashion as I came up. I bowed, and I looked him straight in the eye while we talked together. I was not more than five feet away from him, and there was a little table between us. Above us shone the incandescent globes of the Edison electric light, and there was a European carpet on the floor.

The audience was largely given up to the passing of compliments, and it lasted, I judge, about twenty minutes. During it I had a good opportunity to study the King, and I photographed, as it were, his form and features upon my brain. He is about five feet six inches in height. He is well built, but not heavy. He has beautiful bright black almond eyes, a complexion the color of rich Jersey cream, and teeth as white as the tusks of an African elephant. His face is full, and it shines with intelligence. He has a thin mustache and a few hairs of black whiskers. He smiled frequently, and now and then he laughed melodiously. He seemed to have a stone of about the size of a boy's lucky stone in his mouth while he talked, and this from time to time got between his teeth while he listened. When he spoke it sunk back into his mouth, taking the place of an old maid's plumper, or the tobacco quid of one of our Congressmen. I don't know why he uses this stone, and I am not altogether sure that it was a stone. It seemed too hard for wax, and chewing gum has not yet been introduced into Korea. The King of Korea is now forty-two years old, and he is in good physical condition. He is one of the ablest rulers Korea has ever had, and there is no harder-worked monarch on the face of the globe.

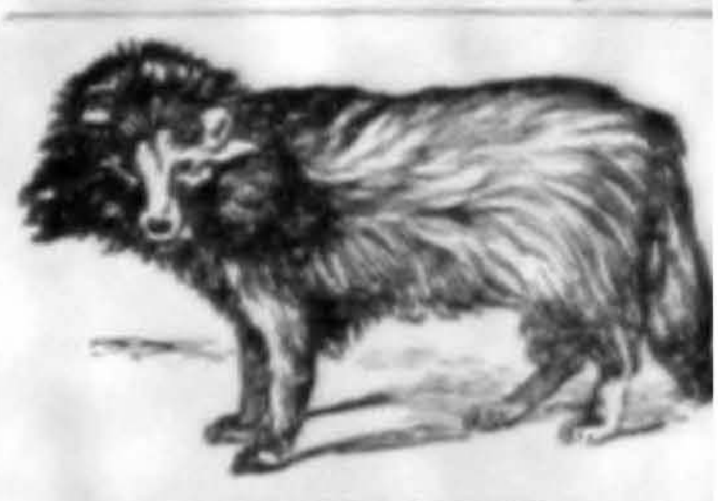


A KOREAN STATESMAN.

His troubles to-day come from his officials. He had been so bound round by them that he did not know the condition of his people, and he has been hedged in as was the Mikado of Japan a generation ago. You cannot imagine the pomp of this King. No one can go in front of him. He never moves about the palace without there are eunuchs at his side to hold up his arms, and the officials must get down on all fours and bump their heads on the floor whenever he comes into their presence. He spends his nights in working and he sleeps in the daytime. He goes to bed at 8 o'clock every morning and no one dare wake him. About his rooms guards are stationed, and all the conversation that is carried on near him must be in a whisper. He usually remains in bed until half-past five in the afternoon and in quiet times he begins his work in the palace when the watch fires are lighted on

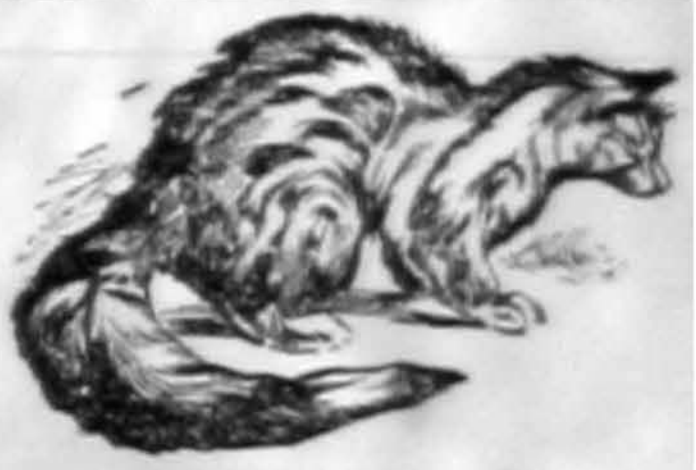
A correspondent has secured excellent photographs of two strange animals that have but recently bee placed in the Dresden Royal "Zoo," the one the viverridæ cat is an importation from Africa, the other, the raccoon dog, hails from Asia. Both ar related to the marter family.

A professor of Leipzig University who has been instructed to report o the animals, gave the corresponden the following information regardin them:



QUEEREST DOG ON RECORD.

The cat seems to be a cross betwee the wild genet cat and a marter. I has a silky, yellowish coat, dotte black, and is a dangerous foe to al animals on four legs, and birds smaller than itself. When huntin for game the genet cat executes snake like movements, often creeping alon on its stomach. It kills seemingly for the pleasure of killing as much a for the purpose of obtaining food. N animal compares with this cat i quickness of action, suddenness of attack and bloodthirstiness. Its zoological name is viverra genetta, genetta senegalensis.



AN EXTRAORDINARY CAT.

In the captivity of the Zoo the newcomer has so far behaved very well. All day long it lies asleep, the face almost hidden under its bushy tail; a dusk, however, it becomes exceedingly lively and excitable; a small bird flying past its cage is liable to arouse its ferocious nature to such an extent as to render it dangerous to man and beast to enter the cage.

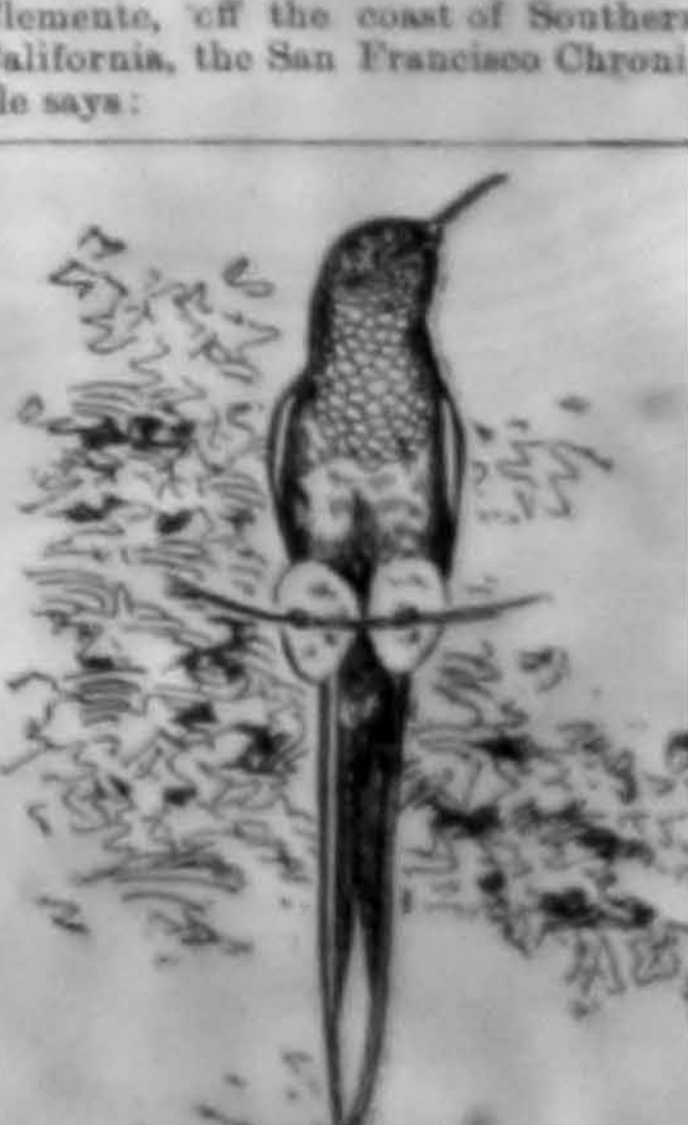
The raccoon dog is a native of Eas Asia, known to science as canis procyonoides. He is supposed to be th "missing link" between the dog an the marter families. His head show the characteristics of the latter, th body and legs are similar to those of young wolf. The legs appear to b too weak for the body.

The raccoon dog, like the genet cat is eminently a beast of the night. H sleeps as long as the sun shines, bu all night paces up and down the cag trying for a loophole of escape and becoming excited when domesticate animals, such as dogs or cats, pass.

◆

A Queer Bird.

Describing the visit of a number o scientists to the island of Sa Clemente, off the coast of Souther California, the San Francisco Chronicle says:



WHITE-BOOTED, RACKET-TAILED HUMMIN BIRD OF SAN CLEMENTE.

One of the queer birds not found o the mainland is the white-booted racket-tailed humming bird. It ha brilliant plumage, and its long, odd shaped tail closely resembles the for of the latest [illegible]

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgood,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kincheloe,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

United Hospital and Dispensary,
Boston, Mass.
Allen C. Smith, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON POCKET HEALTH

West End of Bridge.

**P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.**

IT TICKLES YOU
THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.
HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.
BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.

Sold Everywhere at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. No Relief, No Pay.

HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discrip-

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, . VA

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

His three sons looked for his death
each day,
He was old and stiff and he made
his will,
And he had to dispose of his old
grist mill.
He called to his bedside his eldest
son,
And he said to the youngster, "My
race is run,
What sort of a miller, now, would
you make?
Pray tell me, my boy, what toll
you'd take?"
"Father, as sure as my name is
Teck,
Of every last bushel I'd take a
peck."
The old man sighed and shook his
head,
"You'd starve to death," was all he
said.
Next he called up his second son
And asked him the same as the
other one.
"Father," he answered, "my name
is Gaff,
Of every last bushel I'd take the
half."
The old man sighed and shook his
head,
"You'd make no money," was all
he said.
But he called his last and youngest son,
To answer the question as all had
done.
"Father, as sure as my name is
Jack,
I'd cabbage the grain and swear to
the sack!"
Then "Hallelujah!" the old man
said,
"The business will prosper when I
am dead!"

Edray, W. Va. Susie Mann.

Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, of Linwood, Pocahontas county, was here on Tuesday. He had been spending about two weeks in Augusta, and left for West Virginia Friday. Speaking of the Confederate Camp, of which he is commander, he says that efforts will shortly be made to have the remains of all Confederate soldiers buried in the county exhumed and re-interred in one place and a monument erected to their memory. Why cannot this be done in Bath?—*Bath News.*

The Sole

purpose of this advertisement is to call your attention to the remarkable wearing qualities of our well-known driving shoes.

THE SOLE

will outwear any $6.50 shoe on the market, and you will never again be troubled with corns; the result of ill-fitting foot-gear. Why pay more. For sale only by

P. Golden,
Marlinton, W. Va.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia,	Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia,	Troubles,
Constipation,	Bad Blood
Malaria,	Nervous ailments

Women's complaints.

1895.

R. S. Turk, Trustee, Plaintiff,
vs.
Jannie B. Skiles, *et als.*, def'ts.

The object of the above styled suit is to enforce a vendor's lien for three bonds of Jannie B. Skiles of the following dimensions and dates, viz: One for $500, dated the 5th of April, 1886, due fifteen months after date, with interest after ninety days from date.

One for $500, dated 5th of April, 1886, due twenty seven months after date, with interest after ninety days from date;

One for $500, dated 5th day of April, 1886, due thirty-nine months after date, with interest on the same after ninety days after date. For which bonds a vendor's lien is retained in a deed from the defendant James R. Apperson and his wife to the defendant, Jannie B. Skiles, of date the 5th day of April, 1886, and recorded in the clerk's office of the County Court of the said Pocahontas County, as of April 6, 1886, which bonds aforesaid were assigned and transferred to the plaintiff as Trustee, on the 7th day of September, 1886, which vendor's lien aforesaid rests upon two parcels of land lying in the town of Marlinton, said county, and are estimated to contain one-half acre each, and to enforce which vendors lien a sale of the land will be asked to be decreed by the said Circuit Court.

And it appearing from an affidavit filed that the defendants, Jannie B. Skiles, Thomas M. Skiles, and Richard Baldwin are non residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in said suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court, this 7th day of January, 1895. J. H. Patterson,
R. S. Turk. p. q. Clerk.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loudermilk and Susan J. Loudermilk, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless Withrow McClintic as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of $167.46, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Ronceverte, Ronceverte, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 297, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loudermilk, and said Withrow McClintic having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Withrow McClintic, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the

5th Day of March, 1895,

(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder,

for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to-wit:

One brown horse, one two-horse wagon, one set double harness, one-third interest in a threshing machine, and one-third interest in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loudermilk. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to G. W. Beverage and Fant Armstrong.

Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing eighteen acres situate in Pocahontas county, west Virginia, on Spruce Flat, being the same land conveyed by G. W. Beverage and wife to said Susan J. Loudermilk by deed dated 16th day of April, 1891, of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, in Deed Book No. 21, page 490, to which deed reference is here made for a full and complete description of said land.

L. M. McClintic,
Jan. 25, 1895. Trustee.

Got the News at the Lowest Price.

The Daily Gazette, Charleston W. Va., will give all the Legislative proceedings and all other important happenings besides. Price only twenty-five cents per month. The Weekly Gazette only fifty cents a year. Cash with order is the way to get it. Address, THE

BY VIRTUE of a deed of trust executed by C. Z. Hevner and S. E. Hevner his wife to S. L. Brown, trustee, dated on the 25th day of July, 1894, and of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in deed book, No. 25, on page 351, to secure the payment of a certain bond executed by said C. Z. Hevner, for $50 with interest thereon from the 7th day July, 1894, payable to T. W. G French, which bond is fully mentioned and described in said deed of trust, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required in writing so to do, by said T. W. G. French, the beneficiary under said deed of trust, I, S. L. Brown, as trustee aforesaid, will on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1895,

between the hours 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. at the front door of the courthouse of said county of Pocahontas, West Virginia, proceed to sell by way of public auction, to sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust or so much thereof as may be necessary, to satisfy said debt, interest, and costs attending the execution of this trust, said real estate lying and being in the said county of Pocahontas near the town of Marlinton, on the Marlin's Bottom and Lewisburg turnpike, consisting of two and 1-6 acres of land, conveyed to said C. Z. Hevner by one William Killingsworth, and wife, by deed dated the 5th day of May, 1894, and recorded in said clerk's office, in Deed Book no 25, page 267, to which deed reference is here made for a more particular discription of said land.

Said tract of land is unimproved but would make a good building site.

S. L. Brown, Trustee.
Andrew Price, January 9th, 1894.
Attorney.

Commissioner's Notice.

Commissioner's Office, Marlinton, W. Va Jan. 7, 1895.
James M. Simmons,
vs.
R. H. Simmons, *et als.*
in Chancery.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in the above styled cause on the 24th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Friday, the 15th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report to the next term of said circuit court the following matters of account, to-wit:

First. An account showing all the existing liens against the real estate of the said R H. Simmons, together with all their dates, dignities, and priorities.

Second. An account showing the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons subject to the liens aforesaid.

Third. Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest to be stated.

W. A. Bratton,
[1-11-'95-4t] Commissioner.

TO all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of R. H. Simmons.

In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said R. H. Simmons, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on or before the 15th day of February 1895.

Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1895. W. A. Bratton,
[1-11-95-4t.] Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice.

Office of Commissioner L. M. McClintic, Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 9th, 1895.
George C. Hill's Adm'r,
vs
Rebecca J Hill and others.

NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested in the above styled cause that pursuant to a decree entered in said cause on the 16th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, W. Va. on the 20th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to-wit:

1st. A statement of the account of R. W. Hill, Administrator, *cum testamento annexo*, of George C. Hill, dec'd.

2d. An account of all the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts, priorities, and the persons to whom payable, and showing the amount of the debts mentioned in decree in this cause made October 21st, 1890, exactly as stated in said decree.

3d. A special statement of all debts against the estate of George C. Hill, deceased, discharged by the administrator thereof, together with the amount of such debts as should have been liquidated from the personalty of said estate, and showing the amount of such debts discharged by the administrator to which he is entitled to be substituted as creditor against the real assets of said estate in lieu of the creditors whose claims he has discharged.

4th. A statement showing all the costs of this suit and to whom due.

5th. Any other matter deemed per-

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 28. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,....................J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,............R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court,.......S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court,....J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,...................C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court C. E Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor.......George Baxter.
Coroner,.................George P. Moore

Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, [illegible] . H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,

MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.

HAS LOCATED AT

FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

AMERICA is supposed to have the least formal tribunals as far as manners in the court room goes. Even the heathen potentate, sitting in his mud hut, dispensing justice clothed in a breech cloth is all circumstance and pomp. There is no such things as a complainant in his court—the suppliant supplies his place. Everything is abased before his majesty, the black judge, a regular "Niggerdemus" for justice. In England the judge, officers, barristers are all clothed in great gowns, and tremendous wigs, distinguishing them from the herd in the court-room. In these regimentals the case is tried in a very pompous and dignified manner. A story is told of a foreigner in an Irish court, on trial for a crime, who had never seen a judge wearing a gown. Being a foreigner an interpreter was required. Some conversation passed which was not given to the court. The judge demanded to know what had been said. It took some threatening to get it out of the interpreter. Finally he said that the prisoner had asked "Who was that ould woman sitting up there." "Well, what did you answer," "If yer honor plaise, I said, whist, that's the old divil who goin' to hang ye." It needs no especial dress or stately bearing to impress the people in our courts. They feel their helplessness and the solemnity of the occasion to the last degree. And we doubt but what a victim of Judge Lynch's power has been awed by the stern but informal proceedings so that he does not think whether the crowd has a right to hang him or not, but whether he is innocent or guilty, the very feeling he would have in the highest court in the land. Our circuit courts are the most formal of any of our county courts; in our magistrates', the court unbends enough to give the counsel for the plaintiff a light from his cigar, in order that the work may proceed under the soothing effect of tobacco smoke. Once in the history of our county, two attorneys made for one another evidently intending to annihilate each other, but they both lived to a good old age nevertheless. Occasionally from over the State we hear of attorneys having little "scraps" in court, in fact it would seem that they are much more apt to fight under the eye of the judge, who can order them to different cells in the jail, than elsewhere, when they would have nobody to seperate them, before the affray became serious. There is one formality which exists and which smacks of the old country, and that is the judge's putting on a black cap to pronounce the death sentence, which is generally done by judges. There has never been the occasion in our county in the seventy odd years of its existence, thank heaven. As for what may take place in a court-room, an amusing incident of a harmless interruption comes from the southern part of West Virginia, which has probably never been in print before. A distinguished city lawyer was in one of those counties to appear in the trial of an important case. It was summer time. The judge of the circuit was perched upon a box. The court-room had a dirt floor. The court was deep in the case, with the jury listening attentively. Presently the door was darkened, and the lawyer looked around to see a man standing in the door holding up to view something which seemed bloody. "Hello," said the Judge, "what have you got there?" "A feesh! Jedge, aint he a daisy!" "Yes, bring him here and let's see him!" The monster trout was brought, and the judge, jury, and attorneys all handled, punched its sides, and got all fishy. The judge presently ordered it to be taken away, and the trial proceeded. The fish had been caught near by, and of course had to be shown the judge, who is indeed a popular idol at court times. Ten to one that judge got that fish for supper, securing forever, the man's vote who showed it to him in the court-room.

THE country has been much interested in the strike of the carmen employed on the street car lines in Brooklyn. Many thousand men went out and tried to stop by force the electric cars operated by the host of new inexperienced men who were employed by the companies. First, however, it was found that the green hands could not stop the cars themselves when they wanted to, and they went smashing into everything. The militia was called out, and for several days it looked as though there would be much blood shed. Things have quieted down and the result is that the strikers are out of employment for the rest of the winter. Much suffering will ensue. The companies had an awful time. A mandamus was issued compelling them to run their cars, and they felt as though they could neither go or stay. A few weeks ago John Burns came over from England and said that striking was the road to success, but nine out of ten strikes in America are failures.

Is it not a serious thing to consider that one political party lives on the mistakes of the other, and when the opposite party is about to do the country an injury, hardly a statesman, there is, who, had he the physical power, would stretch out his hand to save the country, and prevent his enemies from going over the precipice.

State and General News Items.

BOTH Tucker and Yost claim to have gained by the recount of the vote of Rockbridge County.

• • •

THE M. P. Church outnumbers any other in membership in Lewis County.

• • •

NIDHOOF killed Wychoff, last week, in Hinton. There was a woman in it.

• • •

TUCKER COUNTY has twelve resident lawyers, of whom six live at the county-seat.

• • •

MUCH feeling has been engendered in Monroe County by the murder committed there recently.

• • •

The president of the Broaddus College, at Clarksburg, has resigned.

• • •

A CLOVE will remove the smell of intoxicants from the breath.—*Wheeling Register.*

• • •

MISS FLORA FARMAR, a lovely blonde, of New York city, kicked the policeman in the eye when he went to arrest her for being drunk.

• • •

IN Virginia they have a way of allowing titles to descend. Thus when a Brigadier-General dies his son assumes the title.

THE damage done to the fruit crop of Florida by the freeze was wonderfully overestimated. It does not even affect the growers' income seriously.

• • •

THE Goodman trial will be held in Albermarle County, Va., owing to the change of venue, and will probably be reached by the last of March.

• • •

PNEUMATIC saddles for riding horses are now the thing. The movements of the rider do not affect the horse. The gain is estimated to be fifteen per cent.

• • •

DEWING & SONS, the lumber operators, did not lose any very considerable amount of timber by the breaking of their booms at the mouth of Cheat. Newspapers are prone to exagerate.

• • •

IF a judicial district is formed of the counties of Webster, Randolph, and Pocahontas, the judge will be delighted to find three brand new court-houses to cheer him on his way.

• • •

A CITIZEN of Webster has a black bear which has been "holed up" in a hollow log in the yard all winter. It came out recently for a little more "kiver," and when given some straw went back to quarters.

• • •

ALL employees of the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway Company, receiving less than $30 per month, had their salaries reduced ten per cent. "Strike! ere the warning time expires! Strike! for the green-backs of your sires! Strike! till the president retires, disgusted with his conduct."

• • •

IN Rockbridge County, Va., a negro was found secreted in a bureau. The Constable winded him as soon as he entered the house, but his nose not being so good, being a little out of training, it was some time before he found the right point. The negro was wanted for a felony, having stolen four bushels of clover seed, worth about thirty dollars.

• • •

THE particulars of the death by freezing of the two men named Arbogast, in Pendleton County, are very sad. It was the night of the 12th of January, the coldest of twenty years, and the hunters had followed a deer several miles. They killed the deer and started to return. They abandoned their game. One sank down and was dragged and carried by the other a long distance. He had to leave him finally propped against a tree, where he was found dead, with his faithful dog lying beside him frozen stiff. The other reached the camp, but was frozen so severely that he will die.

• • •

HERE are some of the mild things Dr. Parkhurst told the people of Chicago:

" 'Thou shalt not kill,' 'Thou shalt not steal,' 'Thou shalt not commit adultery'—these are ethical chestnuts, but they laid out Tammany."

"A lying, perjured, rum-soaked, libidinous lot."

"Purgatory to politicians and chronic crucifixion to bosses."

"Damnable pack of administrative bloodhounds."

Dr. Parkhurst is just now busily engaged in turning rascals out that other rascals may come in. He turned a rascal out and elected Mayor Strong, and in the first month Mayor Strong opened the saloons on Sunday without consulting Dr. Parkhurst, two things that Dr. Parkhurst said he could not understand.

A Letter from Charleston.

CHARLESTON, W. VA.
January 28, 1895.

Editor Times:—The work of the present Legislature, like as in all legislative bodies, has been slow and to a considerable extent very much mixed, especially that portion relating to bills and resolutions. I cannot say this so far as the political complexion is concerned, for we are not very much mixed in that particular, for it seems the House is nearly all Republican, and we Democrats form a very small group upon the floor of that House.

There have been introduced already over two hundred bills, and quite a number of resolutions concerning matters of the House, as well as a number of joint resolutions.

These bills and resolutions have been more than proportionately large from the Republican side of the House, the Democrats being contented and willing that their Republican brethren should have a full and fair sweep. These matters of legislation are very varied in their purposes, and, in many respects, incomprehensible in their results, and the gradation extending from matters of the greatest magnitude, as, for instance, the resolution in regard to the Virginia State Debt, down to a bill providing for the protection of pole-cats.

The nomination and election of a United States Senator was a foregone conclusion, and nobody disappointed, except a very large element in the Republican party who sing mum because they had to accept the situation as the inevitable. There was quite a considerable anti-Elkins element at first, but this all simmered down and disappeared under the party lash, so that by the time the caucus convened everything appeared as though there had never been any statesman in West Virginia save the Honorable Stephen B. Elkins.

At the first of the session the indications were that the Republican majority were going to run the most radical machinery in their legislation, but I think that upon more mature reflection they will, to some extent, change the programme and run a more conservative course. But a little more time will develop, more definitely, what they design accomplishing in this session of the Legislature.

The appointment of committees was very arbitarily done and in a way that looked as if the minority of the committees were to suffer more or less disappointment and humiliation. Your representative was placed upon the following committees, viz: "Penitentiary," "Railroads," and "Counties, Districts, and Municipal Corporations;" and subsequently taken off of Railroads and placed on the Committee on Education.

There is a good deal said in relation to the propriety or impropriety of a Constitutional Convention. I am not advised as to what the feeling is, pro or con, but so far as I am concerned, I doubt very much the propriety of it just now, for, as I think, obvious reasons, but of which I shall not now take time to outline.

With this hastily prepared synopsis of legislative work, I subscribe myself, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. P. MOOMAU.

If I could count the snowflakes
That are falling from the sky,
I'd know addition all by heart
And how to multiply;
And Teacher'd say,
"Why little Nell,
I'm s'prised to hear
You count so well."
—*Selected.*

COL. JOHN A. COCKERILL goes to Japan as the correspondent of the New York *Herald.* He is to write up the China-Japan war on a salary of $17,000 a year. This is almost as good a thing as running a country newspaper.

If the United States had as great a relative population as Japan, they would have a population of 960,000,000 people.

"The Comte de Paris is dead and with him dies forever the hopes of the French Monarchists," exclaims the New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Cleveland (Ohio) dry goods merchant is proposing to pay his salesmen a commission on the goods sold by each instead of a fixed salary. He says that the most of them would profit by the arrangement, and he expects no serious opposition to the plan on the part of the employes. He will pay six per cent.

The young woman who insisted upon using a Jersey Central Railway pass on a Pennsylvania Railroad train is a living document in the mass of papers bearing on the subject of woman's equality with man. After having threatened the conductor, delayed the train, wept, made the passengers unhappy, she finally paid her fare and the business of the railroad was resumed. Could a man do that? asks the New York Sun.

Perhaps every part of this country that saw the infancy of the railway has traditions, suggests the New York Sun, of men that sat waiting with shot guns to prevent the engineers from surveying on their lands, and many a town of arrested development owes its descripitude to some such opposition to early railways. The history of that time is now repeating itself in the opposition of folks here and there to the sudden extension of electric railways. The danger of frightening horses and the inconvenience to teamsters in a public road partly occupied by an electric railway are some of the arguments advanced against the new factor in civilization.

There is no accounting for tastes! A dentist died in a rural town in England a few days ago after spending fifty years in pulling the molars of his fellow citizens. He had made it a hobby to keep all the teeth which he had drawn in the course of his professional career, and took great pride in the collection. When his will was opened it was found that he had ordered the collection of teeth to be placed with him in his coffin for burial. His heirs fulfilled his command, and almost 30,000 were put into the coffin with the dead dentist. If some archaeologists of a future century shall happen to open the grave he will have "food for thought" and some difficulty, perhaps, in explaining the presence of so many teeth.

Says the New York Tribune: "Christianity appeared in Korea in advance of missionaries in 1777, some of the natives having received Christian books translated from the Chinese, in which the Jesuit precepts and teachings were set forth. In 1794 a Chinese Jesuit went thither and organized a little company of the faithful, but in 1801 he was slain. Thereafter, for thirty years, no missionaries came; but in 1835 they appeared again, French Jesuits this time, disguised as mourners, which in the Korean cities keep to the obscurer thoroughfares, and neither speak nor are spoken to by others. They ministered secretly to the little flock which remained, performing their religious ceremonies at dead of night in the Christian houses, but in 1839 were found out, and they, too, were destroyed. After an interval others came, and in 1866 these were also sacrificed, together with a considerable number of believers, men, women and children, who were offered pardon if they would abjure their faith, but not one was found to do this, and they were all beheaded. Since 1885 Christian mission work, Protestant and Catholic alike, has been unimpeded, but this recital of its initial steps will serve to show the bitterness of the way those traversed and the courage, fortitude and fidelity of the early workers there. If the blood of the martyrs is not the seed of the

scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure,
But whether I live an honest man,
And holds my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare.
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow man,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea,
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave;
It matters little or naught to me.
But whether the Angel of Death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!
—From the Swedish.

DOCTOR BARTON'S PATIENT

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"AND you don't even know her name!" said Mrs. Renwick. "My dear Kenneth, there never was anything so ridiculous?"

The captain of artillery shifted his feet to a more comfortable position on the sofa, and looked longingly at a box of cigars which was placed just beyond his reach.

"Of course I know her name," said he; "and a very pretty one it is. Perry—Miss Perry."

"But who is it you are talking about?" said pretty Joyce, who had been preparing a mustard-paste for her brother's chest.

Captain Renwick answered promptly.

"My sweetheart!"

"Kenneth, don't be ridiculous!" said his mother, somewhat tartly.

"The sweetest, prettiest blossom in all the Adirondack wildernesses!" pursued Kenneth. "The fairest of—Catnip tea! I declare, Joyce, I won't drink it! What do you take me for?"

"It's the best thing in the world for a cold on the chest," said Mrs. Renwick, wringing her hands. "Oh, if you had only kept away from that camping party."

"I mistook her for the boatman's daughter the first time," said Captain Renwick. "She—"

"Kenneth, don't talk--please don't talk!" urged his mother. "It's the worst thing you could possibly do, with your lungs all congested, and—"

"But I must talk!" said the captain. "Consider, mother, Joyce hasn't heard a word about it. She only came last night. Fancy, Joyce, my being fool enough to mistake her for a boatman's daughter!"

"Why, aren't boatmen's daughters as nice and ladylike as any one?" said Joyce, readjusting her apron ribbons.

"Oh, but this boatman lives in a perpetual state of shirt-sleeves!" said Renwick; "and he is a living fountain of tobacco juice, and talks abominable grammar through his nose. And his wife is a low class of Meg Merrilies, who takes too much bad whisky whenever she has the opportunity. How I ever made such a blunder I can't imagine. But Jenkins sent me up to the Lake head to hire a boat, and when I saw her sitting there among the water-lilies, I jumped at once to the conclusion that this was the boat to hire. 'My good girl,' says I—fancy my idiocy!—'if you will just row me up to Needle Point, and call for me again in the evening, I'll give you a dollar.'"

"And she?" said Joyce.

"Rowed me up, of course. I wish you could have seen the way in which she handled the oars. But it was Dolph, the tobacco-soaked old boatman, who called for me at sunset. 'Why didn't you send your daughter?' says I. 'It warn't my darter,' says he; 'it was Miss Perry.' Well, then I met her at the picnic. We waltzed together half the evening. She is as beautiful as she is graceful, and as intelligent as she is beautiful."

"Did you apologize?" asked Joyce.

"Of course I apologized," said Captain Kenneth. "And we had a good laugh over it. She had been after water-lilies, she said. She paints 'em in water colors. I am to have one when they are finished. Joyce, you must know her. She is a perfect beauty. And she dances like a sylph, and sings like Patti, and—"

"Nonsense!" said Joyce. "A farmer's daughter, seen through the big end of the opera glass! You were always a victim to delusions, Kenneth."

"My dear Joyce, I assure you—"

"Children, children!" remonstrated Mrs. Renwick, piteously, "do have a little common sense. Kenneth, you know you ought not to talk. Joyce, don't you hear how hoarse your brother is?" If pneumonia should set

dear," said Mrs. Renwick, plaintively. "And out here in the wilderness there isn't even a drug store short of fifteen miles. Oh, dear! oh, dear! why did I ever allow myself to be persuaded to come to the Adirondacks?"

"The scenery, mamma!" said Joyce, soothingly.

"But one can't eat and drink scenery. And this woman knows absolutely nothing about omelettes and French coffee, and she never broiled a beefsteak in her life until I showed her how. As for her soups, they are simply uneatable. And the beds are as hard as the neither millstone, and the mosquitoes are unendurable!"

"All these are trivial annoyances," said Captain Renwick, skillfully contriving to tip over the catnip-tea on the current number of a popular magazine, in his reach after the cigar box. "To me, the Adirondacks are the garden of the world! I shall never be willing to go anywhere else in the summer. And she says it is even finer here in winter, with the trifling exception of a little solitude."

"Kenneth," cried his mother, in agonized accents, "you must not talk!"

"My dearest mother, I am all right if you only won't fret!" declared this prodigal son.

But Captain Renwick's eyes were unnaturally bright, the hot flush of fever burned on his cheek, and his breathing was alternately hurried and laborious.

It was undoubtedly the fact that he had taken a severe cold during the camping out expedition from which he had just returned, and that this cold had been proof, so far, at least, against all the remedies Mrs. Renwick had used.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed the mother. "Why don't the doctor come? Joyce, look out of the window! See if there are any signs of him."

"The doctor?" ejaculated Captain Renwick, raising himself on one elbow among his pillows. "You don't say you have sent for a doctor?"

"Why, of course I have!" said Mrs. Renwick—"for Doctor Barton, from Nylesburg."

"A snuff-taking old fiend, who will doese me with calomel, and experiment on me with every one of the hundred-year-old drugs in his saddle-bags!" cried the captain. "I won't see him!"

"Dear Kenneth!" pleated Joyce.

"My son!" sobbed Mrs. Renwick.

"No!" ejaculated Kenneth. "I'll be hanged if I do! I despise doctors, anyway! And what sort of a medical man do you imagine would perch himself up here on the boughs of these everlasting pines?"

"Kenneth, you must see him!" said Mrs. Renwick.

"Mother, I won't," stoutly declared the rebel.

"But what will he think?"

"What he pleases. It will matter little to you or me what he thinks," said Kenneth. "All I know is, that he shan't cross this threshold. Give him his fee and tell him to be gone!"

Mrs. Renwick and Joyce looked despairingly at each other. Undoubtedly the captain was master of the situation. If he choose to set the doctor and his gallipots at defiance, what was to be done?

All that moment, however, there was a slight rustle down stairs.

"The doctor has come!" cried Joyce, excitedly, "with such a pretty little horse and phaeton. Oh, Ken. I'm sure he isn't old, and he don't take snuff. Oh, I'm so sorry I didn't catch a glimpse of him."

"He has come, has he?" said the captain. "Then tell him to go about his business."

Mrs. Ogden, the fat landlady, put in her head at this juncture.

"Please, mem, the doctor," said she.

"Tell him—" hoarsely shouted Kenneth, flinging the pillows right and left.

But before he could complete his sentence the door opened and a tall young lady, in a blue cloth ulster and a pretty plumed hat, came in, with a flat morocco case in her hand.

"Miss Perry!" he exclaimed, staring at her from the sofa, with a face suddenly lighted into new brightness and enthusiasm. "How kind of you to remember me! You are acquainted with my mother, are you not? Joyce, this is Miss Perry."

The tall young lady looked composedly around her.

"I am sorry to hear of your illness, Captain Renwick," said she. "We must see what we can do for you."

"But," added Kenneth, stretching his neck to get a look at the door, which was still slightly ajar, "where is the doctor? They told me he was coming up."

The beautiful blonde sat down and gently took Kenneth Renwick's wrist in her delicate fingers.

"I am the doctor," said she. "Have the goodness to remain quite still for a few moments while I ascertain the pulse and temperature."

Captain Renwick was struck dumb.

Perry for short. Captain Renwick always called me Miss Perry. I don't believe he knew I had any other name."

"And you are really a doctor?" said Joyce. "Oh, Kenneth, how fortunate!"

Doctor Barton examined her patient's tongue, listened at his lungs and made some abstruse hieroglyphics in her notebook. Then she measured out some gray powders in infinitesimal papers, and left her directions in the most business-like way in the world.

"I shall look in again this evening," she said. "It seems to be nothing more than a severe cold. But I do not intend that it shall gain any headway."

"I put myself entirely in your charge," said Captain Renwick, with a contented air. "I'm perfectly certain that I shall get well."

"I thought you were going to send the doctor about his business," maliciously whispered Joyce.

"But I didn't know what sort of a doctor it was," retorted the captain.

Pneumonia did not set in after all Doctor Barton proved a true prophet and soon dispelled the heavy cold. But Captain Renwick had yet another ailment—in the region of the heart.

"Mother," he said, coaxingly, "wasn't I right? Ain't she lovely?"

"The sweetest girl I ever saw," Mrs. Renwick warmly answered: "and the most talented and self-reliant."

"And if, mother—"

"You will be the most fortunate man in the world," said Mrs. Renwick.

Captain Renwick made the best use of his time, and, although Dr. Barton's summer vacation was over, and she lingered and lounged at picnics, and in the pearly shadow of water-lilies, he still continued to make many appointments for seeing her; and, when he returned to the Hundred-and-Forty-seventh Artillery, he was an engaged man.

"And after the first of November," he says, "Doctor Barton will be physician advisory to but one patient."—Saturday Night.

A Much Traveled Cat.

"I have got a pet kitten at home," said W. L. Slocum, of Manchester, N. H., last night, "which, I think, has traveled about as rapidly and as far in one day as any other animal in the world. One morning, about a month ago, the kitten strayed into my factory a short time before the machinery was started up. It got playing around the floor, and soon took up its position in the big fly wheel, where, without being noticed, it nestled down and went to sleep. Soon the machinery was put in motion, the wheel moving so rapidly that the poor kitten could not escape. Indeed, it is probable that puss was soon unconscious from dizziness. A little computation shows the distance the cat traveled. The wheel moves at the rate of 250 revolutions a minute, and at every turn pussy went seventeen feet. As the wheel was kept in motion 390 minutes without stopping, the kitten must have travelled during that time a little over 300 miles. When the wheel was stopped the kitten was discovered and taken out, more dead than alive, but it shortly recovered, and, although it has remained about the factory ever since, it is observed that it always gives the fly wheel a wide berth."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chinese and Music.

The Chinese have some extraordinary superstitions relating to music. According to their queer notions, the Creator of the universe hid eight sounds in the earth for the express purpose of compelling man to find them out.

According to the Celestial idea, the eight primitive sounds are hidden in stones, silks, woods of various kinds, the bamboo plant, pumpkins, in the skins of animals, in certain earths and in the air itself. Any one who has ever had the pleasure of seeing and listening to a Chinese orchestra will remember that the musical instruments were made of all these materials except the last, and that the combined efforts of the other seven seemed better calculated to drive the ethereal sound away than to coax it from the air, which is really the object of all Chinese musical efforts.

When the band plays the naive credulity of the people, both old and young, hears in the thuds of the gongs and the whistling of the pipes the tones of the eternal sounds of nature that were originally deposited in the various animate and inanimate objects by the all-wise Father.—Philadelphia Press.

Some Remarkable Cases.

Here are some remarkable cases: The other day a wagon maker, who had been dumb for years, picked up a hub and spoke; and a blind carpenter reached out for his plane and saw; and a deaf sheep ranchman went out with his dog and herd; and a noseless fisherman caught a

Great Waste in Buying and Cooking Food—The Nutrition in Various Kinds of Food—Man's Need.

HOW will the coming man be fed?

The Department of Agriculture has become interested in this question newly, and before long will publish a series of bulletins on the subject. They will be prepared by such well-known experts in this branch of research as Professor W. O. Water and Dr. Edward Atkinson. The former gentleman has been engaged to conduct certain investigations and experiments of an original and highly scientific character. At the bottom of the whole inquiry lies the fact that the people of this country do not know how to choose the foods they eat or how to cook them afterwards. This burden of ignorance falls most heavily upon the wage-workers, who, taking an average among them, use one-half of their money to buy food with, this estimate not including the cost of cooking. The poor man wastes in purchasing provender; his wife wastes in preparing it for the table.

Dealers say that the demand for fish is actually increased to a considerable extent by the popular belief that it is good brain food. The reason for this is supposed to be that fish contains a great deal of phosphorus, an element that is more abundant in the brain and nerves than in other parts of the human body. But the fact is that there is no special abundance of phosphorus in fish. If there were, it would be of no importance. The widely circulated phrase, "Without phosphorous there is no thought," was originated by a German half in jest.

On one occasion the elder Agassiz delivered a lecture on the importance of fish culture—it was in Boston—and remarked in a joking way that fish was an excellent brain food. From this saying and from the oft-quoted phrase of the German scientist above referred to has been derived the accepted idea on this subject. In truth, there is no cause whatever for believing that the eating of fish promises cerebral activity. But, speaking of the relative value of foods, it is interesting to know that a pound of lean beef and a quart of milk as it comes from the cow contains about the same amount of nutritive material. However, the nutrients in beef are more valuable for ordinary use. Professor Atwater has invented a new contrivance for measuring the energy produced by various foods. The food selected for trial—a definite quantity of it—is burned in a vessel surrounded by water. A thermometer of extraordinary delicacy registers the rise in the temperature of the water, the quantity of which is known. Then an equal amount of the same food is burned in the human body, Of course, all food digested undergoes a process of chemical combustion.

It is a self-evident proposition that the cheapest food to buy is that which contains the greatest amount of nutriment for a given price. With a small equipment of knowledge on this subject the poor man could select his articles of diet in the market with a vastly greater economy. In other words, he could live much better for less money. He ought to be taught to select such foods as wheat flour, corn meal, beans, milk and the cheaper cuts of meats. To start with, it is not easy for him to realize that high-priced foods are in general uneconomical. The maxim that the best is cheapest does not apply to foods.

The average man, leading a moderately active life, requires fifty-nine ounces of food per diem. He consumes thirty-seven ounces of water and absorbs in breathing thirty ounces of oxygen from the air. His total bodily income, therefore, is about eight pounds daily. What he needs for his support each day is four and one-fifth ounces of flesh-forming albumen, two ounces of fat—enough to make a fair-sized candle—seventeen and a half ounces of sugar and starch, four-fifths of an ounce of mineral matters—such as common salt, potassium, etc.—two quarts of water and 159 gallons of oxygen. So much water is contained in solid foods that we may be said to eat as much water as we drink. In order to supply the substances above mentioned, a man should eat daily twenty ounces of bread, eight ounces of beefsteak, thirty ounces of potatoes and one ounce of butter, with one quart of water—or the equivalent. A human being is composed mostly of water. The body of a man weighing 154 pounds contains ninety-six pounds or forty-six quarts of water. To complete his makeup must be added thirteen pounds of albumen, ten pounds of gelatine, twenty-three pounds of fat, eight and a half pounds of phosphate of lime, one pound of cabonate of lime, three ounces of sugar and starch, seven ounces of fluoride of calcium, six ounces of phosphate of magnesia, a trifle of chloride of potassium and a little ordinary table

EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD WESTERN HUNTER.

Nothing in Wild Fowling to Equal the Charm of Chasing the Teal and the Mallard — Various Ways of Hunting Them.

WHILE the lover of grouse shooting looks forward with fondest anticipations to the open season when he can pursue his favorite game, the pleasures he finds are not to be compared to those enjoyed by the hardy duck shooter. The latter is like the war horse which sniffs the battle from afar, for the leaden sky, the cool nights and the north winds are messengers to him telling him that the ducks will soon come. The discomforts and inconveniences he has to endure are among the sweetest of his recollections when he recalls the time he had among wild fowl. There is a rare charm about duck shooting which lessens all other shooting in the mind of the wild fowler. Tell to him the delights of woodcock shooting and he will say: "Bosh! who wants to tramp in the island underbrush, where the mosquitoes are claiming possession of the land, and are singing the war cry of their tribes in your ears, or worse still, thrusting a bill into your faces and boring you outrageously?" But ask him to go duck shooting and his soul responds to your invitation, and he will tell you he has patched his rubber boots, has hidden his corduroy suit lest his wife should have the dirt and stains washed from it, has had shells loaded weeks before, and is ready to go on the shortest notice.

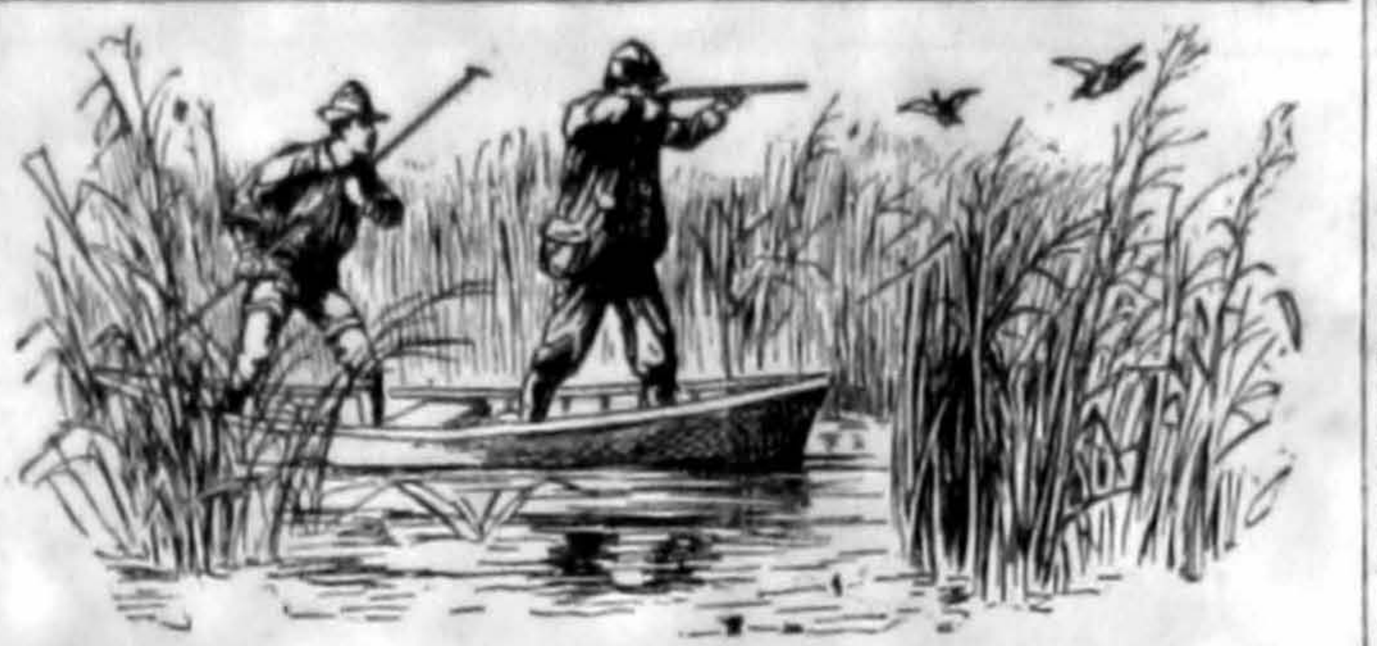
The season for duck shooting begins September 1 in the Northern and Western States, and when the day begins to break on that eventful date the marshes are disturbed here and there with splashing oars and creaking reeds which tell of the presence of many hunters.

The teal are among the first water fowl to afford good shooting. They are distinguished as the blue and green wing. The former are the larger and usually the more scarce. They are dainty little ones and love to bask in the sunshine of the marshes, or sit on some round bar, which one often sees in the winding creeks and sloughs. They seldom fly in pairs during the fall, but feed in large flocks, and, as they swoop past the hunter's blind, a single discharge of the gun often results in the killing of from three to a half dozen birds. They love to drop into the little open place, which, from an elevation, gleam like silver in the bunches of rushes, and as the birds swoop along they will suddenly flirt and dart, dropping into their watery oases with a gentle splash, or as softly as feathers drifting into the sea.

Teal shooting can only be enjoyed when one has a good retriever in the marsh. Of course if the flight is such that the birds fly over the open water, then a boat answers as well or better than a dog. But generally the birds dart over the rush tops, and as they go with great velocity they are frequently killed so they drop into the rushes and wild rice, where it is utterly impossible to recover them without a retriever. While the teal are difficult to hit on account of the great speed with which they fly, they are not tenacious of life and succumb to slight blows. The skillful hunter understands the necessity of holding his gun well ahead of the birds, for, while he knows the velocity of shot is much greater than the speed of the birds, he also knows it takes time to decide to shoot, to pull the trigger, for the cap to explode, for the shot to issue from the barrel, and then to reach the bird; all that time, slight though it is, the swift flying bird has flown from eight to ten feet, and, unless the shooter has aimed those distances ahead of the bird, depending on the distance the bird is from him, the pellets of shot will go behind the bird and the shooter will score a miss. Nos. 7 and 8 shot are the favorite size when shooting teal.

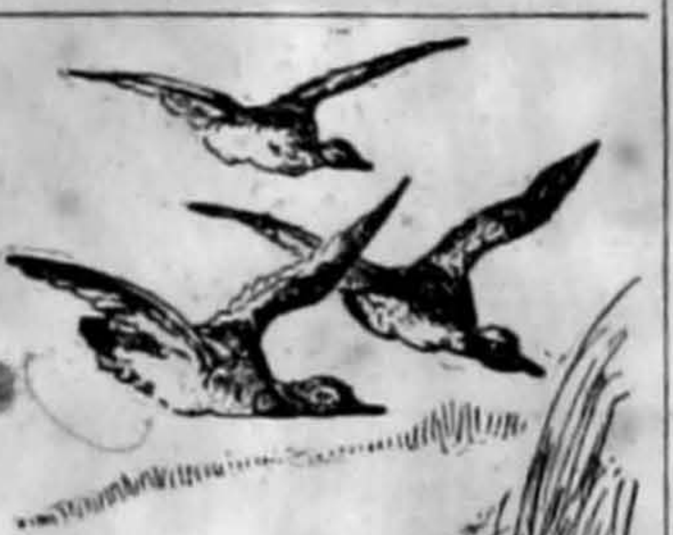
There is another duck, very similar to the teal, and yet more like the female mallard, which frequents the marshes and pays tribute to the hunter's skill. This is the gray duck, and known locally throughout the United States as gadwell, speckle belly and gray widgeon. It is very similar in appearance in its flight to the mallard and is mistake when picking the duck up. The gray ducks decoy splendidly and the wild fowler who is shooting mallards over decoys is always sure to have among his birds a good number of them. Their call is very similar to the mallard, but it is shriller and of a tenor tone, whereas, when a mallard opens up her throat and utters her loud quack, quack, quack, noisy at first and dying away gradually with each succeeding quack, the cry causes the hunter to clutch his gun nervously, for there is a something in it that makes his blood tingle.

Mallard shooting begins at the opening of the season, and as these ducks breed in the marshes of the Northern States it is not unusual in Northern Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin to see a mallard with her brood in many of the little prairie ponds or sloughs where the rushes afford protection from prowling animals. At one time while hunting pinnated grouse in Eastern Iowa early in August my dog, which was an excellent one, came to a stand point at the edge of a slough. I supposed he had found a covey of pinnated grouse. On being urged on he pounced upon a young mallard duck and then he successively brought me six or eight which were two-thirds grown.



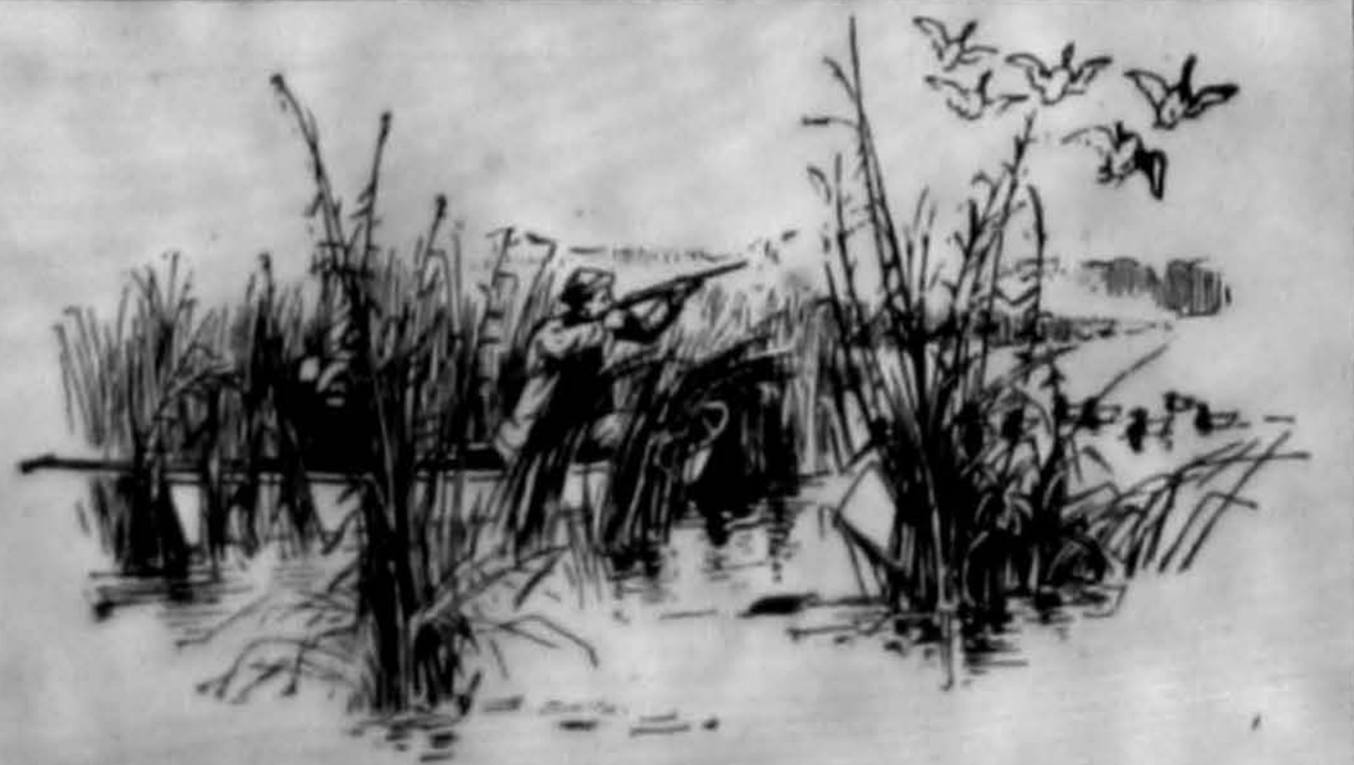
JUMPING BLUE WING TEAL.

Mallards do not vary much in size; the males are larger and handsomer than the females, and are always a special mark for the wild fowler. The tyro in duck shooting frequently emphasizes the mallard he has succeeded in bagging by calling it "a big fat mallard." When a boy, the many mallards I used to kill were always "big and fat." Nowadays they are mallards pure and simple. There are many ways to hunt mallards and, at this season of the year, the methods employed are: First by jumping them. This is done at prairie ponds, where one can get near the rushes; then the frightened birds jump out and seek escape. Then, too, the jumping of mallards is done in marshes, when the wild flowler sits in the bow of the boat, and as the pusher propels the boat around the narrow winding stream the birds will fly out, presenting the easiest kind of shots. It is very easy to hit mallards when they fly up out of a marsh, for they invariably "climb"—that is, they keep rising until they have reached a height of from fifteen to thirty feet, when they start off in a direct line. When the shooter shoots at the bird he should hold a few inches or a foot over it to allow for its rise.



GREEN WING TEAL.

The second method which may be employed in mallard shooting early in the season is in flight shooting. This is done by the wild fowler secreting himself at some point or under the line of flight when he has noticed the birds flying back and forth to and from their feeding grounds. At times one can get excellent shooting in this manner, and it is rare sport to kill the birds in their flight. There is no assurance of one getting good shooting frightened by some hunter who in his desire for birds forgets, if he ever knew, that there is an etiquette which established rules hold sacred among men in the field as well as at other places.



SHOOTING MALLARDS FROM A BLIND.

The third and best way of shooting mallards is over decoys. These decoys are made of wood or rubber and imitate in appearance the kind of duck the wild fowler is seeking. Care should be taken in setting out these decoys, for they must simulate as nearly as possible the living birds in their habits and peculiarities. Ducks always alight against the wind, and mallards select the still water in preference to the rough. The decoys should therefore be placed so that the mallards will approach them coming up wind, for they fly much lower then and are less suspicious than when flying with the wind. If they come down wind they are harder to decoy, for they will then make a detour before alighting, and as they circle around they are suspicious and their sharp eyes will observe the slightest movement of the wild fowler. The more decoys used the better, for numbers seem to dispel all doubt. Mallards when first alighting rarely ever drop in a bunch; they alight apart, and after feeding to their satisfaction they oftentimes swim together, and if the day is warm three or four, sometimes more, will tuck their heads beneath their wings and doze the time away. It is such times as this when the pot hunter gets in his work and kills from six to a dozen at one shot.

The glories of mallard shooting are to be had early in the morning and up to nine o'clock, then from about five o'clock until dark, and when one finds the place where they have been accustomed to come in and feed undisturbed, it is nothing unusual for one gunner to bag from thirty to sixty. The writer has done this frequently, and, jointly with another, has killed over fifty in an hour. When decoys are to set out the experienced wild fowler takes everything into consideration which will aid to make him successful. The spot selected should be an isolated one if possible, where the ducks have been accustomed to alight and feed or rest undisturbed for days or weeks. A feeding place should be chosen in preference to any other, for there the birds come in at times with perfect recklessness, and it seems impossible to keep them out. At such a time the hunter appreciates and enjoys the impossible. As the mallards fly up and down the marsh, undecided just where they will alight, their eyes are constantly watching for a place where other ducks have preceded them. They are companionable and like to associate with not only their kind but with other ducks, and when blue bills are bobbing on the rougher waters of the lakes outside the margin of the wild rice and rushes their presence seems to tell the wary mallards that in the recesses of the marsh and in proximity to the blue bills there are places where the mallards can find a feeding place and regale themselves on seeds and larvæ, which may be skimmed from the surface of the water, or the wild rice, which is as fondly desired by the mallard as ice cream is by the budding woman.

As the mallards come within a few hundred yards of the decoys the wild fowler calls to them, imitating the cry of mallards when they are in the marshes enjoying seclusion and contentment. This call is made by using a duck call made especially for the purpose or by calling with the human voice. The duck-shooter presses his lips and teeth together, and when the birds are within hailing distance he calls softly, "Me-amph," "Me-amph." This cry, if properly given, results in turning the birds toward the concealed hunter, and they fly toward the decoys. The mallards frequently answer these calls; if they do the hunter is sure to get a good shot if he remains motionless and concealed, and, as he watches the birds come to him with wings bowed preparatory to alighting his heart trobs fast as his eyes rest on the russet and mottled female mallard and then on the splendid drake, whose deep green head and white band around his head draw first to him the hunter's aim. Just as the birds are over the decoys and their red feet are extended and ready to alight, and they are chuckling their satisfaction at finding this place, which they have long sought, the wild fowler selects his bird, a drake by all means, and, as one report rapidly follows another, the stricken birds fall limp and dead, while their mates utter frightened cries and seek escape in the same blind each will make a double, i. e., each kill his pair of birds.

The sine qua non in having good duck shooting is as the Irishman said: "Plenty of very wet weather." Unless there is plenty of water in the marshes one cannot feel assured of getting the best of wild fowl shooting. If there are occasional ponds to be found throughout some extensive swamp ducks may frequent that swamp in great numbers, but the hunter will scarcely find them worth the seeking, for the marsh will be one vast bed of muck and the hunter will soon become tired and disgusted with the situation. The ducks seem to realize the protection they find amid such surroundings, and, instead of flying about, they remain in their secluded places and sip and feed and squawk from morning till night.

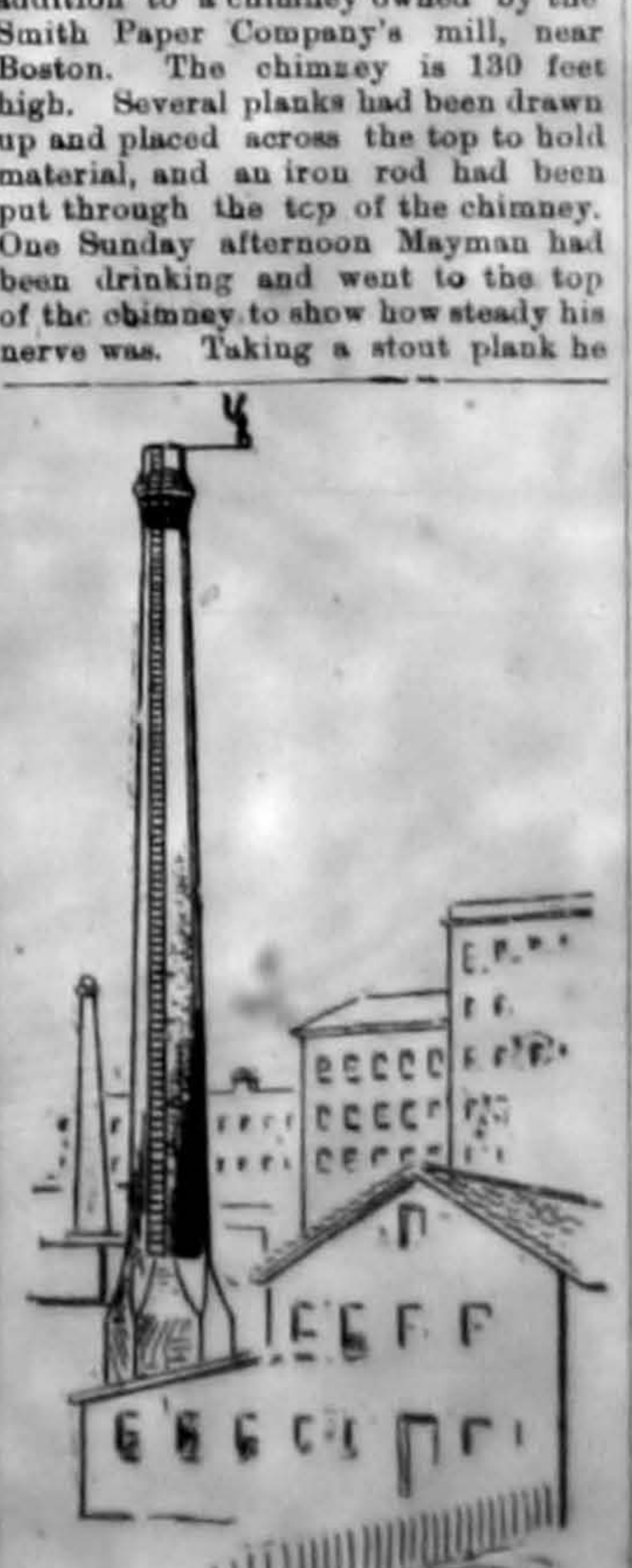
A well trained retriever is one of the greatest blessings the duck shooter was ever favored with. Such a dog is almost worth his weight in gold to the wild fowler, for in no other way can the hunter get his birds out of the thick rushes and wild rice. The dog must be obedient, have a good nose, be powerful and courageous. He must be of a neutral color. The best breed of dogs is the Chesapeake. They are a dead color of a faded buffalo robe; are not afraid of mud, rushes or ice, and will dive if necessary to get their bird. I have seen them retrieve in floating ice in a swift current and it was mere play for them. I have seen another mark where a goose fell and retrieve it from a distance of fully one-half mile, carrying a weight of twelve pounds in his mouth as if it was a stick.

The wild fowler of to-day has changed his ideas about the firearms he uses. The large bores, such as six or eight, are but seldom used, and the one who uses them now is decidedly behind the times. The favorite duck gun among expert shots is the twelve gauge hammerless, bored a full choke, shooting 4½ ounces of shot and 3¾ drams of nitro-powder. Such a gun, with the load mentioned, is a far-killing weapon. Black powder is used but very little by the majority of sportsmen. The noise, the report and the smoke incident to black powder are mostly done away with when one uses nitro-powder, and one's pleasures are consequently enhanced. Nitro or smokeless powder has gun cotton for its foundation, and its advantages are slight recoil, very little noise and an almost total absence of smoke, thus enabling the shooter to use the second barrel quickly without interference from smoke, which from powder made of charcoal and saltpeter oftentimes prevents a second shot.—Chicago Herald.

Monkey Tricks in Midair.

John William Mayman, known throughout the country as "Steeple Jack," died at Fall River Mass., recently. He had drank heavily. Death was due to exposure.

Some time ago he finished building an addition to a chimney owned by the Smith Paper Company's mill, near Boston. The chimney is 130 feet high. Several planks had been drawn up and placed across the top to hold material, and an iron rod had been put through the top of the chimney. One Sunday afternoon Mayman had been drinking and went to the top of the chimney to show how steady his nerve was. Taking a stout plank he inserted one end under the rod, letting the other end project into the air about eight feet. He first tried the plank with his foot; then walked slowly to the end, stooped, grasped the plank with both hands and stood on his head at the extreme end. All the spectators grew faint at the sight and most of them turned away, being unable to look at the terrifying performance.



STEEPLE JACK'S TERRIFYING FEAT.

Tiles were used on houses in Rome 500 B. C

TO CARVE A LEG OF MUTTON.

There are no serious difficulties in learning how to carve, and, with a little study and patience, any one may quickly learn to perform the task with sufficient skill to at least avoid remark, and every head of a household ought to make it a study. It is not an easy matter to prepare a good dinner, but it is an easy matter to spoil the effect by butchering the meats. Flattery is one of the foods an amateur carver thrives on; tell him how handsome his hands are and what graceful angles his palpitating elbows make in mid-air, and he may not throw grease beyond the carving-mat. It is not good form for the carver to remove his coat.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

HINTS FOR DUSTING DAY.

Dusting a room is not the simple matter lookers-on think it. It does not consist in wearing a pretty apron and an effective cap and waving a feather duster after the picturesque fashion of Phyllis in the plays. In fact a feather duster is one of the least useful implements a woman who intends to dust could find. It merely puts the particles of dust in circulation in the air and after awhile they all settle again on mantles and mirrors, pianos and chairs, to disconcert the housewife later when she finds callers gazing with admiration upon the silver gray cloud that is spread over all her furniture.

A dust-cloth is the proper thing to remove dust from all wood and hard materials. A stiff brush should be used for upholstered furniture. It will remove dust from plush, tapestry and the like, set it moving about in the air and as smooth surfaces have a greater attraction for dust than rough ones, it will settle again on the tables and chairs. Then a soft, slightly damp rag will remove it. It is, consequently, always wise to brush the upholstered goods first, to allow a few minutes' intermission before dusting.

The trials of dusting day can be greatly reduced if the housewife will, during sweeping, put under cover all her bric-a-brac and books, and will, as far as possible, protect her upholstered furniture from dust by covering it with coarse sheets.—New York World.

SOUTHERN PICKLES AND SAUCES.

Oil Cucumber Pickles—This very delicious compound is prepared as follows: Pare and slice four dozen cucumbers as if for serving on table, put them into brine strong enough to bear an egg, and let them stand twenty-four hours. Slice a dozen or fourteen onions; cover with brine for two days. Shake off the brine thoroughly and arrange in a jar alternate layers of cucumbers and onions, adding to each layer one tablespoonful of mustard seed and a saltspoonful of celery seed. Pour olive oil and vinegar over each layer. The longer this pickle stands the better. If made in July, it should not be used till December. About one quart of olive oil is required.

Yellow Piccalille—Five gallons of pure vinegar, one pound of race ginger, one pound of black pepper, one pound of horseradish, one pound of black mustard seed, one pound of garlic, two ounces of nutmeg, two ounces of mace, two ounces of cloves, two ounces of turmeric mixed with sufficient sweet oil to form a paste, two ounces of red peppers about a finger long, one dozen small hard heads of early York cabbage split in two pieces, one dozen clingstone peaches, two bunches of asparagus, twelve heads of small celery, one quart of green apricots, one quart of small white onions, two dozen ears of corn about the size of the finger, and one pint of tender snap beans. Everything except the peaches, celery and sweet spices must be scalded, and remain in the water twelve hours, and then be dried in the sun, with salt sprinkled over them. Add one small bottle of London mustard, mixed with good olive oil. The pickle should be kept in a stone jar, and stirred occasionally with a wood spoon. The housekeeper who furnished this receipt said that she commenced making the pickle in early summer, adding the various fruits and vegetables mentioned as they came in season.

Chow Chow—Twenty-five cucumbers pared and sliced very thin, fifteen white onions, cut very fine, a little horseradish, a quarter of a pound of white mustard seed, a half-ounce of celery seed, a quarter of a cup of ground pepper, tumeric and cinnamon (equal quantities of each), the measure being of the three mixed. Cut the vegetables fine and pack in salt for twenty-four hours; then drain. Soak for two days in vinegar and water; drain again and mix in the spices. Boil three quarts of vinegar and one and a half pounds of brown sugar for half an hour, and pour over while hot. Do this for three mornings in succession, using, of course, the same vinegar and sugar. Then mix one box of mustard and a half-pint of sweet oil, and pour over the pickle. Two or three heads of cauliflower, chopped, may be added.—Harper's Bazar.

Hamilton Disston, the millionaire Philadelphia saw manufacturer, is developing a 2,000,000-acre fruit and vegetable farm in Florida

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Feb. 8, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

WE are favored with an interesting letter from Dr. Mooman, our representative, which is given to the public this week.

WARD MCALLISTER is dead. He was authority on all matters pertaining to society. The predilections of the man, who has a world-wide reputation, were whist, billiards, and small talk.

WAR seems almost certain between Mexico and Gautemala concerning some unfulfilled treaty affaire of long standing, and boundary limits. The war fever is said to be raging among all classes in Mexico, and more especially among the students of the law, medical, and military schools.

IT seems the Bar Association of West Virginia have in view more rigid tests of qualifications for licensure to practice in the courts of our state. The provisions recommended will virtually exclude all applicants except college trained, and considerable opposition may be expected from the rural districts.

SENATOR DAVID B. HILL made a wonderful address at a club dinner in New York, last week, showing where the Democratic party had missed it. Among other things said was that they placed too much hope in the repeal of the Sherman silver purchasing bill, which was of no especial importance, and then instead of proceeding to supply its place by financial legislation, went to work on the tariff, over which they split into numerous factions. What we need now, he said, is a revision of our money system. As long as we have paper money depending for its desirability on different basises, the government will suffer by capitalists who accumulate gold certificates by the exchange of greenbacks, and use them to have the gold reserve at their mercy. He speaks hopefully of the prospect of renewed activity in commercial circles, which will give the government enough revenue for its expenses, and that this borrowing is but temporary. He claims that the income tax was unjustly imposed, as it was no part of the party platform.

Dr. C. L. Austin's Good Luck.

The news that Dr. Austin, of Green Bank, had been appointed assistant physician of the hospital for the insane, at Weston, was received by his many friends of this county with surprise, as they did not know that he was an applicant for the position. We regret that his work will remove him from our county while he holds this post, but can congratulate him on his signal victory in securing it. The fight was hot while it lasted. The applicants, besides himself, were Dr. Morrison, of Braxton, Dr. Logee, of Wheeling, Drs. Simpson, Warder, and Lawson, of Lewis. Of the directors, Messrs. Smoot and Sweetland favored Dr. Austin from the first. It is also reported that he was the choice of Governor MacCorkle. The vacancy is the one made by Dr. Edmiston's death.

Dr. Austin has been a citizen of this county for a number of years, coming here from Lewisburg, and establishing at once a lucrative practice. He was always a most successful practitioner. The office he has secured is a semi-political one, and rewards him in part for many years of active service in the Democratic ranks. He is a son-in-

The Legislature.

The movement to establish an industrial school for girls, has received a fresh impetus from Hon. H. G. Davis, who offers in a public letter to the Legislature to give $50,000 towards it, if the State will make an appropriation of $10,000 or $15,000 yearly to its support. The trail of a very harmless serpent is seen over the tail end of this letter, as the offer also includes grounds at Davis or Elkins, the towns in which Mr. Davis is interested, and one of which would be materially enhanced by the institution if established there. There could not be a better point than Elkins found for its location. The school would fit young, friendless girls for the affairs of life, and a man would be hard to find who would say that funds so appropriated would be misapplied.

Our representative has introduced a bill (House Bill No. 264) relating to the pay of physicians summoned as expert witnesses.

When Governor MacCorkle vetoed the first bill, it was not the sensational affair that every one had looked forward to. The bill vetoed was that one relating to the establishment of the new county of Mingo, on the grounds that the bill was unconstitutional. The defect of the bill was that it included in its provisions an appointment of county commissioners, which power lies only with the governor of the state. It may yet pass in an amended form.

The Republicans have met in caucus and appointed an advisory committee to look over proposed legislation. This completes the chain reaching from Elkins as the head right down to the final reading of the bill. The whole thing is working like a machine with hardly a jar.

Colonel St. Clair is the author of the bill to prevent railroad companies dealing in coal and coke, which was introduced by our Senator Haynes. Colonel St. Clair represents the coal operators.

The new school books adopted are Montgomery's instead of Holmes' history; Meservi's instead of Mayo's book-keeping; and Hyde's for Harvey's grammer. Lewis' History of West Virginia is added to the list. A reduction of 40 per cent. from the present contract price has been provided.

A bill defining a lawful fence was scornfully rejected. There is nothing rural about this legislature.

The Democrats say that it is impossible to finish the business before the legislature in the forty-five days, but the Republicans only say "Wait and see!"

Weather Report.

(FOR JANUARY, 1895.)

1, clear; 2, snow; 3, partly clear; 4, snow; 5, clear; 6, rain; 7, cloudy; 8, 9, snow; 10, rain; 11, 12, 13,* snow; 14, partly clear; 15, 16, rain; 17, 18, partly clear; 19, cloudy; 20, partly clear; 21, rain; 22, 23, snow; 24, clear; 25, 26, snow; 27, clear; 28, snow; 29, cloudy; 30, partly clear; 31, cloudy. M. G. MATHEWS.

*Coldest day.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 13th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

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MERCER CO., - - - W. VA.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BURNS,
Deputy Sheriff.

FOR RENT! My store-house at Edray lately

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

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WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

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BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

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And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

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T. J. WILLIAMS.
Top of Alleghany, W Va

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. Referencees, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

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Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER. Proprietor.

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

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Marlinton Grocery

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Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

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SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

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Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—

NEWS
GOSSIP
CHAT

—Miss Anna Wallace has formed a music class at this place.

—Mr. Wiley, of Tucker County, a real estate dealer, is stopping in Marlinton for the time being.

—The postoffice crossed the bridge last Friday, and is now found in the Cunningham building, next door to the TIMES office.

—Mr. Roland Price, of Jane Lew, W. Va., brought nine horses to Pocahontas, this week, to trade or sell. Billy Mann is now working with Mr. Price.

—Now is the time to provide yourself with a good overcoat and a heavy all around suit of clothes, at rockbottom prices while S. W. Holt is clearing out his winter stock.

—According to reports, the rainfall of 1894 was only 30 inches in this part of the country, which has an annual average rainfall of 40 inches. For eighteen months before January 1, 1895, the rainfall was in this proportion.

—At the foot of every mountain on the roads a big lot of trees may be seen, often heaped into a sort of wind-break. At first glance the traveler may wonder where these trees come from. When he sees every sled coming down the mountain has a tree attached as a drag, the mystery is explained.

—The route traveled in going from the county-seat of Pocahontas to the county-seat of Webster, adjoining counties, is equivalent to traveling the two long sides of a triangle. This means that there is a lot of undeveloped country in this triangle. We refer to the wagon road in this article.

—A maiden lady in one of our large cities stepped on the track of a trolley line. She feared that she had received an electric shock, and asked the conductor of a car whether it would hurt her. He said not unless she would put her other foot on the wire over the car and complete the circuit. The lady was shocked.

—The town has presented a very animated appearance the past few days, so many persons wishing to to see the inducements recently advertised by the merchants. Some one observes it is like seeing silver dollars in the road and not picking them up to go away from Marlintan without buying something.

—This is the best winter ever seen for sledding, and there never was more of it done. We noticed an ingenious device for preventing a sled from "sticking" when stopped, so that it is hard to be started again. The teamster in question had a round handspike which he put under the runners and stopped the sled on top of it. This destroyed the suction, and there was no trouble to start again.

—Friday night, returning from Marlinton school entertainment, the horse driven by Messrs. Henry and Darius Moore, became unmanageable at the battery between the bridge and the island. Their sleigh collided with the one occupied by Miss Minnie Tyler and her escort, Mr. Sam Sharp, of Frost. The latter was completely wrecked, but Miss Tyler was taken up by friends and reached home without special injury. Mr. Sharp took it horse-back to Edray parsonage. The other sleigh, slightly broken, was soon on the track again.

—It is no uncommon sight for the traveler to see a lonely wild turkey sail across the valley in front of him. The long-continued storm is making them scratch for a living. They eat buds and moss, and frequent warm springs where they can pick up gravel to digest their food. All fur animals are thriving, but great numbers of them are being caught. Mr. Davis, on William's River, captured an otter, which had a most beautiful pelt near six feet long. O. Jack, Esq., on Elk, has caught a number of foxes, and has been running some wildcats, as lambs will suffer in the spring if some are not caught. He says that there are more foxes this year than he has ever known before. A pack near Marlinton caught four one week, pulling one large red fox down in sight of the road near Aaron Kee's.

mitted to the Supreme Court, last week, from Randolph County. It was the case of Dewing & Sons vs. Col. E. Hutton and others. There were numerous briefs in the case, and the record contained 2100 pages and was bound into two volumes.

—A panther track was seen on Elk Mountain the other day. There is evidently an old panther hanging around these mountains, as it was seen near the foot of Elk last December. Some of the boys will come in missing some of these nights, and the panther will go home full.

—Mr. John Sydenstricker's school, on Elk, closed last Friday, with the usual proceedings. In the afternoon a great game of football took place, played on the snow crust. Near this schoolhouse is a natural toboggan slide, which is in a fine state for sliding.

—On last Saturday, "it being ground-hog day for said county," the observers of weather signs watched and hoped for clouds all day enough to prevent the groundhog from seeing his shadow. But the die was cast, and also the shadow, and we are in for six more weeks rough weather.

—Get ready for sugar making, for many were left last year because they were not ready to work when the time came. There was only one good "sugar spell" last year. The trees are frozen enough this season to repay the trouble of getting ready.

—Mr. Harvey Maupin has been sorely troubled with boils on his arms, the past week. Some one, to console him, spoke of the proverbial valuation put upon the boil. He said that might be, but his cost seven dollars more than they had been worth to him, so far as he could make out.

—SAVED! What is saved? Time and money by buying your Carpets at 20c, former price 30c; Oil Carpet 25c former price 35tc; Ladieis Underwear 25 per cent. below usual price at P. GOLDEN'S.

—Capt. J. W. Marshall, of Mingo, slipped and fell, last week, hurting one hip bone most severely. The latest report says that he is rapidly recovering from the effects.

Typhoid Fever in Webster.

Typhoid fever is raging in that settlement lying on Elk River, immediately below the Pocahontas County line. Almost every body living in that valley has it. One whole family, named Sicafoos, numbering eight, are lying sick in one room, and the neighbors are afraid to come in and nurse them or provide them wood and other necessities this terrible weather. Dr Cameron, of Linwood, is the attending physician, and has a ride of twenty miles to make to reach the settlement, to which there is really no road. How the disease got into this secluded retreat is a mystery, but it is supposed to have come from some cases on the river in Pocahontas, fifteen miles above. Several deaths have occurred.

From the Pastor.

A pleasant episode occurred at Pleasant Grove school-house, near Edray, last Sabbath evening. At the close of the services, largely attended, a young gentleman arose and suggested that the audience, mainly of young people, present the minister some testimonial of their appreciation of his efforts for their welfare. A handsome contribution was made, which is hereby gratefully acknowledged. Such action on the part of youth is cheering and encouraging to their ministerial friends, and significant of good. W. T. P.

A Remarkable Rainbow.

Last Monday was a rough day. It commenced by blowing and snowing, but got cold and clear before night. About an hour before sunset a beautiful rainbow appeared in the north-west extending about half way to the zenith. It was to be observed for half-hour by any one near Linwood, on Elk. The thermometer was at about zero, and there was a strong, swirling wind which was lifting the snow in columns, like dust in a summer whirlwind. The various colors of this rainbow were as distinctly outlined as any to be seen in the summer.

LEWISBURG, W. VA., February 3, 1895.—Maj. James H. Stratton, the well-known hotel keeper, of this place, died yesterday morning, after a short illness. He was a retired steamboat captain, and has lived in Lewisburg for some years. His funeral will take place from the Presbyterian church to-morrow.

TRIED TO BREAK JAIL.

Alex. Armstrong would have Left His Warm Warm Cot.

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA., Feb. 6, 1895.—Alex. Armstrong, lying in jail at this place to answer a charge of burglary, attempted to escape from the jail last night. By aid of a lamp and kerosene oil, they burned a hole through a four inch oak partition, the wall of their cell in the second story, into an adjoining cell which was unoccupied. By chance the empty cell was locked. This prevented their escape. Armstrong had been separated from his confederate, Cumberland, and placed with a negro charged with rape. Cumberland thinking that the jail was on fire aroused the town with his yells. The negroes will be taken to the new jail at Marlinton this evening.

Personal.

J. C. Price, Esq., of Clover Creek, was here on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Patterson celebrated the thirty-third anniversary of their marriage, on Tuesday.

Guy Slaven, formerly of this county, has been lying ill in the west. For awhile his life was despaired of, but the latest news from the daily letters received by friends here, is that he is better.

The school closed last Friday. The examinations were searching, and many of the pupils made a gratifying exhibit. Messrs. McLaughlin and Wysong are to be commended for their close and faithful attention to their duties.

Mr. Joe Loury, Jr., and Paul Crummet, of Huntersville, paid this office a very acceptable visit, last Thursday, and called on many other friends.

Mr. J. H. Buzzard, of the eastern part of this county, was in Marlinton, Thursday, and seems full of business.

One of Mr and Mrs. Hubbell's children is quite ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Nannie Lindsay (nee' McClure) has returned to her home in Indiana. She was accompanied by her father, Mr James McClure, as far as Beverly.

Mrs. Dr. Ligon, of Clover Lick, was the guest of Mrs. Holt, last Friday night.

Mrs. E. I. Holt, of Hillsboro, is visiting her friends at Marlinton.

Miss Mattie Welch has returned from a long visit to her parental home near Mingo.

E. H. Moore, of E. H. Moore & Co., of Academy, was here on Monday. He accompanied Miss Josie Walker, who was returning to Lynchburg Va., having closed her school at Dunmore.—*Ronceverte News.*

F. J. Snyder, Esq , started for the Soldiers Home at Richmond, Va., last Friday.

Dilley's Mill.

(DELAYED.)

Mr. Hicks' prophecies, are being fulfilled by this weather, but we hope the worst is over. Feed may be scarce, but we think there will be a supply in this vicinity.

Mr. J. W. Grimes, is at home again after teaching a most successful school on Slaty Fork.

Miss Lulla Auldridge, of Swago, is attending school at Mt. Zion. Miss Nora Sharp, of Elk, intends attending the same school.

The celebration (or anniversary) night on Brown's Creek was much enjoyed by some of our young people especially those who tapped the keg of "Logger beer," and as sugar was not protected, each suffered from an extravagent hand. The popularity of the former, and the superfluity of the latter made a very palatable drink.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

John F. Wanlass, while fixing a cattle shed on his farm was seriously hurt, by its suddenly falling crushing him to the earth. He was taken up by his friends who thought at the time that life was extinct, but was resuscitated. He is still suffering from bruises received.

ABOUT MUSIC.

We learn that Prof. Miller is teaching a singing school at Frost. We are glad to hear of the good work going on, for it is needed in our county. A winter's evening cannot be spent more pleasantly. Prof Miller advocates the very kind of music we need in this mountain country, and that is character notes. We admit that the round notes are all right for those that have nothing else to do—only to bow wow over them. So we say to the Professor, go on, and your system of character notes will take our people by storm. ANONYMOUS

Last Saturday the Sun broke through the heavy wintery clouds that obscured him, and flooded the earth with his golden light. As it was ground-hog day, that little weather prognosticater (if he was out) could not keep from seeing his shadow. Therefore all ground hog believers tell us winter will continue its icy reign for six weeks longer. With due respect to the ground-hog, and his backers, we don't believe it.

COLD DAY FOR SNAKES.

Mr. Geo. Clark while looking in his well one day last week, saw what he thought to be a small piece of rope lying on the water; after a closer inspection however he found that it dodged about too much for a piece of rope. He put down his bucket and succeeded in getting the strange looking object into it, and when he pulled it up he found that he had a pretty good sized snake, of the garter species. He threw it out on the snow, and he said, in about three minutes it became so numbed with cold that he "could stick it right up in the snow, like a rod of iron."

A HARD NUT.

One Henry James who was lodged in jail some time during last March, on a charge of rape, and tried and acquitted at the June court, has gotten into trouble again. Mr. Nick McCoy was a witness for the plaintiff in the case mentioned, and some statements he made so incensed Jones, that he threatened to burn him out. He also, made like threats against other parties in the neighborhood. Mr. McCoy hearing of it, at once took steps to have him arrested, when he told him if he would let him off he would leave the country and never return; he was released on that promise, and went away. Last week he returned, having been gone for about eight months. Mr. McCoy was apprised of his being in the neighborhood again, and on last Saturday morning when passing through Mr. F. A. Renick's place on business, accidentally ran across him; Jones took to his heels, and Mr. McCoy put a savage dog he had with him, after him, and in a short time he was safely perched on a fence nearby, Mr. McCoy unarmed, approached him, and told him to surrender. Jones who had a gun, at first dissented, but seeing Mr. McCoy's determined manner, concluded to give himself up. He was taking before Squire Bruffey near Lobelia. We havn't learned as yet how Mr. Bruffey disposed of the case.

OTHER ITEMS

Miss R. F. Clark has secured a school, at Logan C. H. this State, and will start for that place on the 5th. We wish her much success in her new curroundings.

In the near future Mr. Wm. H. Overholt is going to put up a planer near what is known as the Miller Ford, on the east side of the Greenbrier River. He has a large lot of timber there that he proposes to saw and plane on the ground, and then raft on the river to Ronceverte for shipment.

Another cold Sunday, with the mercury down to 18° below zero.

On last Monday morning a child was born to Mrs. Joseph McNeil, which lived but a few hours.

"JENKINS."

Green Bank.

We are having fine winter so far. On last Sunday morning the thermometer was down to 16 degrees below zero.

Mr. Harvy Curry and wife spent last week visiting in our village. Mrs. Curry can not walk at all and has to be carried on her rolling-chair from house to house but when in the house she can go from one room to another without help.

Born: to Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Oliver a fine girl. George wears a new hat now.

Mr Walker Yeager of Huntersville was in our villa last Saturday evening.

Mr. Jake Beard, of Academy, was in town Monday.

Justice W. H. Grose, of Huntersville, and Mr. P. D. Arbogast, of Traveler's Repose, were in Green Bank last Saturday.

Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Arbogast, of Travelers' Repose, was visiting in this neighborhood last week

Rev. C. M. Fults is holding protracted services at the Pine Grove school house.

Rev. C. L. Potter will preach at this place next Sunday at 11 A. M., and at Travelers' Repose at 4 P. M.

Still cold and freezing.

Mrs. Vaughn is very low with rheumatism. The sick generally are all up.

Geo. Kinnison is hauling logs to the saw mill, and he talks of building a new house.

Feed is getting scarce in this part, but there is plenty of grain.

Some of the people are preparing to make sugar.

The turkeys are coming in from the mountains, and a stray bullet may light on one.

B. Hill caught another red fox, making three for him.

AN UNFORTUNATE DEER.

Tom Vaughn found a deer, dead, with its feet sticking through the fence. It was on a hill side, and the deer must have slid there on the snow crust, and could not get out again.

DOCTOR WANTED.

We think that some young physician would do well to locate in this section. We have from 75 to 100 families on this side of the mountain.

A RANDOLPH COUNTY ITEM.

We have been personally informed that Hon. S. B. Elkins has pensioned the young man whom his son accidently shot, while hunting together last fall. His name is Currence. Mr. Elkins paid the doctor bill to the amount of $500, and other expenses, and pays him $50 per year as long as he lives. Not such a bad man after all, OBSERVER.

Clover Lick.

News is scarce this week; nothing of much importance.

The people are generally well.

Mr. S. B. Hannah, of Green Bank, was over the other day.

John R. Showalter, and Howard Meeks, are visiting relatives in Highland county.

Hanson Carpenter, the gentleman who slid down the hillside not long since, to see his brother in-law, Clark McCloud, says, this is the first time he has been able to be out since. He is about well.

Jas. McLaughlin, late of this county, son of Geo. McLaughlin, is in Kansas, and doing well. So a letter informs us.

Geo. Pringley, of Randolph county, who has been ill with fever, is much better. He has been in bed eight weeks.

The ground has been white with snow for 43 days, and weather cold in accordance. Feed is a going to be scarce.

This is ground-hag day, and we don't think the ground hog will see his shadow, thank goodness.

What has become of the overseer of this road? Snow-drifts, trees, and rocks, are all in the road, which is all but impassable. We came near getting our horse crippled the other day.

PUMPKINHEAD

Dunmore.

This is good ground hog weather, if he comes out of his hole this winter he will freeze sure. Sunday morning the thermometer got to 20° below the cold place.

Miss Bessie Patterson closed her school at Cross Road, last Saturday.

Several people from Marlinton, attended the hop at Green Bank Monday night. A large turn out, and a good time prevailed.

Mr. A. B. Rayburn, is at home, and Mr. Robt Beals is up on a visit.

His honor, W. H. Grose, is spending several days in the Green Bank district.

Mr. W. J. Yeager's sleighbells jingled about town Sunday.

Mrs. George W. Siple is visiting here this week.

Messrs. B. F. McElwee and Thomas Barnett are engaged in the fur business this winter. Lord Chesterfield says they make a specialty of cat fur.

Mr. Wash Oliver is hauling lumber this week for the ark.

S. R. Kerr, was to Mill Point last week for a load of flour for McElwee & Moore.

Rev. John A. Taylor is off for Ronceverte this week for nails to build arks, for Dixon and O Connell.

Some of our sick are improving. C. B. Swecker is laid up with neuralgia.

Mr. B. F. McElwee and wife are off on a trip to Marlinton.

Rev. S. L. Potter, is holding a protracted meeting this week.

PETER TICKLE BRITCHES.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Feb. 8, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

WE are favored with an interesting letter from Dr. Mooman, our representative, which is given to the public this week.

WARD MCALLISTER is dead. He was authority on all matters pertaining to society. The predilections of the man, who has a world-wide reputation, were whist, billiards, and small talk.

WAR seems almost certain between Mexico and Gautemala concerning some unfulfilled treaty affaire of long standing, and boundary limits. The war fever is said to be raging among all classes in Mexico, and more especially among the students of the law, medical, and military schools.

IT seems the Bar Association of West Virginia have in view more rigid tests of qualifications for licensure to practice in the courts of our state. The provisions recommended will virtually exclude all applicants except college trained, and considerable opposition may be expected from the rural districts.

SENATOR DAVID B. HILL made a wonderful address at a club dinner in New York, last week, showing where the Democratic party had missed it. Among other things said was that they placed too much hope in the repeal of the Sherman silver purchasing bill, which was of no especial importance, and then instead of proceeding to supply its place by financial legislation, went to work on the tariff, over which they split into numerous factions. What we need now, he said, is a revision of our money system. As long as we have paper money depending for its desirability on different basises, the government will suffer by capitalists who accumulate gold certificates by the exchange of greenbacks, and use them to have the gold reserve at their mercy. He speaks hopefully of the prospect of renewed activity in commercial circles, which will give the government enough revenue for its expenses, and that this borrowing is but temporary. He claims that the income tax was unjustly imposed, as it was no part of the party platform.

Dr. C. L. Austin's Good Luck.

The news that Dr. Austin, of Green Bank, had been appointed assistant physician of the hospital for the insane, at Weston, was received by his many friends of this county with surprise, as they did not know that he was an applicant for the position. We regret that his work will remove him from our county while he holds this post, but can congratulate him on his signal victory in securing it. The fight was hot while it lasted. The applicants, besides himself, were Dr. Morrison, of Braxton, Dr. Logee, of Wheeling, Drs. Simpson, Warder, and Lawson, of Lewis. Of the directors, Messrs. Smoot and Sweetland favored Dr. Austin from the first. It is also reported that he was the choice of Governor MacCorkle. The vacancy is the one made by Dr. Edmiston's death.

Dr. Austin has been a citizen of this county for a number of years, coming here from Lewisburg, and establishing at once a lucrative practice. He was always a most successful practitioner. The office he has secured is a semi-political one, and rewards him in part for many years of active service in the Democratic ranks. He is a son-in-law of our representative, Dr. J. P. Mooman.

The Legislature.

The movement to establish an industrial school for girls, has received a fresh impetus from Hon. H. G. Davis, who offers in a public letter to the Legislature to give $50,000 towards it, if the State will make an appropriation of $10,000 or $15,000 yearly to its support. The trail of a very harmless serpent is seen over the tail end of this letter, as the offer also includes grounds at Davis or Elkins, the towns in which Mr. Davis is interested, and one of which would be materially enhanced by the institution if established there. There could not be a better point than Elkins found for its location. The school would fit young, friendless girls for the affairs of life, and a man would be hard to find who would say that funds so appropriated would be misapplied.

Our representative has introduced a bill (House Bill No. 264) relating to the pay of physicians summoned as expert witnesses.

When Governor MacCorkle vetoed the first bill, it was not the sensational affair that every one had looked forward to. The bill vetoed was that one relating to the establishment of the new county of Mingo, on the grounds that the bill was unconstitutional. The defect of the bill was that it included in its provisions an appointment of county commissioners, which power lies only with the governor of the state. It may yet pass in an amended form.

The Republicans have met in caucus and appointed an advisory committee to look over proposed legislation. This completes the chain reaching from Elkins as the head right down to the final reading of the bill. The whole thing is working like a machine with hardly a jar.

Colonel St. Clair is the author of the bill to prevent railroad companies dealing in coal and coke, which was introduced by our Senator Haynes. Colonel St. Clair represents the coal operators.

The new school books adopted are Montgomery's instead of Holmes' history; Meservi's instead of Mayo's book-keeping; and Hyde's for Harvey's grammer. Lewis' History of West Virginia is added to the list. A reduction of 40 per cent. from the present contract price has been provided.

A bill defining a lawful fence was scornfully rejected. There is nothing rural about this legislature.

The Democrats say that it is impossible to finish the business before the legislature in the forty-five days, but the Republicans only say "Wait and see!"

Weather Report.

(FOR JANUARY, 1895.)

1, clear; 2, snow; 3, partly clear; 4, snow; 5, clear; 6, rain; 7, cloudy; 8, 9, snow; 10, rain; 11, 12, 13,* snow; 14, partly clear; 15, 16, rain; 17, 18, partly clear; 19, cloudy; 20, partly clear; 21, rain; 22, 23, snow; 24, clear; 25, 26, snow; 27, clear; 28, snow; 29, cloudy; 30, partly clear; 31, cloudy. M. G. MATHEWS.

*Coldest day.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 18th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, $2.25 to $2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

J. D. SWEENEY, Principal,
CONCORD CHURCH,
MERCER CO., - - - W. VA.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
B. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

FOR RENT! My store-house at Edray lately occupied by P. Golden.
J. R. POAGE, Edray, W. Va.

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

I MEAN BUSINESS

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA. S. W. HOLT.

Picture Taking is Easy

IF YOU DO IT WITH A KODAK

An illustrated manual, free with every instrument, tells all about making the exposures and how to "do the rest" but, of course "we do the rest" when you prefer.

A 60 page, illustrated catalogue, telling all about Kodaks and Kodets, free for the asking.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

KODAKS $6.00 to $100.00. Rochester, N. Y.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases. Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Alleghany, W Va

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1 25 6m

J. A. SHARP & CO.

Have Established a Firstclass

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop,

—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices,

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

☞ Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day	1,00
per meal	25
lodging	25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

Looking Backward

MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

YOU MUST EAT!

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

APPEAL TO YOUR

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West End of Bridge

P. GOLDEN, Marlinton, W. Va.

E. H. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

☞ At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE.—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

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FEED, LIVERY —AND— SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses brokec to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
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Plasterer ... Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

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I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

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BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

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Mending neatly done.

Give me a call.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pa

HOME NEWS
GOSSIP
CHAT

—Miss Anna Wallace has formed a music class at this place.

—Mr. Wiley, of Tucker County, a real estate dealer, is stopping in Marlinton for the time being.

—The postoffice crossed the bridge last Friday, and is now found in the Cunningham building, next door to the TIMES office.

—Mr. Roland Price, of Jane Lew, W. Va., brought nine horses to Pocahontas, this week, to trade or sell. Billy Mann is now working with Mr. Price.

—Now is the time to provide yourself with a good overcoat and a heavy all around suit of clothes, at rockbottom prices while S. W. Holt is clearing out his winter stock.

—According to reports, the rainfall of 1894 was only 30 inches in this part of the country, which has an annual average rainfall of 40 inches. For eighteen months before January 1, 1895, the rainfall was in this proportion.

—At the foot of every mountain on the roads a big lot of trees may be seen, often heaped into a sort of wind-break. At first glance the traveler may wonder where these trees come from. When he sees every sled coming down the mountain has a tree attached as a drag, the mystery is explained.

—The route traveled in going from the county-seat of Pocahontas to the county-seat of Webster, adjoining counties, is equivalent to traveling the two long sides of a triangle. This means that there is a lot of undeveloped country in this triangle. We refer to the wagon road in this article.

—A maiden lady in one of our large cities stepped on the track of a trolley line. She feared that she had received an electric shock, and asked the conductor of a car whether it would hurt her. He said not unless she would put her other foot on the wire over the car and complete the circuit. The lady was shocked.

—The town has presented a very animated appearance the past few days, so many persons wishing to to see the inducements recently advertised by the merchants. Some one observes it is like seeing silver dollars in the road and not picking them up to go away from Marlintan without buying something.

—This is the best winter ever seen for sledding, and there never was more of it done. We noticed an ingenious device for preventing a sled from "sticking" when stopped, so that it is hard to be started again. The teamster in question had a round handspike which he put under the runners and stopped the sled on top of it. This destroyed the suction, and there was no trouble to start again.

—Friday night, returning from Marlinton school entertainment, the horse driven by Messrs. Henry and Darius Moore, became unmanageable at the battery between the bridge and the island. Their sleigh collided with the one occupied by Miss Minnie Tyler and her escort, Mr. Sam Sharp, of Frost. The latter was completely wrecked, but Miss Tyler was taken up by friends and reached home without special injury. Mr. Sharp took it horse-back to Edray parsonage. The other sleigh, slightly broken, was soon on the track again.

—It is no uncommon sight for the traveler to see a lonely wild turkey sail across the valley in front of him. The long-continued storm is making them scratch for a living. They eat buds and moss, and frequent warm springs where they can pick up gravel to digest their food. All fur animals are thriving, but great numbers of them are being caught. Mr. Davis, on William's River, captured an otter, which had a most beautiful pelt near six feet long. O. Jack, Esq., on Elk, has caught a number of foxes, and has been running some wildcats, as lambs will suffer in the spring if some are not caught. He says that there are more foxes this year than he has ever known before. A pack near Marlinton caught four one week, pulling one large red fox down in sight of the road near Aaron Key's.

—An important suit was submitted to the Supreme Court, last week, from Randolph County. It was the case of Dewing & Sons vs. Col. E. Hutton and others. There were numerous briefs in the case, and the record contained 2100 pages and was bound into two volumes.

—A panther track was seen on Elk Mountain the other day. There is evidently an old panther hanging around these mountains, as it was seen near the foot of Elk last December. Some of the boys will come in missing some of these nights, and the panther will go home full.

—Mr. John Sydenstricker's school, on Elk, closed last Friday, with the usual proceedings. In the afternoon a great game of football took place, played on the snow crust. Near this schoolhouse is a natural toboggan slide, which is in a fine state for sliding.

—On last Saturday, "it being ground-hog day for said county," the observers of weather signs watched and hoped for clouds all day enough to prevent the groundhog from seeing his shadow. But the die was cast, and also the shadow, and we are in for six more weeks rough weather.

—Get ready for sugar making, for many were left last year because they were not ready to work when the time came. There was only one good "sugar spell" last year. The trees are frozen enough thris season to repay the trouble of getting ready.

—Mr. Harvey Maupin has been sorely troubled with boils on his arms, the past week. Some one, to console him, spoke of the proverbial valuation put upon the boil. He said that might be, but his cost seven dollars more than they had been worth to him, so far as he could make out.

—SAVED! What is saved? Time and money by buying your Carpets at 20c, former price 30c; Oil Carpet 25c former price 35tc; Ladieis Underwear 25 per cent. below usual price at P. GOLDEN'S.

—Capt. J. W. Marshall, of Mingo, slipped and fell, last week, hurting one hip bone most severely. The latest report says that he is rapidly recovering from the effects.

Typhoid Fever in Webster.

Typhoid fever is raging in that settlement lying on Elk River, immediately below the Pocahontas County line. Almost every body living in that valley has it. One whole family, named Sicafoos, numbering eight, are lying sick in one room, and the neighbors are afraid to come in and nurse them or provide them wood and other necessities this terrible weather. Dr Cameron, of Linwood, is the attending physician, and has a ride of twenty miles to make to reach the settlement, to which there is really no road. How the disease got into this secluded retreat is a mystery, but it is supposed to have come from some cases on the river in Pocahontas, fifteen miles above. Several deaths have occurred.

From the Pastor.

A pleasant episode occurred at Pleasant Grove school-house, near Edray, last Sabbath evening. At the close of the services, largely attended, a young gentleman arose and suggested that the audience, mainly of young people, present the minister some testimonial of their appreciation of his efforts for their welfare. A handsome contribution was made, which is hereby gratefully acknowledged. Such action on the part of youth is cheering and encouraging to their ministerial friends, and significant of good. W. T. P.

A Remarkable Rainbow.

Last Monday was a rough day. It commenced by blowing and snowing, but got cold and clear before night. About an hour before sunset a beautiful rainbow appeared in the north-west extending about half way to the zenith. It was to be observed for half-hour by any one near Linwood, on Elk. The thermometer was at about zero, and there was a strong, swirling wind which was lifting the snow in columns, like dust in a summer whirlwind. The various colors of this rainbow were as distinctly outlined as any to be seen in the summer.

Maj. James H. Stratton Dead.

LEWISBURG, W. VA., February 3, 1895.—Maj. James H. Stratton, the well-known hotel keeper, of this place, died yesterday morning, after a short illness. He was a retired steamboat captain, and has lived in Lewisburg for some years. His funeral will take place from the Presbyterian church to-morrow.

TRIED TO BREAK JAIL.

Alex. Armstrong would have Left His Warm Warm Cot.

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA., Feb. 6, 1895.—Alex. Armstrong, lying in jail at this place to answer a charge of burglary, attempted to escape from the jail last night. By aid of a lamp and kerosene oil, they burned a hole through a four inch oak partition, the wall of their cell in the second story, into an adjoining cell which was unoccupied. By chance the empty cell was locked. This prevented their escape. Armstrong had been separated from his confederate, Cumberland, and placed with a negro charged with rape. Cumberland thinking that the jail was on fire aroused the town with his yells. The negroes will be taken to the new jail at Marlinton this evening.

Personal.

J. C. Price, Esq., of Clover Creek, was here on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Patterson celebrated the thirty-third anniversary of their marriage, on Tuesday.

Guy Slaven, formerly of this county, has been lying ill in the west. For awhile his life was despaired of, but the latest news from the daily letters received by friends here, is that he is better.

The school closed last Friday. The examinations were searching, and many of the pupils made a gratifying exhibit. Messrs. McLaughlin and Wysong are to be commended for their close and faithful attention to their duties.

Mr. Joe Loury, Jr., and Paul Crummet, of Huntersville, paid this office a very acceptable visit, last Thursday, and called on many other friends.

Mr. J. H. Buzzard, of the eastern part of this county, was in Marlinton, Thursday, and seems full of business.

One of Mr and Mrs. Hubbell's children is quite ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Nannie Lindsay (nee' McClure) has returned to her home in Indiana. She was accompanied by her father, Mr James McClure, as far as Beverly.

Mrs. Dr. Ligon, of Clover Lick, was the guest of Mrs. Holt, last Friday night.

Mrs. E. I. Holt, of Hillsboro, is visiting her friends at Marlinton.

Miss Mattie Welch has returned from a long visit to her parental home near Mingo.

E. H. Moore, of E. H. Moore & Co., of Academy, was here on Monday. He accompanied Miss Josie Walker, who was returning to Lynchburg Va., having closed her school at Dunmore.—*Ronceverte News.*

F. J. Snyder, Esq., started for the Soldiers Home at Richmond, Va., last Friday.

Dilley's Mill.

(DELAYED.)

Mr. Hicks' prophecies, are being fulfilled by this weather, but we hope the worst is over. Feed may be scarce, but we think there will be a supply in this vicinity.

Mr. J. W. Grimes, is at home again after teaching a most successful school on Slaty Fork.

Miss Lulla Auldridge, of Swago, is attending school at Mt. Zion. Miss Nora Sharp, of Elk, intends attending the same school.

The celebration (or anniversary) night on Brown's Creek was much enjoyed by some of our young people especially those who tapped the keg of "Logger beer," and as sugar was not protected, each suffered from an extravagent hand. The popularity of the former, and the superfluity of the latter made a very palatable drink.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

John F. Wanlass, while fixing a cattle shed on his farm was seriously hurt, by its suddenly falling crushing him to the earth. He was taken up by his friends who thought at the time that life was extinct, but was resuscitated. He is still suffering from bruises received.

ABOUT MUSIC.

We learn that Prof. Miller is teaching a singing school at Frost. We are glad to hear of the good work going on, for it is needed in our county. A winter's evening cannot be spent more pleasantly. Prof Miller advocates the very kind of music we need in this mountain country, and that is character notes. We admit that the round notes are all right for those that have nothing else to do—only to bow wow over them. So we say to the Professor, go on, and your system of character notes will take our people by storm. ANONYMOUS

Hillsboro.

Last Saturday the Sun broke through the heavy wintery clouds that obscured him, and flooded the earth with his golden light. As it was ground-hog day, that little weather prognosticater (if he was out) could not keep from seeing his shadow. Therefore all ground hog believers tell us winter will continue its icy reign for six weeks longer. With due respect to the ground-hog, and his backers, we don't believe it.

COLD DAY FOR SNAKES.

Mr. Geo. Clark while looking in his well one day last week, saw what he thought to be a small piece of rope lying on the water; after a closer inspection however he found that it dodged about too much for a piece of rope. He put down his bucket and succeeded in getting the strange looking object into it, and when he pulled it up he found that he had a pretty good sized snake, of the garter species. He threw it out on the snow, and he said, in about three minutes it became so numbed with cold that he "could stick it right up in the snow, like a rod of iron."

A HARD NUT.

One Henry James who was lodged in jail some time during last March, on a charge of rape, and tried and acquitted at the June court, has gotten into trouble again. Mr. Nick McCoy was a witness for the plaintiff in the case mentioned, and some statements he made so incensed Jones, that he threatened to burn him out. He also, made like threats against other parties in the neighborhood. Mr. McCoy hearing of it, at once took steps to have him arrested, when he told him if he would let him off he would leave the country and never return; he was released on that promise, and went away. Last week he returned, having been gone for about eight months. Mr. McCoy was apprised of his being in the neighborhood again, and on last Saturday morning when passing through Mr. F. A. Renick's place on business, accidentally ran across him; Jones took to his heels, and Mr. McCoy put a savage dog he had with him, after him, and in a short time he was safely perched on a fence nearby, Mr. McCoy unarmed, approached him, and told him to surrender. Jones who had a gun, at first dissented, but seeing Mr. McCoy's determined manner, concluded to give himself up. He was taking before Squire Bruffey near Lobelia. We havn't learned as yet how Mr. Bruffey disposed of the case.

OTHER ITEMS

Miss R. F. Clark has secured a school, at Logan C. H. this State, and will start for that place on the 5th. We wish her much success in her new curroundings.

In the near future Mr. Wm. H. Overholt is going to put up a planer near what is known as the Miller Ford, on the east side of the Greenbrier River. He has a large lot of timber there that he proposes to saw and plane on the ground, and then raft on the river to Ronceverte for shipment.

Another cold Sunday, with the mercury down to 18° below zero.

On last Monday morning a child was born to Mrs. Joseph McNeil, which lived but a few hours.

"JENKINS."

Green Bank.

We are having fine winter so far. On last Sunday morning the thermometer was down to 16 degrees below zero.

Mr. Harvy Curry and wife spent last week visiting in our village. Mrs. Curry can not walk at all and has to be carried on her rolling-chair from house to house but when in the house she can go from one room to another without help.

Born: to Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Oliver a fine girl. George wears a new hat now.

Mr Walker Yeager of Huntersville was in our villa last Saturday evening.

Mr. Jake Beard, of Academy, was in town Monday.

Justice W. H. Grose, of Huntersville, and Mr. P. D. Arbogast, of Traveler's Repose, were in Green Bank last Saturday.

Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Arbogast, of Travelers' Repose, was visiting in this neighborhood last week

Rev. C. M. Fultz is holding protracted services at the Pine Grove school house.

Rev. C. L. Potter will preach at this place next Sunday at 11 A. M., and at Travelers' Repose at 4 P. M.

Lobelia.

Still cold and freezing.

Mrs. Vaughn is very low with rheumatism. The sick generally are all up.

Geo. Kinnison is hauling logs to the saw mill, and he talks of building a new house.

Feed is getting scarce in this part, but there is plenty of grain.

Some of the people are preparing to make sugar.

The turkeys are coming in from the mountains, and a stray bullet may light on one.

B. Hill caught another red fox, making three for him.

AN UNFORTUNATE DEER.

Tom Vaughn found a deer, dead, with its feet sticking through the fence. It was on a hill side, and the deer must have slid there on the snow crust, and could not get out again.

DOCTOR WANTED.

We think that some young physician would do well to locate in this section. We have from 75 to 100 families on this side of the mountain.

A RANDOLPH COUNTY ITEM.

We have been personally informed that Hon. S. B. Elkins has pensioned the young man whom his son accidently shot, while hunting together last fall. His name is Currence. Mr. Elkins paid the doctor bill to the amount of $500, ond other expenses, and pays him $50 per year as long as he lives. Not such a bad man after all. OBSERVER.

Clover Lick.

News is scarce this week; nothing of much importance.

The people are generally well.

Mr. S. B. Hannah, of Green Bank, was over the other day.

John R. Showalter, and Howard Meeks, are visiting relatives in Highland county.

Hanson Carpenter, the gentleman who slid down the hillside not long since, to see his brother in-law, Clark McCloud, says, this is the first time he has been able to be out since. He is about well.

Jas. McLaughlin, late of this county, son of Geo. McLaughlin, is in Kansas, and doing well. So a letter informs us.

Geo. Pringley, of Randolph county, who has been ill with fever, is much better. He has been in bed eight weeks.

The ground has been white with snow for 43 days, and weather cold in accordance. Feed is a going to be scarce.

This is ground-hog day, and we don't think the ground hog will see his shadow, thank goodness.

What has become of the overseer of this road? Snow-drifts, trees, and rocks, are all in the road, which is all but impassable. We came near getting our horse crippled the other day.

PUMPKINHEAD

Dunmore.

This is good ground hog weather, if he comes out of his hole this winter he will freeze sure. Sunday morning the thermometer got to 20° below the cold place.

Miss Bessie Patterson closed her school at Cross Road, last Saturday.

Several people from Marlinton, attended the hop at Green Bank Monday night. A large turn out, and a good time prevailed.

Mr. A. B. Rayburn, is at home, and Mr. Robt Beals is up on a visit.

His honor, W. H. Grose, is spending several days in the Green Bank district.

Mr. W. J. Yeager's sleighbells jingled about town Sunday.

Mrs. George W. Siple is visiting here this week.

Messrs. B. F. McElwee and Thomas Barnett are engaged in the fur business this winter. Lord Chesterfield says they make a specialty of cat fur.

Mr. Wash Oliver is hauling lumber this week for the ark.

S. B. Kerr, was to Mill Point last week for a load of flour for McElwee & Moore.

Rev. John A. Taylor is off for Ronceverte this week for nails to build arks, for Dixon and O Connell.

Some of our sick are improving. C. B. Swecker is laid up with neuralgia.

Mr. B. F. McElwee and wife are off on a trip to Marlinton.

Rev. S. L. Potter, is holding a protracted meeting this week.

PETER TICKLE BRITCHES.

I DESPAIR of giving you an accurate idea of the Korean capital, it is so different from any other city on the face of the globe, writes Frank G. Carpenter in the Washington Star. It is such a mass of the beautiful and the ugly, of civilization and barbarism, of the old and the new that I don't know how to describe it. Take its situation. It lies in a great basin surrounded by mountains, which in some places are as rugged as the wildest peaks of the Rockies, and which in others have all the beautiful verdure of the Alleghenies or the Catskills. The tops of these mountains oft rest in the clouds and the masses of vapor hang in their recesses above the green plain upon which the city is built. They change in their hues with every change of the heavens, and they give Seoul a setting more gorgeous than jewels.

The basin below is just about large enough to contain the town, and a great gray wall from thirty to forty feet high runs along the sides of these hills, bounding the basin and mounting here and there almost to the tops of the lower mountains. It scales one hill of at least one thousand feet in height, and this wall incloses the whole city. It was built in nine months by an army of two hundred thousand workmen, about five hundred years ago, and it is a piece of solid masonry, consisting of two thick walls of granite packed down in the middle with earth and stones. Its top is so wide that two carriages could easily be driven about it, and it has, on the side facing the country, a crenellated battlement, with holes large enough for its defenders to shoot through with arrows. There are no cannon upon it, and it will be no means of defense against the batteries of the Chinese or the Japs in the present struggle. Its only use in late years has been to keep out the tigers and leopards. This wall is more than six miles in length. It is pierced by eight gates, the arches of which are as beautifully laid and cut as those of any stone work you will find in the United States. Each of these arches has a curved roof of black tiles. This rests upon carved wooden pillars, which rise above the tops of the walls and which form watch towers for the soldiers. Over the great south gate, the main entrance to the capital, there are two such roofs, one above the other, which are guarded at their corners by miniature demons of porcelain, which seem to be crawling along the edges of the structure. It would not take much more than a Gatling gun to batter down the heavy doors by which these arches are closed. These doors are bigger than those of any barn in our country. They are swung up on pivots made by pins fitting into the masonry at the top and the bottom. They are sheathed with plates of iron riveted on with big bolts, and up until now the common Koreans have believed them a defense against the enemy. They have as much ceremony connected with them as other nations have with their forts, and there are officers in charge of them who would lose their heads if they failed in their duty. Every night just at sundown these gates are closed, and they are not opened again until about 4 in the morning.

The signal of their closing and opening is the ringing of a massive bell in the exact center of the city. After this those who are in cannot get out, and those who are outside cannot get in.

It was just after this that the hour for closing the gates of the city approached. I waited and watched. First two men came from the gate house and sang out in Korean the words that the gates were closing and the time was short. Their voices were as shrill as those of an iman of a Mohammedan mosque when he calls out the hour of prayer from the minarets, and they held on to their final tones for the space of twelve seconds by my watch. As they cried there was a grand rush for the gates. Hundreds of men in black hats and white gowns ran ghost-like through the darkness. Bare-headed coolies dragged great bullocks with packs on their backs through the doors, and porters by the scores, loaded down with all sorts of wares, came stumbling along. There were coolies bearing closed boxes, in which were their mistresses. There were officials on horseback and nobles on foot, all pushing and scrambling to get in before the gates closed. As I watched the big bell pealed out its knell, and the two men grasped the great doors and pulled them together with a bang. It took the strength of both to move each one of them, and the gates locked with a spring. The key, which re-

It is a city of wide streets and narrow, winding alleys. It is a city of thatched huts and tiled one story buildings. On one side of it are the palaces of the King. They cover an area as large as that of a thousand-acre farm, and they are massive one story buildings surrounded by great walls and laid out with all the regularity of a city. As you stand on the walls of Seoul and look over this medley of buildings, your first impression is that you are in the midst of a vast hay field, interspersed, here and there, with tiled barns, and the three biggest streets that cut through these myriad haycocks look like a road through the fields. You note the shape of the thatched houses. They are all formed like horseshoes with the heel of the shoe resting on the street. The roofs are tied on with strings, and the thatch has grown old, and under the soft light of the setting sun it assumes the rich color of brown plush, and there is a velvety softness to the whole. As you look closer, you see that the city is divided up into streets, and these narrow and widen and twist and turn, without regularity or order. One part of the city is made almost entirely of tiled buildings. These are the homes of the swells, and over there not far from the gate above one such building you see on the top of a staff the American flag. That is the establishment of our legation to Korea, and the cozy little compounds about it are the residences of the missionaries and of the other foreigners who reside in Seoul.

Come down now and take a walk with me through the city. There are no pavements on the streets and you look in vain for gas lamps or the signs of an electric light. This city of three hundred thousand people is entirely without sanitary arrangements, and the sewage flows along in open drains through the streets. There are no water works, except the Korean water carrier, who, with a pole across his back, takes up the whole sidewalk as he carries two buckets of water along with him through the streets. Mixed with the smell is the smoke. This comes out of chimneys about two feet above the ground, which jut out from the walls of the houses into the streets. Fit a stovepipe into your house at right angles with the floor of the porch and you have the average Korean chimney. At certain hours of the morning and evening each of these chimneys vomits forth the smoke of the straw which the people use for the fires of their cooking and the air becomes blue. The doors to the houses along the street are more like those of a stable or barn than the entrances to residences. They are very rude and in the bottom of each is cut a hole for the dog. Such doors as are open give no insight to the homes of the people, and I was in Seoul for some time before I knew that these doors facing the street were merely the entrance gates to large compounds or yards in which were very comfortable buildings. I thought that the nobles lived in these thatched huts. They are in reality only the quarters of the servants, and the homes of the better classes contain many rooms and are in some cases almost as well fitted for comfort as those of our own. These houses along the streets have no windows to speak of. There are under the roof little openings about a foot square. These are filled with lattice and backed with paper. They permit the light to come in, but you cannot see through them. Here and there I noted a little eyehole of glass as big around as a red cent, pasted onto the paper, and as I go through the streets I find now and then a liquid black ball surrounded by the cream-colored buttonhole which forms the eyelids of a Korean maiden looking out.

WISE WORDS.

A good deed needs no applause.

Poetry is thought run into molds.

An idle brain is Cupid's workshop.

Work off in whispers your surplus words.

A woman's age is one of nature's secrets.

Willful ignorance is an incurable ailment.

Love is contagious, epidemic and incurable.

Pedigree has ruined many a fine young man.

One little fact is worth more than a ton of theory.

There is nothing more contagious than grumbling.

Love is a fancy that the disappointed tenderly cultivate.

It certainly takes very little to make vain people happy.

Terrible Slides.

IT is a question which of the two, the avalanche or the landslide is the more terrible engine of destruction. The avalanche is by far the more awful, and would be indefinitely more destructive were it not confined to countries frequented by few but venturesome travelers.

Landslides, on the contrary, may occur in any place where valleys lie below steep hills. Their coming may not be predicted. Without warning, in the twinkling of an eye, the mountain's skin of rock and earth moves from its resting place, crawls slowly at first down the steep slope and then gathering momentum plunges into the valley below, carrying death and destruction with its fall.

The cause of the landslide is nearly always the same. In all rocky countries the soil is only a skin or covering for the solid rocks of the mountain's core. It lies upon the slopes rather more than twelve or fifteen feet thick, often sharply inclined and clinging to its rocky foundation chiefly by its own weight.

In seasons when there are violent and long continued rains the water soaks the soil to the bottom, and lubricates the rocky surface underneath with ooze and mud. If then the slope be steep enough it often follows that the skin of earth slides downward of its own enormous weight, and gathering momentum, becomes a mighty avalanche before which great trees are broken like straws.

It is very rarely indeed that a landslide occurs during any but protracted spells of wet weather, and in such exceptional cases some readily discovered local causes, such as unwise excavations, can always be found.

The tremendous rain falls of this spring were the cause of that Canadian landslide which occurred at St. Albans, on the banks of the St. Anne River, on April 28. This was the most terrible landslide that has ever taken place in Canada, and has few parallels on the continent.

The circumstances attending this catastrophe were these: The St. Anne River three miles from St. Albans makes a long curve to a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet in height. The mountain descended precipitously to the cliffs over whose rim the water poured. The river is the outlet of the entire watershed of the Laurentian Mountains, and this spring it was swollen to such abnormal proportions that vague fears of some catastrophe were felt. But no one predicted the awful catastrophe that followed.

The country about St. Albans was well settled with lumbermen. There perhaps four thousand persons in the neighborhood. Below the falls was a fertile valley, with pulp mills and farms.

The first crash occurred in the early morning, and aroused the inhabitants from their beds with a noise like distant thunder. It was found that there had been a slide of the earth which stayed the rocky foundations of the falls. Many thousands of tons of rock and earth rushed down into the valley, burying several mills and houses. Three or four persons were caught in the fall.

During the next hour there was the most intense excitement. It was realized that this was but the beginning, and thousands fled, leaving their homes and their stock. They left none too soon. Three hours after the first fall the side of the mountain began to slide down upon the doomed falls. At first the movement was gradual. Soil and rocks and trees, covering vast area of mountain side, all unchanged in their relative positions, bore slowly down upon the river. Then the movement was accelerated. There was an awful roar. Down came the gigantic landslide, while the mountain trembled. It struck the valley just above the falls, and wiped the falls out of existence. It carried away the entire cliff over which the St. Anne poured its muddy torrent. It swept into the lower valley. Resistlessly the mountain side plunged down the valley, obliterating the farms, the homes, the river itself. It did not stop until six miles of territory had been utterly devastated.

When all had settled and there was opportunity to study the results of this appalling landslide it was seen that a new map would have to be made of the township. There was nothing left as it had been before. The falls were gone completely, and the river had found a new channel three miles away. Tracts of woodland a quarter mile or more square had been moved four or five hundred yards, the trees remaining standing. Other large tracts had been literally plowed up, and the timber ground to atoms.

About a dozen persons were killed, in spite of the three hours' warning. Great herds of cattle were buried. Thousands of domestic animals floating down the river and into the St. Lawrence, brought the first news of the disaster to the cities below. Booms and wharves were carried away where the river joins the St. Lawrence, and caused a loss there of $75,000. The damage to the lumbering interests centring around St. Albans was nearly $1,000,000.

There was a fatal slide in Brooklyn, on the morning of April 29, 1854. It was on the heights, at the foot of Furman street. At that time the bluffs overlooking the bay were not, as now, retained by great stone walls, and spring rains, of unusual persistency, resulted in the loosening of a large portion of the heights. Without any warning, thousands of tons of rock and dirt started down the slope, and buried almost out of sight a two story brick building that stood at the foot of the hill. Two persons were killed, and several wounded.

Perhaps the greatest landslide of Northern Europe occurred at Vaordalen, Norway, in May, 1893. A few miles north of Trondhjom a large mountain rises precipitately above the Lovanger Valley, then a fertile plain, dotted with prosperous farms, surrounding a lake.

The slide measured three miles across and followed a pathway down the mountain slopes more than six miles in length. The mighty mass gave notice of its coming by fearful thunderings far up on the mountain, but so rapid was its downward flight and so broad the swath it cut that few had time to make good their escape.

Twenty-two homesteads, on as many great and fertile farms, and fifty cottages lay in the course of the great slide between the base of the mountain and the lake. All of these were utterly destroyed. The frightful momentum gained in the descent of the mountain carried the mass straight across the valley into the lake, sweeping in front of it farms and houses and men and herds.

The lake was changed in a twinkling into a sea of mud, in whose depths were buried hundreds of human beings and thousands of domestic animals, while the prosperous valley of farms was left heaped with the rocky rubbish of the mountain.

The records of landslides contain no other recital of a horror equal to this. —New York Herald.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Book-keeping is first mentioned in Italy about 1569.

Bermuda farms bear three successive crops in one year.

Shoes are first mentioned in Egyptian annals 2000 years B. C.

Street railways occupy 397 miles of the streets of New York City.

A bed of white clay of great purity has been discovered at Oxford, Miss.

It is said that an electric railway, 300 miles long, is to be built, connecting Boise City and Lewiston, Idaho.

A locomotive has been built in this country and sent to a Brazilian railroad. The Brazilians have named it "Fourth of July.

The English postoffice authorities report that the average number of postal cards which are posted each day without any address on them is nearly 2000.

A little daughter of J. F. Tombley, of Vienna, Ga., is said to have the largest head on record—thirty-six inches around. She is blind, but not idiotic.

The Lincoln County (Maine) Register of Deeds has come upon some old entries written by Daniel Webster when he was teaching school and doing copying evenings.

Daniel M. Spraker, of the Mohawk National Bank, of Fonda, N. Y., who recently celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday, is the oldest bank president in the United States.

W. L. Henderson, of Mount Vernon, Ga., has found an old quarter of a silver dollar. In the old days the people used to get quarters by cutting dollars up with an ax.

"Wood's Hotel," one of the few remaining buildings of London that are associated closely with Charles Dickens, is about to be demolished. In one suite of rooms Dickens passed through some of the many vicissitudes of his life.

The portrait of himself which Henry Clay pronounced the best is to be found in a patchwork quilt which has been on exhibition recently in a Kentucky county fair. It ornaments the central

Lillies at your feet!

Sing a song of love-time
Sorrow in eclipse!
Rosy children climbing
To the leaning of your

Sing a song of love-time
Sing it—sing it, birds!
Set the sweetest music
To the sweetest human

Sing a song of love-time
All the world made new
And a heaven that is near
Than the heaven in the
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta

HUMOR OF THE

A civil tongue is a better for the head than a steel Ram's Horn.

Praising yourself reli friends of a great burden.— Plain Dealer.

What availeth it if a girl kid slippers and nobody se Oil City Blizzard.

Some men ought to be themselves, but they never think about it.—Galveston

People who are always te troubles are never at a loss thing to talk about.—Ram's

No person ever lives th years of man without w hadn't written that letter.—

We don't believe a long-h knows any more about medi a short-haired man.—Atchis

He—"Shall we take the town?" She—"No, Jack; the cars take us down town."

"Oh, doctor! doctor! I've a filbert." "Swallow a nu madam. Five dollars."—Chi bune.

Higbee—"By Jove, old are looking extremely wel taking a vacation?" Bradfor my wife has."—Truth.

A man spends most of his around home in wondering women folks have "hid" the wants.—Atchison Globe.

Stewart—"Miss Mitford magnetic girl." Darley (who —"I have heard that she sho one she meets."—Truth.

A—"We had an addition family yesterday." B—"Con you, old man; a boy or a gir "Neither; mother-in-law."—

A mother's idea of as goo any one can ask for is to occ find a pair of stockings in that doesn't need darning.— Globe.

Admirer—"Where did yo this wonderful strength?" Strong Man—"I was a ca boarding house for three Syracuse Post.

"What do you think? that I was the prettiest girl ception." "Think? Why, can't consult an oculist any t —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"How did Officer Dulan silver medal he wears?" "I bravery." "What did "Walked by three fruit stan taking anything."—Chicag Ocean.

"What does Dr. Slimpurse duced this case of appe "Lack of work." "What! man never has an idle day no; but Slimpurse has." Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Nucook—"Isn't it fu we are never troubled with Why is it, I wonder?" Mr. "Probably because you al them something to eat, d Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Carry any life insurance $10,000 in favor of my wife." think you'd be ashamed to l the face." "Wha—what fo living. What excuse do you —Indianapolis Sentinel.

Dick—"Cholly's down wit prostration. He read a cab the paper that it was rainin don and couldn't turn up his Harry—"Why not?" Dick on knee breeches."—New Yo

How odd it is that it seem have occurred to the street- that by taking all the se their cars they could get a more room than they hav folks to stand up.—Somerv nal.

Cumso—"Say, old man, you try electricity for your Caraway—"Electricity? W could that possibly do ma make the hair grow?" Cum thing you could use—sure

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

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P N U 41 '94

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100 FEET
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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Hot Noons Chilly Nights

Of Fall present so many variations of temperature as to tax the strength and make a pathway for disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla will fortify the system against these dangers, by making pure, healthy blood. "Sores

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Absolutely Pure

"I regard the Roy

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MRS. W. R. BATES, of *Dilworth, Trumbull Co., Ohio*, writes:

"A few years ago I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. I am in excellent health now. I hope that every woman, who is troubled with 'women's ills,' will try the 'Prescription' and be benefited as I have been."

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Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

The first dentist in America made a set of teeth for General Washington.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 15 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc. WOOLSON SPICE CO., 450 Huron St., TOLEDO, OHIO.

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C. N. BLACK & CO., Bankers & Brokers, 66 Broadway, New York. Write for our letter.

The telephone is about to be introduced into China.

Experiments in weaving by electricity are being tried in Germany.

Bailey, the astronomer, figures out the weight of the earth at 6,049,836,-000,000,000 tons.

Sapless cedar blocks from regions swept by forest fires are used in paving Detroit (Mich.) streets.

The largest comets are so rarified that they never harm planets or satellites by colliding with them.

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"Have you met the new partner in that firm yet?"

"Yes."

"Is he a young man?"

"No; not very young. About your age, I should think."

"Do you think I am old?"

"Oh, not very old, but you are considerably older than I am."

"I doubt that, but how old are you?"

"I'm 36. How old are you?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Then I am younger, but I thought you were even older than that. You look older."

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Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

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Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, hand made

SPECULATE Wheat now at the Lowest Price of the century. Corn crop nearly ruined. 100 bushels can be bought on $10 margin ...

Royal Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

"I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured and in the market."

Marion Harland,

Author of "Common Sense in the Household."

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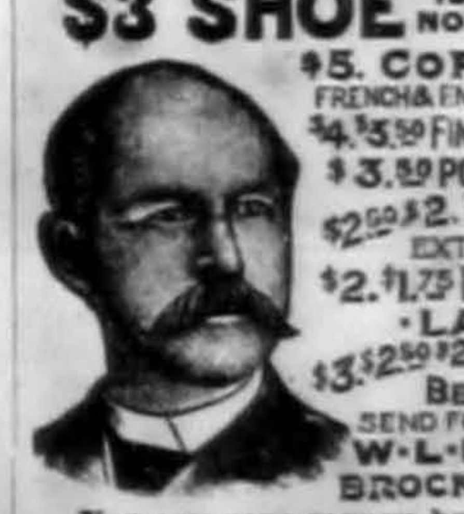
Whitening Sugar.

The process of whitening sugar was never known until a hen walked through a clay puddle and then strayed into the sugar house. Her tracks were, of course, left in the piles of sugar, and when it was noticed that the spots where she had stepped were whiter than the rest, the process of bleaching sugar with clay was adopted.

FASHIONS are not made by fools, but for them.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.



$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
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W·L·DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

LINENE
REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.

They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

FINE GUNS THE OLD HOUSE
Established 1826.

"Purdey's," "Scott's," "Westley Richards," "Williams & Powell," "Colts," "Lefever," "Parker," and all other makes.

Also the new Scott "Monte Carlo" Hammerless, best gun sold and which took last grand prize at Monte Carlo for 1893.

Now on hand, a lot of high grade second-hand Guns, taken in exchange, bargains; other guns taken in trade. Send stamps for illustrated catalogue and second-hand list.

William Read & Sons, 107 Washington St., Boston.
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Dollars or Kicks

for women, according to whether they do, or don't do, their washing in a sensible way. If they use Pearline, it means good, hard dollars saved. Pearline is economy. All that ruinous rubbing that makes you buy linens and flannels twice as often as you need to, is spared, to say nothing of your time and labor.

See the troubles that women have to endure with other ways of washing. There's that hard, wearing-out rub, rub, rub, or the danger of ruining things with acids if you try to make it easy. Washing with Pearline is absolutely safe.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 418 JAMES PYLE, New York.

"A Fair Face May Prove a Foul Bargain." Marry a Plain Girl If She Uses

ROOFING tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped everywhere.

PAINT red and black, for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

LADDERS that shorten or lengthen for tinners, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

PAPER heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

PRICES low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,

WM. A. LIST & CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

Order of Publication.

AT rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas, on the first Monday in January, 1895.

R. S. Turk, Trustee, Plaintiff,
vs.
Jannie B. Skiles, *et als.*, def'ts.

The object of the above styled suit is to enforce a vendor's lien for three bonds of Jannie B. Skiles of the following dimensions and dates, viz: One for $500, dated the 5th of April, 1886, due fifteen months after date, with interest after ninety days from date.

One for $500, dated 5th of April, 1886, due twenty seven monts after date, with interest after ninety days from date;

One for $500, dated 5th day of April, 1886, due thirty-nine months after date, with interest on the same after ninety days after date. For which bonds a vendor's lien is retained in a deed from the defendant James R. Apperson and his wife to the defendant, Jannie B. Skiles, of date the 5th day of April, 1886, and recorded in the clerk's office of the County Court of tha said Pocahontas County, as of April 6, 1886, which bonds aforesaid were assigned and transferred to the plaintiff as Trustee, on the 7th day of September, 1886, which vendor's lien aforesaid rests upon two parcels of land lying in the town of Marlinton, said county, and are estimated to contain one-half acre each, and to enforce which vendors lien a sale of the land will be asked to be decreed by the said Circuit Court.

And it appearing from an affidavit filed that the defendants, Jannie B. Skiles, Thomas M. Skiles, and Richard Baldwin are non residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in said suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court, this 7th day of January, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
R. S. TURK. p. q. Clerk.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loudermilk and Susan J. Loudermilk, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless Withrow McClintic as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of $167.46, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Ronceverte, Ronceverte, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 297, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loudermilk, and said Withrow McClintic having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Withrow McClintic, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the

5th Day of March, 1895,

(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder,

for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to wit:

One brown horse, one two-horse wagon, one set double harness, one-third interest in a threshing machine, and one-third interest in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loudermilk. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to G. W. Beverage and Paul Armstrong.

Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing eighteen acres situate in Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Spruce Flat, being the same land conveyed by G. W. Beverage and wife to said Susan J. Loudermilk by deed dated 18th day of April, 1891, of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, in Deed Book No. 21, page 495, to which deed reference is here made for a full and complete description of said land.

L. M. McClintic,

A VALUABLE LOT NEAR MARLINTON.

BY VIRTUE of a deed of trust executed by C. Z. Hevner and S. E. Hevner his wife to S. L. Brown, trustee, dated on the 25th day of July, 1894, and of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in deed book, No. 25, on page 351, to secure the payment of a certain bond executed by said C. Z. Hevner, for $50 with interest thereon from the 7th day July, 1894, payable to T. W. G French, which bond is fully mentioned and described in said deed of trust, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required in writing so to do, by said T. W. G. French, the beneficiary under said deed of trust, I, S. L. Brown, as trustee aforesaid, will on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1895,

between the hours 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. at the front door of the courthouse of said county of Pocahontas, West Virginia, proceed to sell by way of public auction, to sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust or so much thereof as may be necessary, to satisfy said debt, interest, and costs attending the execution of this trust, said real estate lying and being in the said county of Pocahontas as near the town of Marlinton, on the Marlin's Bottom and Lewisburg turnpike, consisting of two and 1-6 acres of land, conveyed to said C. Z. Hevner by one William Killingsworth, and wife, by deed dated the 5th day of May, 1894, and recorded in said clerk's office, in Deed Book no 25, page 267, to which deed reference is here made for a more particular discription of said land

Said tract of land is unimproved but would make a good building site

S L. BROWN, Trustee.
ANDREW-PRICE, January 9th, 1894.
Attorney.

Commissioner's Notice.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va Jan. 7, 1895.

James M Simmons,
vs.
R. H. Simmons, *et als.*
in Chancery.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in the above styled cause on the 24th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Friday, the 15th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report to the next term of said circuit court the following matters of account, to wit:

First. An account showing all the existing liens against the real estate of the said R H. Simmons, together with all their dates, dignities, and priorities.

Second. An account showing the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons subject to the liens aforesaid.

Third. Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest to be stated.

W. A. BRATTON,
[1-11-'95-4t] Commissioner.

TO all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of R. H. Simmons.

In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said R. H. Simmons, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on or before the 15th day of February 1895.

Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1895. W. A. BRATTON.
[1-11-95-4t.] Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice.

Office of Commissioner L. M. McClintic, Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 9th, 1895.

George C. Hill's Adm'r.
vs
Rebecca J Hill and others.

NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested in the above styled cause that pursuant to a decree entered in said cause on the 16th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, W. Va. on the 20th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to-wit:

1st. A statement of the account of R. W. Hill, Administrator, *cum testamento annexo* of George C. Hill, dec'd.

2d. An account of all the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts, priorities, and the persons to whom payable, and showing the amount of the debts mentioned in decree in this cause made October 21st, 1890, exactly as stated in said decree.

3d. A special statement of all debts against the estate of George C. Hill, deceased, discharged by the administrator thereof, together with the amount of such debts as should have been liquidated from the personalty of said estate, and showing the amount of such debts discharged by the administrator to which he is entitled to be substituted as creditor against the real assets of said estate in lieu of the creditors whose claims he has discharged.

4th. A statement showing all the costs of this suit and to whom due.

5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent to the commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

At which time and place you may attend. L. M. McClintic,

From the Chicago Record.

Here is an amusing and characteristic bit of verse which James Whitcomb Riley wrote in the autograph album of a fair feminine admirer:

The redbreast loves the blooming
bough—
The bluebird loves it same as he;
And as they sit and sing there now
So do I sing to thee—
Only, dear heart, unlike the birds,
I do not climb a tree
to sing—
I do not climb a tree!

Riley's charm for the cure of corns is a receipt well worth knowing, and it is perhaps interesting, too, as a bit of Hosier folklore:

Prune your corn in the gray of the
morn
With a blade that's shaved the dead,
And barefoot go and hide it so
The rain will rust it red;
Dip your foot in the dew, and put
A print of it on the floor,
And stew the fat of a brindle cat,
And say this o'er and o'er:
Corny! morny! bady! dead!
Gorey! sorey! rusty! red!
Footsy! putsy! floory! stew!
Fatsy! catsy!
Mew!
Mew!
Come grease my corn
In the gray of the morn,
Mew! mew! mew!

Wanless.

(DELAYED.)

Plenty of sickness. On the sick list are, Charles Curry's family, Jas. McLaughlin's twin babies, Mrs. Caroline Tracy, pneumonia, John Cassell and wife.

Benj Tallman has just completed a new dwelling house, on Dr. Austin's farm, on Leatherbark. Mrs. Agnes Galford has improved the looks of her property by the addition of a new porch.

Randolph Galford, the champion hunter, has killed ten turkeys and three deer this winter. One of the deer was a very remarkable animal having seven points on each beam.

Our school is flourishing under skillful management of Mr. Ezra Wooddell.

There is a good prospect of a wedding in this vicinity if the water keeps low.

Notwithstanding the cold weather and snow drifts, our mail never fails to be on time. It is carried on foot a distance of sixteen miles, by "Blind Henry," who deserves great praise for his promptness.

ANONYMOUS.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—it won't stain your teeth, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free. BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals and Bugs, etc.

Tastes Good. Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. [Formerly of Weston, W. Va.] SPRINGFIELD, O.

FIRE FIRE

InSure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869.
Cash Capital $100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL.
MARLINTON W. Va.

The Sole

purpose of this advertisement is to call your attention to the remarkable wearing qualities of our well-known driving shoes.

THE SOLE

will outwear any $6.50 shoe on the market, and you will never again be troubled with corns; the result of ill-fitting foot-gear. Why pay more. For sale only by

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

BLACKSMITHING
AND
Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Renick's Valley. Four miles from turnpike and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town.

Lobelia, W. Va. W. S. HILL.

Justice's blanks fifty cents

L. C. BARTLETT,
PAINTER,
PAPER HANGING,
FRESCO WORK.
SIGN PAINTER.
GREEN BANK, WEST VIRGINIA.

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed. ☜

Get the News at the Lowest Price.

The DAILY GAZETTE, Charleston W. Va., will give all the Legislative proceedings and all other important happenings besides. Price only twenty-five cents per month. The WEEKLY GAZETTE only fifty cents a year. Cash with order is the way to get it. Address, THE GAZETTE, Charleston, W. Va.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3½ miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address URIAH BIRD,
Marlinton, W. Va.

THERE are 343 professors and

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,..................J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,...........R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court,......S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court,....J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,..............C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor.......George Baxter.
Coroner,..............George P Moore

Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, [illegible] . H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,

MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

To go or stay, is what bothers almost every youth who is old enough to choose for himself. Certainly, some of our young men who are morbidly turning the question over in their minds, have had a little experience in leaving home when they were but children. We will take it for granted that one of them has tried it. It was about the time when he came to consider himself too big to be whipped, while his parents were of the opinion that it was the very thing he needed to make him grow. He can remember how it was. He had got a good dressing down, and he felt himself damaged to an irreparable extent. He has started off walking out through the orchard and has hit the road for a few miles. Sitting down a few miles from home, he has concluded, on thinking the matter over, that maybe he had better go back before it is too late to avoid a fuss, and so goes home again. His mother wants to know where he has been, and he says he has been a fishing. Now he has grown up and can choose for himself, he is thinking only whether he can make more money away from Pocahontas than he can at home, and forgets that the same sort of feeling will come over him, ten times as strong, when he is away out West, or down South, that he felt as a runaway boy, when it was so easily remedied by sneaking back. He has never had any experience with that strange feeling called home-sickness, which breaks out in so many different forms of disease or crime, brought on the exile by an unaccustomed seperation from all that he has ever been used to. This is not taken to his calculations, and if he could realize that many a boy has been wrecked morally or physically by home-sickness, who maybe never knew it, it might be the thing that turned the balance in favor of staying at home. What "a fellow" thinks about most, when he contemplates leaving the old county, is the coming back, as an important visitor. The boy imagines what a figure he would cut, and how Mary Jane would udmire him, if he would come back in a few years dressed up like that drummer he saw the other day, with same kind of big gold watch and chain. He does not think so much about the means of working up to this important event. As to the relative chance life in this county gives to the young man, we know very little about it. There are places, no doubt, in this world where a boy could go and pick up a peck of diamonds in a day. But they have never been discovered. Any place in America which furnishes board and clothes, has been gobbled up long ago, and a boy must stand as good a chance to cut a niche for himself at home as elsewhere. He is on to a few ropes at home, anyway. Even if he is in disgrace, it is nobler to stay and live it down than to run from it. As an illustration along this line, we may refer to the migration of young men which has been noticed this year in this county. Since last year there has been a constant stream of woodsmen, going from this county to find work in the lumber camps west of us, and re-

State and General News Items.

THE West Virginia Universaty has remained a good while without the appointment of a president. During this time the Vice President, Reynolds has been acting as the head of the institution, and the college has prospered wonderfully under his management. There is much talk now that at the end of the present year, there will be many changes in the faculty. It would be a very fine thing if Hon. Wm. L. Wilson were to become president of the college again, and it would be wise to offer him a magnificent salary, such as he could accept.

AT Buckhannon, Loy D. Brady, son of the jailer, who was acting as night watch at the jail, on Sunday night, January 27th, went into a cell, and had a game of cards with some prisoners. While there Roland Rerkins, for years porter at the Valley House of that town, and who was in jail on a charge of bastardy, attacked him and tried to get the keys of the jail away from him. Young Brady shot him twice through the right lung and heart, killing him instantly. A verdict of justifiable homicide was rendered.

BERKLEY SPRINGS are to be improved by a northern company, if the contract of sale is ratified by the present legislature. The springs, are the property of Morgan county by the gift of Lord Fairfax, more than a century since. The county has never been able to improve the springs. The sale provides that company shall spend $200,000 on hotel and grounds.

A WHOPPER like this is going the rounds. A boy in Braxton county broke through the ice on the river, and was carried a long distance under the ice, by a rapid current. He reached a shallow place, however, where he lay until a peck of dried apples which he was carrying, swelled and burst the ice. He was resuscitated.

THE Meachen Railroad to be built through Rockingham county is convassing the county for bonds to the amount of $150,000. The directors give the county until the 23rd of February to raise this amount. If not raised by that time, the county may count on doing without the road.

Hon. H. G. Davis speaks of the extension of the West Virginia central into Pocahontas, as a matter of fact. He says that nothing can be done until the Hagerstown extension is completed, which will be in about a year. He adds that it takes more than a day to build a railroad.

AN old mare recently died in Taylor county, aged 33 years. The owner of this animal has sold $1,800 worth of colts from her, and it is estimated that her services in hauling goods were worth $2,000.

THERE is a belief that every tenth year ending in the figure five, is the year the wheat fails. Thus wheat failure was experienced in 1875, 1885, and we may look for short crops in 1895.

THE Supreme Court has decided that, to call a man an "Ex-officer of Judge Lynch's court," is criminal libel, when it is published in a newspaper.

A CERTAIN farmer received the question from a query box at a debating society, "How do you wean a mule colt?" His answer was, "Kill the mare."

THE case of the Greebrier Industrial Exposition, vs. Squires, from Greebrier county, has been submitted to the Supreme Court.

A STAGE manager could not find any sawdust in the city of Stubenville, O., and was obliged to import some from Wheeling.

IN the recent fixing of the coun-

Local Matters.

A SERIOUS question is presenting itself to the attention of the owners of bluegrass lands. The sod is dying out, and every year more and more "poverty grass" or "moonshine" makes its appearance in its place. The line of progression seems to be from north to south. The limestone forming the bluegrass land lies north and south, being a very thin strata in the northern part of the State and deepening as it goes south. No doubt but what the bluegrass has enemies in the way of grubs which weaken its hold, as it can hold its own with anything when the circumstances are favorable. The protection of the skunk, as proposed by Delegate Anderson, is on this line. A great deal of the bluegrass land is too high for farming, and most fit for grazing. This adds to the importance of protecting the bluegrass.

THE older citizens can remember the time when fine walnut trees were burned in log heaps, or fencing rails made from them. Then if a man wanted a walnut tree, any friend would let him pick the finest tree on the place and take it for nothing. Now we consider oak in this category, but the day is very close at hand when a perfect oak tree will be worth as much to the owner as if it was a walnut. There are fortunes in oak, but no timber is so widely diversified as the oak, and while a greater part in the county is worthless, there are bodies of beautiful trees which will prove a mine of wealth to their owners.

A CITIZEN of our county was asked by a visiting friend how it came that his stock looked so sleek late in the winter, and were so free from vermin, and presented such a healthy appearance generally. His explanation was that it was his habit to put chopped onions in their feed. The cattle seem to be very fond of such, and will eat it greedily. The idea seems to have been suggested by the fondness all stock have for the ramps they get when turned out to range. He thinks onions worth all they might cost and more for the benefit calves get from them in their winter feed.

MR. Joseph B. McNeel, a prosperous farmer on Buck's Run, is one of the fortunate ones who do not realize the hard times, so much talked about the past year or two. He bought a nice lot of calves in the fall, kept them a few weeks, and sold at a profit. He raises more supplies of every kind than is needed for his table use, and realizes ready, remunerative sale for all he can spare. His idea is that whenever the people generally spend less than they dig out, that "hard times will come again no more."

IN talking over the subject of firearms, some one said that Mr. P. D. Yeager, of Traveler's Repose, was probably the first man in this section to have his flintlock rifle altered to become a gun firing a percussion cap. When the work was done, he went out to the back of the shop to fire it off, while all the bystanders ran to a very safe distance for fear the gun would burst. Soon a muzzle loading gun will be as much of a rarity as a flintlock firepiece, the which but few of the younger generation have seen.

THERE is a report going that a citizen shot at a supposed burglar the other night with an old Confederate musket and cleaned out one entire panel of fence. It was only a late caller, however, and the householder was too hasty. If the charge had hit the young man, there would not have been enough of him left for identification.

A CERTAIN school teacher of this county was asked in school by

Some Hunting

Hugh C. Sharp, th
proprietor of a fine ol
Elk, can tell you mo
scrapes than almost an
can run across. He is a
and probably the finest
in this section of the co
hunter or fisherman fin
table door open to him,
who is an expert at both

He has even found an
bear that has gone i
quarters. As is well kn
Christmas, and some say
mas day, the black be
mountains find a dry
sleep until food becomes
again, which is gener
the first of April. The
go into caves, while sma
find places in hollow
good many years ago,
winter, he saw on a dry s
at least thirty feet high
fresh scratching. Know
bear had been seen on
the fall before, he was
lieve that a bear was
inside. He went for a pa
climbed up a small tree s
could look down the holl
snag.

As was expected, away
the bottom of the hole, th
below him, could be
bright eyes burning as
and steadily as two lamps
came back the next day,
Sharp climbed and sho
eyes, which were still shin
an army pistol. There w
fect from the shot other
the eyes were not seen s
Upon cutting open the
the tree, a two-year old
found stone dead with
hole exactly between his

The tale of the killin
sheep killing bear abou
very interesting. When
gets so big and strong
not afraid of dogs, he ve
goes to killing sheep, an
then almost as great a nui
the man eating tiger of In
man who kills such a bear
country a service. About
there was a bear which ha
about a foot long, which
ing a sheep every night
body in the Elk country.
ways killed one sheep ever
One night he left a sheep
eating it. Twelve men an
dogs waited by it the ne
The bear came and got t
and carried it off with th
crowd at his heels. He
mind the dogs in the least
ently the bear stopped.
men thought he was treed
were running up a narrow
when presently the dogs
back by them, and the me
in time to escape a char
the bear. The reason the
stopped was that the shee
he was carrying had bec
tened in the fork of a bush
could not tear it loose an
not leave it. He had fi
tear off a hind-quarter and
ter on in the winter, after
killed about forty sheep
Sharp's, Hugh got a sho
one day when the dogs
out of a laurel patch right
He says he was as big a
and as he refused to swerv
he had to shoot at his ne
run over. The bear drop
laid awhile. Before the
rifle could be loaded ag
bear had gotton up and s
off. He was bleeding very
ly. The next day they
him in the snow away into
ley country, the bear hav
all the way. But the b
stopped to lie down. Aft
ing a half a day, the hunte
return without having f
place where the bear had
to rest. It is all but cer
the bear died at the pla
down, any way he never c

Mr. Sharp can tell you a

Yet in my little labors up and down
I'll do my best.
I may not paint a perfect masterpiece,
Nor carve a statue by the world confessed
A miracle of art; yet will not cease
To do my best.
My name is not upon the rolls of fame,
'Tis on the page of common life impressed;
But I'll keep marking, marking just the same,
And do my very best.
And if I see some fellow-traveler rise
Far, far above me, still with quiet breast
I keep on climbing, climbing toward the skies,
And do my very best.
I may not be the beautiful and grand,
But I must try to be so careful lest
It fail to be what's put into my hand—
My very best.
—Henry Guy Carleton.

A PORCELAIN CUP.

ONE morning as I was strolling through the streets in the neighborhood of the Opera, I stopped in front of a shop of curiosities and antiques and ran my eye over the different articles displayed in the window, of which the majority were old acquaintances, and some of which had passed through my own hands.

As I was about to pass on, the door of the shop opened, and who should come out but my friend Octave Ducrozel, whom I had not seen for several months. The moment he saw me, he came forward and I noticed that he seemed annoyed and that the hand he gave me trembled in a way I had never known before.

"What has happened," I inquired of him, "you look worried."

"Oh! these women, these women!" he growled in a voice that seemed addressed to his own reflection rather than to me. "Do not trust their promises, do not place any confidence in their vows! It's enough to make a man blow his brains out."

"I'll see that you don't do that," I said quietly, passing my arm through his; "I shall stick to you like a shadow."

"If you only knew," continued the poor fellow. "And it is only five years ago. I was in love, head over ears in love. I loved with all the passion and intensity of a first love. It was with a beautiful young girl at Batignolles. She was staying with her mother, and in order to remain by her side as long as she lived she had refused many offers of marriage. Louise Audry was as lovely as she was noble in her devotion to her mother.

"You know how the heart loves to adorn the object of its affections with all the graces and charms imaginable. I was fortunate enough, too, to prove not displeasing to Louise, and before long we had formed the delightful plan of uniting our destinies and getting married. We decided to wait two or three months before taking the final step.

"Unexpected events, however, caused a different disposal of our plans. Compelled to take a long journey, of which the termination seemed doubtful, I found myself obliged to postpone the wedding until my return. When we said goodby Louise gave me a faithful promise to wait for me as long as events might make necessary.

"As a token of my tender affection I begged her acceptance of an extremely beautiful porcelain goblet that had been left to me by my grandmother and which I cherished as the apple of my eye. Louise was delighted to possess an article that would constantly remind her of me, and promised me that whatever might happen she would not suffer it to leave her possession.

"Those were her last words. Shortly after they fell from her beautiful lips I started on my journey.

"Four years passed, as you know, before I returned to France. During that time I was in the centre of Africa, conducting explorations, and practically exiled from the world, receiving no news and able to send none.

"As soon as I arrived in Paris I hurried to see Louise, to whom I had telegraphed from Marseilles. Alas what a cruel deception was in store for me!

"The house she used to live in had been torn down and removed by the construction of a new street. No one knew where Mme. Audry and her daughter had gone to live, and all my efforts to trace them were ineffectual and vain.

"Several months have gone by since then without any news to change the unhappy state of affairs.

"This morning, while looking through the shops to find a birthday present for my sister, I went by chance into the shop where you have just met me.

"I examined first the numberless trinkets displayed in the show cases; the ancient jewelry, the enamels, ivory-

of crockery ware.

"While searching thus for something that would make a present a little out of the ordinary run I walked up and down the shop in front of the show cases and let no corner escape my attention. In this way I found myself at length in front of a tall case with closed glass windows, beside which a young girl was sitting with some embroidery work in her hands.

"And in this glass case, just about the height of my eyes, what should I see standing on a shelf behind the shining glass pane but the old porcelain goblet I had given to Louise. Yes, the very same it was! The exquisite piece of Sevres that had such deep significance for me and with which so many tender memories and associations were linked.

"At first I was inclined to doubt my eyes, but on looking closer it was no longer possible, for I knew every detail of it by heart, and I recognized them all beyond the possibility of being mistaken.

"There was the wreath of flowers so finely and delicately worked in with threads of gold and silver, forming a crown work in which alternated harmoniously a superb rose cluster, with leaves and buds and a bunch of dainty little flowers, red and blue! I could not mistake it. There, too, was the artistic mounting that I knew so well, with the three bronze supports representing the heads of animals peering forth out of dense foliage and chiseled by the hand of a master.

"My surprise speedily gave way to indignation, as you may well understand. This treasure of my heart in a shop! This gem, linked with so many family traditions and representing the faithfulness of my first love, exposed to the public eye of the chance and ordinary buyer!

"In spite of her solemn oath she had sold the goblet—and forgotten me, who gave it to her. Oh! woman, woman, woman, all and always the same, you are the personification of inconstancy and the lie.

"Naturally, you will understand, I had only one thought in my mind—to buy the goblet back again. I asked the price.

" 'Ah! Monsieur,' answered the clerk, 'the precious objects in that case are in the special care of Mme. Brunard, the proprietress, and she alone attends to any business connected with them. Mme. Brunand has just gone out, and I can say nothing about them. Perhaps Mademoiselle has some instructions.'

" 'No,' answered the young girl thus addressed, putting down her embroidery and raising her eyes to me. 'Mother takes charge of all in the case, Monsieur, and I have not even the key. My mother will return at 6 o'clock and Monsieur will, perhaps, look in again to-night.'

"I said that I would do so and left the shop.

"Eh bien! My dear Octave," I said, interrupting my friend in his tale, "we will both go there together, for I do not mean to leave your side until this matter is cleared up."

"Cleared up!" he exclaimed impatiently, "there's no clearing up about it. The solution is evident and obvious. I am forgotten and my token has been thrown away and sold."

Poor Octave! His heart was full of bitterness. Apparently disappointed and deceived in his first love, he was ready to curse the whole sex and to class them, one and all, as false, faithless and cruel.

At 6 o'clock we returned to the shop. Octave entered alone and I walked up and down outside waiting for him and looking in at the shop windows. I had to wait a long time, nearly an hour. Evidently the interview was not hurrying on with winged feet.

At length my friend came, his face radiant.

"Well," I cried, "have you got your goblet?"

"Yes, no; that is to say, I have it and I haven't it! Ah! my friend, I hardly know what I am saying, I am so upset, so happy! Ah! do you know that women are angels! Don't you understand me?"

"I must confess that—er—"

"Well, I'll tell you all about it. The moment I entered the shop the little girl with the embroidery met me and said her mother had just come in.

"I followed her to the further end of the store, where, in the semi-darkness, I saw a woman coming to meet me.

" 'Madam,' I said, 'there is in your showcase an article that I feel disposed to purchase.'

" 'Yes, Monsieur, I know,' she answered quickly. 'You refer to the old porcelain goblet. I regret it exceedingly, monsieur, but it is not for sale. It is only here to be kept for the one person who has the right to reclaim it and to whom it belongs.'

" 'And how do you know, madam, that I am not the person?'

"At this moment the clerk lit the gas, and we found ourselves suddenly face to face in the strong light.

Batignolles to live in Paris. A short while after there was a financial catastrophe, which made a great stir and ruined many people, among them Mme. Audry. The old woman shortly afterward died of grief and disappointment.

"Without news of me and in a condition of hopelessness and despair Louise found herself at the end of her strength and resources, when an old friend of her mother's, a M. Brunand, who kept a curiosity shop, turned up to help her. He was a widower, over sixty years of age, and with a young daughter on his hands he found himself rapidly going into decline.

"Anxious to find some one who would be a friend to the girl after his death, and knowing the kind heart of Louise, he offered her his name, his house and his home.

"That is how Louise became Mme. Brunand and was called mother without being a mother; how the goblet always remained in her possession, and how I have the pleasure now to announce our approaching marriage, at which I trust you will do me the honor to be best man."—From the French.

The Modern Pin Machine.

When pins were first invented, some time during the third decade of the sixteenth century, it took one man a whole day to make two dozen, the market price of the day's output being but three shillings. Even as late in the present century as 1838, one pin went through the hands of twelve persons before it was finished and folded away in the little sheet of paper of the regulation green. To-day, however, everything is different in the pin factory, a single machine turning out a stream of the little, neatly polished, sharp-pointed implements at the rate of 200 per minute, day and night.

This wonderful little pin-making automaton is not larger than a sewing machine, but it has more invisible knives, springs, sharpeners and pinchers about it than a steam thrasher. The wire from which the pins are made is coiled around a small drum attached to the rear end of the machine, different sizes of wire and pinchers being used for the several varieties of pins. The wire passes from the drum into the machine through a small hole provided for that purpose being kept straight and taut by a brake on the drum and a series of iron pegs across the platform of the machine. A queer little pair of pinchers ("catchers") seizes the wire and thrusts it through a hole, where it is held while a small hammer beats a "head" on the forward end of the wire. Here it is held until a knife descends and cuts the wire in proper pin length. Next it is allowed to drop into a groove through which the heads cannot pass, and while being held in that position is exposed to the action of a set of small files, which almost instantly give it a smooth, sharp point. The pin is now finished and ready for the polishing tub, which is simply a revolving barrel in which the pins are cleaned and polished by their own friction. After going through the polishing tub they are boiled in a solution of acid and tin. This latter operation gives them their shining appearance. After going through the acid bath they are accounted as being finished and ready for the market.—St. Louis Republic.

Warfare Against Field Mice.

The farmers of France have been having a great deal of trouble with field mice. In some parts of the country they have become so numerous and destructive that it is impossible to produce any crop. Every acre of land furnishes a home for thousands of these pests. An ingenious device has been tried to rid the land of these pests, and has been very successful. The method adopted was to dissolve some gelatine cultures of pathogenic bacteria capable of producing an infectious disease in mice, then soaking a great number of small cubes of bread in this solution, and placing the bread near the holes every day for three days in succession. Within two weeks from the time when this treatment was begun scarcely a live mouse was to be found in the district. When the burrows were opened their galleries were found to be filled with dead mice.—The Presbyterian.

Should Have Been "At."

In its regard for forms the law is often more nice than wise. This was evidenced in the recent action of the United States Court in New Hampshire, which held an indictment bad, hopelessly defective, and untriable, because the bank from which the accused was charged with embezzling money has described as "of Manchester," instead of "at Manchester." There will be new indictments, probably, and a great deal of expense and time will be incurred in remedying what the ordinary layman would not deem a defect. There should be a change in law or practice, so as to permit the amendment of indictments where amendment would not affect the specific character of the charge.—Boston Transcript.

OLD MEXICO.

Only Young Birds Taken—They Require No Training—Habits of the Talking Birds.

PARROT hunters who plunge into the La Cruz River bottoms in Mexico and remain three months to make a catch of as many hundred birds take their lives into their hands. He is exposed to waylaying peons who instinctively hate Americans; he must ever be on the alert against a night surprise by wild beasts; he may catch a violent fever and perish unattended, or be eaten up by ormegoes, Mexican forest ants with a bloodthirsty record. Three hundred parrots are worth on an average $12 apiece, which is $3600. From that deduct the wages of half a dozen Mexican vagabonds who go along as tree climbers; the feed of five burros, the freight to New York by coast steamer, and from New York to Washington by rail, and the residue goes into the pocket of the venturesome parrot hunter, or the dealer who employs him.

One of the best-known parrot hunters in the United States is John Jacobs, from south of San Antonio, Texas, who recently superintended the shipment of 300 parrots to this city, all of which he captured himself in Mexico. Jacobs has been a hunter for twenty-three years. He chased buffaloes as long as they lasted, and now puts in his time hunting parrots and mocking birds. About the time that the parrot season is over the mocking bird season begins.

One of the first requisites of a successful parrot hunter is the ability to speak the Mexican patois like a native. Americans are not popular in the parrot country, and are only safe from impostion and unjust arrest if they can make themselves intelligible in Spanish and back it up with the judicious display of a six-shooter. The life of a parrot hunter is, therefore, one of unusual experience and interest.

The parrot needs no nest. The female selects a deep hollow in the highest tree trunks and there lays two eggs. This occurs about the first of May. The young are hatched about June 18; ten days elapse before they are able to open their eyes, and several weeks must be allowed for the young birds to out-grow their swab state and gain sufficient strength to be removed from the care of their parents. The parrot is a wily and a wise bird. It lays its eggs safely out of reach of ordinary danger, and takes good care not to betray their whereabouts. When the young birds are hatched they are fed twice a day by their elders, early in the morning and again just before the close of the day, and this usually betrays to the hunter the whereabouts of his prey. The birds in feeding their young give vent to a series of contented clucks and chuckles, which is answered by the young ones, and which is the only sign that indicates to the parrot hunter where the nest is hidden.

No white man, familiar with the danger, will himself undertake to climb the tree and capture the young birds. That work is reserved for the peons who accompany him. There is no danger from the parent bird, but almost every tree is guarded by a colony of ormegoes, which penetrate any kind of clothing and viciously attack the flesh beneath it, being known to destroy large numbers of young parrots. The suffering of the peons from the Mexican ants, in their ascent of trees in search of parrots, is sometimes pitiful. Their breasts are sometimes covered with blood, in their agony they fairly tear their clothing from their bodies and cast themselves upon the ground, weeping and moaning. Oftentimes the effect is to nauseate them, so terrible is their suffering. According to Jacobs, if their white master showed the slightest sympathy, they would refuse to go up again, for under the pitiable condition of serfdom in Mexico, these men are no better than slaves, compelled to do what they are bidden, regardless of life or limb. It is fortunate if, when a peon is nearly devoured by ants, he is within easy reach of water in which to bathe himself and assuage his agony. As the parrots always hatch their young where water is plenty, it seldom happens that the tortured peon cannot avail himself of nature's palliative at first hand. This experience is one that no white man would endure, and which of itself deters many jungle hunters from the exciting sport of capturing parrots. One peculiarity of these ferocious forest ants is that myriads of them move in a solid phalanx from tree to tree, carrying a leaf in an upright position at the head of the column like a banner, and resembling in their self-conscious progress a conquering army on a march of invasion.

The Mexican parrot in general favor as a talking pet is the double yellow head, a yellow top which, with age, develops into a complete hood, extending completely over his head; and the better kind have red epaulettes. The difference between this bird and

slight, however, and in a practical sense the Mexican parrot is a popular biped, and sells two to one, as compared with his African competitor.

To avoid the ormegoes as far as possible and facilitate climbing the Mexicans use ropes, which they cast from one limb to another, and by which they ascend to the hollows where the young parrots are nestling. At the first sign of danger the parent birds articulate a sharp note of alarm, and the chuckling and chattering young fledglings as suddenly cease their noise as if an electric shock had paralyzed them. After the capture of their young the old ones sometimes flutter about camp and utter this cry of warning, at which the young parrots abruptly lapse into silence. Hunters never try to capture old birds, as they do not overcome their aversion to cage life and seldom learn to talk. Strange as it may seem, a young parrot is tame as soon as he is taken from his nest, and apparently is never conscious of the loss of his liberty. He is not immediately put into a coop to prevent his escape, as might be supposed, but 200 or 300 birds are kept together for weeks without any restraint whatever by simply spreading a cane roof over them on the ground, so that they are protected from the rays of the sun, for parrots are exceeding fond of shade. In their native state the birds live on mangoes and the nuts of the ebony tree, but the hunters always always carry with them a supply of corn, which is reduced to a pulpy state by the use of the primitive mattata stone, and is fed to them in lieu of their native food.

The average parrot hunting expedition is made up of the hunter, six Mexican peons, and a drove of five or six burros, which are the chief means of transporting freight in the interior of the country. They are invaluable for this service, as they are cheap, easily kept, and capable of carrying a burden equal to their own weight. In many parts of Mexico wagons are almost unknown. The roads are rough and burros alone meet the local requirements.—Washington Post.

The Earth's Other Motion.

Marshall Wheeler, of the Pacific Coast School of Newer Sciences, says that the earth has a motion not mentioned by the recognized authorities. He speaks of it as the earth's "third principal motion," and says that his discoveries in this peculiar line of investigation are of more importance to the world than were the discoveries of such eminent scientists as Newton and Galileo. In an interview concerning his queer beliefs, Wheeler says:

"After tireless investigation for a period extending over nearly fifty years, I have found indisputable facts which warrant me in making the statement that the earth, in common with the other planets, changes the position of its north and south poles once in each 20,903 years. This monstrous change is brought about by the sun's attraction for the earth's magnetism. The great luminary so strongly attracts one of the poles of each of the planets, and repels the other, that once in a given period of time each of the worlds turns ninety degrees. In the case of our earth, as I have already stated, the period is once in each 20,903 years, as near as it can be figured.

"From present deflection, as calculated by delicate instruments, showing the attractive force at one of the poles and the repulsive or negative force at the other, we calculate that the last turn our planet made was about 6000 years ago."

Reasoning in the line laid out by our friend of the golden slope, we find that it is only a small matter of something like 15,000 years until the equator will get tangled up by coming in contact with the north pole, and Cuba and the Central American Republics will change places with Spitzbergen and Greenland.—St. Louis Republic.

A Sub-Aqueous Telephone.

The sub-aqueous telephone is an ingenious invention arising out of an old and well-known phenomenon, says the Pall Mall Gazette. The conducting power of water for acoustic properties being better than that of air, Captain M. T. Neale has devised an apparatus, to which the above name has been given, whereby the vibrations of a gong, fixed to the bows of a ship some distance below the water-line, and picked up by a receiver, consisting of a pair of similar but shallow gongs, fixed in the same way on another vessel a considerable distance off. The instruments have been tested in the Thames on a pair of boats two-thirds of a mile apart, and gave sufficiently accurate results when signaling in the Morse code. The possibilities of such an instrument are undoubtedly great, and it has one advantage over the electrical signalling inventions of Edison and others, namely, that it is independent of foggy weather, when any electrical apparatus would be at its worst.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,

{ SEAL }

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Business Men in a Hurry

eat in restaurants and often food insufficiently cooked. Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia and sour stomach and immediately relieve headache.

The Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., is in a flourishing condition.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures
all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

Drop a Nickel in the Slot.

The roar of Niagara has been phonographed and may be heard in any part of America for a small fee.

Tired, Weak, Nervous

"I was troubled with that tired and all gone feeling, had no appetite, had a cough and asthmatic symptoms. I have been troubled thus some thirteen years and had to

Mr. Frank Charon

Give Up All Work

three years ago. Last spring I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and felt better from the first. My appetite returned and my cough left me. I have used half a dozen bottles and am a well man. I should have written this statement before but wanted to wait until after cold weather had settled with us and see if any symptoms of my trouble returned. But not so, for I am now in the best of health. I am 64 years of age, and doing a full day's work at blacksmithing. Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Sarsaparilla cured my complaint and gave me renewed health." FRANK CHARON, Claremont, N. H. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

P N U 47

★ WORLD'S-FAIR ★
!HIGHEST AWARD!

"SUPERIOR NUTRITION—THE LIFE!"

IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD

Has justly acquired the reputation of being
The Salvator for
INVALIDS
and The-Aged.

AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT for the GROWTH and PROTECTION of INFANTS and
CHILDREN

A superior nutritive in continued Fevers.
And a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases; often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition **that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed depending on its retention;—**
And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable.

Sold by DRUGGISTS. Shipping Depot, JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

Your Poor Tired Husband.

He has worked hard all week.

Let him sleep late Sunday morning, then treat him to a breakfast of

Hecker's' Buckwheat Cakes.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

LACE KERCHIEFS IN THE WASH.

By putting lace handkerchiefs in warm water in which are a few drops of ammonia, and using castile soap, they are easily washed and made a beautiful, clear white. Then do not iron, but spread the handkerchief out smoothly on marble or glass, gently pulling out or shaping the lace. Just before it is entirely dry fold evenly and smoothly and place under a heavy weight of some kind and you will find handkerchiefs lasting thrice as long as before.—New York Journal.

HINTS ABOUT MENDING.

Nothing keeps flannels and stockings and other underwear looking so well as darning and mending and repairing material that matches perfectly. A hole seems almost preferable to a gray stocking darned with blue, or black undershirt bound with red, or a brown patch where there should be a black one. Buttons, all kinds of mending threads, in cotton, linen, silk, and wool, bindings in taffeta ribbons by the roll, and white cotton tape of all widths, and even webbing by the yard are to be bought at most reasonable prices for making old things as good as new, and for keeping the new in perfect condition. It also seems to be an economy in the same direction to buy the same makes and colors in flannels and hose from season to season, so that one may have material to reinforce weak places without buying it.—New York Post.

IT WILL BE WISE.

To rub spotted lamp chimneys with salt before washing them.

To restore gilded picture frames by first removing the dust with a soft brush and washing the gilding in warm water in which an onion has been boiled. Then dry quickly with a cloth.

To wear well-fitting shoes about the housework; they will be less fatiguing than loose, untidy slippers that are supposed to be worn for comfort.

To remember that the usual methods for removing paint spots from clothing will not be satisfactory if the paint has become hard and dry. In this case use equal parts of ammonia and turpentine, saturate the spot as often as necessary and wash out in soapsuds.

To cut doughnuts out an hour or more before they are fried and allow them time for rising. They will be much lighter than when fried as soon as they are cut. Try cutting them at night and frying them in the morning.

To use melted alum for a handy cement. It may be quickly prepared, and may be used for mending anything which will not come in contact with heat and water.

To keep the ironing board and table firmly and evenly covered with a thick blanket and sheet, with a quantity of holders convenient, so that the towels will not be burned out in their service.—New York Recorder.

CAKES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Plain Cup Cake—For two sheets of cake use one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, two cupfuls and three-quarters of sifted flour, the rind and juice of one lemon, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar. Mix the flour, soda and cream of tartar and sift the mixture. Beat the butter to a cream. Gradually beat in the sugar. Beat the eggs till light and beat them into the butter and sugar. Now add the milk, and lastly the flour. Beat vigorously for half a minute. Spread the mixture in two buttered shallow pans. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and cook for twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

Raisin Cake—Take two and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, two spoonfuls of cream, one cup of chopped raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon and a bit of nutmeg. Flour enough to knead. Roll out an inch thick. Cut into oblong pieces. Bake quickly.

Soft Gingerbread—Stir two teaspoonfuls of soda and one of ginger into one cup of molasses. Add one-third of a cup of butter and one cup of warm water in which one teaspoonful of cream of tartar has been dissolved. Add three small cups of flour, mix together and bake.

Plain Spice Cake—Take one egg, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, the same quantity of molasses and of butter, a cupful of milk, two cupfuls and a half of flour measured generously, one teaspoonful of soda, one level teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of vinegar or lemon juice, and one tablespoonful of mixed spice. Beat the egg well, and after adding to it the molasses, sugar, spice and butter—the latter being first melted—beat again. Mix the soda with the milk and add to the other mixture the cream of tartar with the flour, and stir into the butter, and finally add the vinegar or lemon juice. Pour into two shallow pans and bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

Cookies—Two cups of sugar and one cup of butter beaten together, two eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately; one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg. Flour to roll.—New York World.

It Killed Him.

Vestris, the great dancing master, died at 83, and it was said he would have lived till a hundred but for a sudden and mortal blow in the shape of an advertisement. One day he asked for a newspaper—probably for the first time in his life. Scarcely had he opened the sheet, when his eyes lighted upon the following: "Wanted, a professor of dancing at Calcutta. Must be a skillful chiropodist at the same time." He took to his bed and never left it again alive.

The Burden Bearer.

There is a big insulated wire in telegraphy which transmits the bulk of daily intelligence; there is a big insulated nerve in the human system which can bear the burden of more pain than all the rest of the nerves combined, and is known as the sciatic nerve. Sometimes the wire is cut to cut off its current; sometimes the surgeon's knife is used to cut the nerve to relieve excruciating pain. But there is one thing which avoids this radical treatment: one cure which penetrates to the pain-spot, and sciatica has been cured almost without fail by the use of St. Jacob's Oil. It reaches misery's seat and dethrones it. Thus attacked and routed in its hidden ambuscade, pain seldom returns to annoy. The great remedy does its work well.

Too Honest.

Uncle D. P. Oliver, now a prosperous store keeper in a prosperous Iowa village, once practiced law in Ohio. Being met by an old acquaintance, he was asked for the particulars of his giving up the profession.

"Didn't it agree with your health?"

"Oh, yes," answered Uncle David.

"Didn't it pay?"

"First rate."

"Met with sufficient favor from the courts?"

"All I could ask."

"Then what was it compelled you to quit?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I was too honest."

A loud laugh from the bystanders aroused Uncle David into earnestness, and he repeated the strange statement and nailed it to his shop counter with his huge fist. But his cross-questioner went on.

"When did you find this out?"

"In my very last case."

"What was that?"

"One in which I was retained to prosecute a neighbor for killing a dog."

"And he was acquitted? So you lost the case and gave up your profession discouraged?"

"No; he was convicted."

"Then he was guilty?"

"No; he was innocent?"

"But didn't the evidence prove his guilt?"

"Certainly it did."

"Then why do you say he was innocent?"

"Because I had killed the dog myself a few nights before trespassing on my poultry; and I came to the conclusion that any business that would aid a man to convict a neighbor of his own crimes was not the business for me; so I gave it up."

Have Plenty of Room.

A man has thirty times greater chance of life if he live in a four-roomed house than if he is only able to rent a single chamber.

MORE men than dogs need muzzling.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

A HANDSOME PICTURE FREE

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 13 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc.

WOOLSON SPICE CO., 450 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Trying the Mind Cure.

A New York merchant is reported by the Tribune to have found his office boy weathering one of the terribly hot days of last summer highly philosophical, and therefore worthy—in its spirit, at least—of general imitation.

It was a dull day, with nothing going on. The boy had taken off his coat and vest, and would have taken off his collar but that his employer objected. By and by the merchant saw him writing—putting down a word or two and looking out of the window alternately.

The merchant's curiosity was excited, and he stepped up behind the boy and looked over his shoulder. In front of him lay a foolscap sheet half filled with words like these:

"Ice-cream, icebergs, ice cold soda, North Pole, Greenland, Iceland," and so on.

98%

of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease, be cured. This may seem like a bold assertion to those familiar only with the means generally in use for its treatment; as, nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy emulsions, extract of malt, whiskey, different preparations of hypophosphites and such like *palliatives*.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, *fully 98 per cent.* are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experience.

Address for Book, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau.
3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for Inventors Guide, or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

hitherto obscured ... the turnpike, and they can now be seen from the road.

It is a very imposing sight. From a distance it appears to be a

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

The merchant took the hint, and began to feel more comfortable immediately.

The Idea.

Thomas Sheridan, the father of Lady Dufferin, once displeased his father, who, remonstrating with him, exclaimed:

"Why, Tom, my father would never have permitted me to do such a thing!"

"Sir," said his son, in a tone of the greatest indignation, "do you presume to compare your father to my father?"

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN,
FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2.$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
·LADIES·
$3.$2.50 $2.$1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W·L·DOUGLAS,
BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

P N U 47 '94

AN EXAGGERATED CASE.

For that full feeling
That comes after eating
There is a remedy.
Simple but effective
—and immediate.

A • Ripans • Tabule.

Take one! at the time,
Swallow it
and
there you are.

One who gets just as full
In any other way
Is not so uncomfortable *at the time.*

That sensation, to him,
Comes later.
To prevent it
Take a tabule
Before going to bed.

TRADE MARK
LINENE
REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.

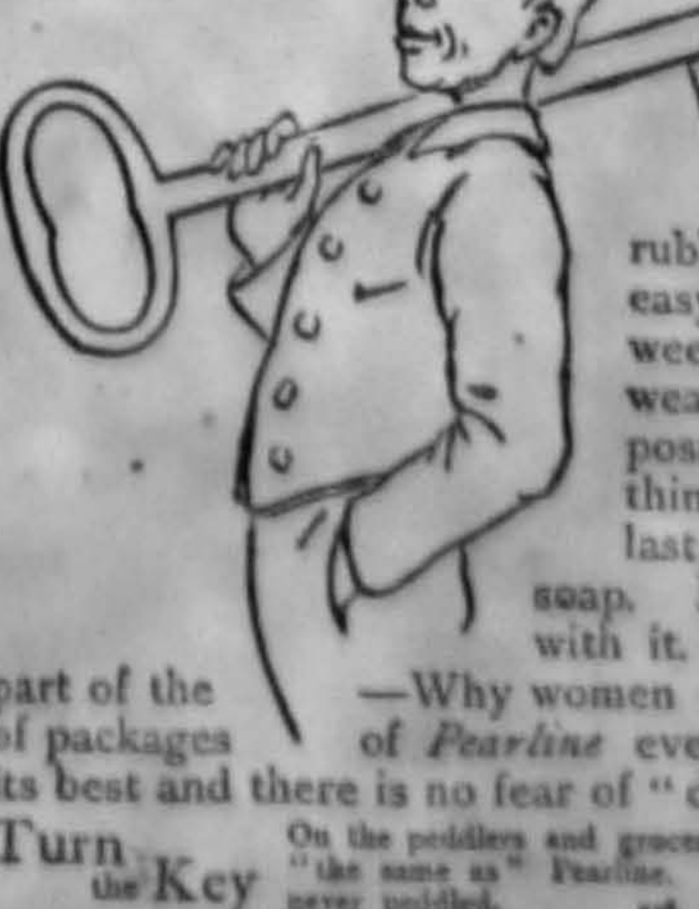
They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

EASTMAN COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., offers both sexes the best educational advantages at the lowest cost. Healthful; best influences; elective studies. Superior instruction. Departments of *Book-keeping and Business Studies; Shorthand and Type-writing; English and Modern Languages; Penmanship and Drawing;* the elementary branches, etc. NO VACATIONS. Positions obtained for competent students. Address, for Catalogue, CLEMENT C. GAINES, President, 53 Washington Street, Poughkeepsie, New York. **COLLEGE**

The Key to Success



in washing and cleaning is *Pearline.* By doing away with the rubbing, it opens the way to easy work; with *Pearline,* a weekly wash can be done by a weakly woman. It shuts out possible harm and danger; all things washed with *Pearline* last longer than if washed with soap. Everything is done better with it. These form but a small part of the —Why women use millions upon millions of packages of *Pearline* every year. Let *Pearline* do its best and there is no fear of "dirt doing its worst."

Turn the Key On the peddlers and grocers who tell you "this is as good as," or "the same as" Pearline. IT'S FALSE; besides, Pearline is never peddled. 198 JAMES PYLE, New York.

"Thoughtless Folks Have the Hardest Work, But Quick Witted People Use

SAPOLIO

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Feb. 15, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

THE Bar Association approved the Senate Bill No. 44, providing for the examination of applicants for license to practice law.

THE editor of the *Intelligencer*, Mr. C. B. Hart, was severely denounced by many Republicans for some of his scathing denunciations of Speaker Edward's course on the school book question. An effort was made to debar him the privileges of the house.

DR. J. P. MOOMAU, the efficient delegate from Pocahontas County, is one of the very few Democrats who have been called to preside temporarily over the West Virginia House of Delegates during the present session. We happened to drop into the House last Thursday while Dr. Moomau was in the Chair, and were impressed by the grace and ability with which he wielded the gavel. The Doctor is a faithful representative of broad usefulness, and Pocahontas has every reason to be proud of him.—*Monroe Watchman.*

MANY have claimed to see the downfall of the nation in the labor troubles, the trusts, the corruption of the ballot, the obstinacy of Congress, and many like signs, but nothing affected our spirits as much as the late agitation of the right of women suffrage among the women of Virginia. We are used to hearing our northern sisters cry out that they are oppressed by taxation without representation, but now this very term is used in our midst. Evidently there is nothing as progressive as the woman. Give them an inch and they want an ell. The Southern gentlemen, have placed their women on a higher and more sacred plane, and it is women's grateful duty to be worthy of it. To a man whose love of home and family is the strongest hope of salvation, the idea of a woman meddling in politics is repulsive as threatening to destroy the one tie that binds him to better things. The agitators of women suffrage who are pure in their motives and working for what they consider right, can have never realized the baneful influence or what is known as politics exercise on those engrossed in the fight for power. Since the world began the power of ruling has been most attractive to the worst class of men. The vilest of the vile will ever be found in such a fight, and the best man who ever ran for an office was only too glad if they supported him. The women do not wish to supplant this heterogenous mass, but to join it. Rather than expose our women to fight with or against such rabble it would be better to give them the sole power, which all must acknowledge as eminently ridiculous. "Emancipation of women" is a silly term, for long ago the chivalry of the English speaking race made them to occupy a place in their hearts far above and beyond a state of emancipation, and *noblesse oblige* demands that women shall keep clear of the polluted cesspool of politics. Women of Virginia, you had better continue to be mothers of the little presidents at home, than to try to place a bloated, bald-headed old rake in the Presidential chair, to be the butt end of every vile paragraph in a dirty newspaper!

The Legislature.

It is quite remarkable that the matter which caused more comment, according to the *Wheeling Intelligencer*, than any thing else that has come up, was the question of grammars in the public schools. To begin with, two counties had expressed themselves as being prejudiced against Harvey's grammars, while the twenty others heard from had desired that no change be made. The book company which publishes Hyde's grammar tried to railroad the bill adopting that book through the House, causing a change to be made amounting to at least $40,000. Prominent Republican members boldly affirm that other Republican members had been corrupted. An amendment was offered to the bill reported back from the committee reinstating Harvey's instead of Hyde's grammar. Animated speeches followed, more or less grammatical. The vote was put and the amendment carried. Then Speaker Edwards showed the cloven foot. He adjourned the House before the vote could be announced, The *Wheeling Intelligencer* says, "He took the House by the scruff of the neck and threw it out of the hall." The next day the blue ruin and bloody murder raised on account of it, principally by Delegate Evans from Martinsburg. The vote was retaken and was not materially changed. A reconsideration was moved, but the members are awake and the lobbying book company had as well go home. This fight was followed by a war against "Dole's Civil Government,' published by the same company, on the grounds that it advocates free trade, and therefore partisan. Speaker Edwards is in an unenviable position in regard to this question.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA., Feb. 4.—"Prof. W. H. Wiley, professer of law at the W. Va. University, left for Charlestown to-day to urge the passage of a bill which has been prepared by the State Bar Association, which has for its aim the preventing of quack lawyers from practicing in this State. The present statue permits any one to practice who passes an easy examination in Blackstone, but the law which the Bar Association would have passed greatly enlarges the requirement. It provides that an applicant shall announce his intention of entering the profession and pursue a two-years' course of study. He then must apply to the Supreme Court of the State for a license, which will be granted only after he has passed a rigid examination."

Bills pertaining to dumb animals are not wanting. "Bills are pending before it for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and he

class them, one and all, as false, faithless and cruel.

At 6 o'clock we returned to the shop. Octave entered alone and I walked up and down

property, and for the preservation of skunks, and all are receiving due consideration."

Elkins replies through the press that he is not interested in the State Debt matter, as has been charged by Congressman Capehart. He had better have his vassals leave the subject alone then.

The most effective argument which is used in the Legislature is "If we pass this bill we cannot carry the State in 1896." It has a magical effect.

A bill has been passed by the House excluding the prosecuting attorney from the grand jury room while evidence is being taken.

Let any man once show the world that he feels
Afraid of its bark and 'twill fly at his heels;
Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone:
But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone.
—*Owen Meredith.*

Sweet Alice Up to Date.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Oh, do you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown?
It has changed to a hydrogen blonde, I am told,
Since sweet Alice moved into town.

The Cold Wave.

The cold weather of last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday is almost without a rival in all the cold times this country has ever had. The cold wind which blew unceasingly during this time is what made it particularly hard to bear. The lowest temperature reached at this point was 20 degrees below zero. It is to be hoped that the winter has reached its grand climacteric. For seven weeks the ground has been covered with snow. During this time ice a foot thick has been swept from the river by freshets, and the river is frozen up solid again. Last year, during these weeks, butterflies, bees, and grasshoppers were to be seen; rose bushes put forth leaves and dandelions bloomed; and people sat out of doors in the warm afternoons.

Horse Frozen.

The mail carrier crossing from Travelers' Repose to Huttonsville, over Cheat Mountain, had his horse frozen to death last Friday. He was ascending the mountain from the Randolph side when his horse floundered into a snow-drift. The carrier went on walking. As soon as he came to a house, he obtained help and went back to shovel his horse out. The animal was heated, no doubt, for by the time they got it extricated it was so chilled that it was too stiff to walk, and died soon afterwards.

MINGO makes the number of counties in West Virginia fifty-five. It is about half as large as Pocahontas, and contains about as many people. It has a railroad, the Norfolk and Western, and its county-seat is a town of about four hundred people. There was a fight for the county-seat, which is Williamson, the Democratic town against Long's Bottom, a Republican town. The Democrats and Republicans united in their desire to form a new county; the one wished to call it Kenna, and the other Garfield. They compromised on Mingo, the name of the tribe of Indians of which Logan was chief. The territory is rich in natural resources. It takes away the business portion of Logan County, and relegates it once more to a quiet and retired position from the world. The new county is on the Kentucky border.

CHINA had her navy swept from the face of the great deep by the last engagement with the Japanese. Admiral McGiffin, of Pennsylvania, and graduate of the Washington and Jefferson College of Western Pennsylvania, was in command of one of the Chinese ships, and went down in it.

THE White Sulphur Springs are leased to Messrs. Eubank and Glover, of the Warm Springs, for three years with the privilege of five, and will be opened next summer. Of late years, this great watering place has not been a source of revenue to its proprietors.

MORGANTOWN relies for light and fuel principally on the supply of natural gas. A recent breaking of the gas main left the town in darkness and cold during one of the severest storms of the winter.

MUCH suffering and distress has been caused among the poor this severe winter. It is not limited to any one portion of the nation, but extends over all the States.

THE thermometer has been as low as sixty-five degrees below zero this month in the northern part of the United States.

WAYNE is to lose her criminal court. It would be well if all criminal courts were abolished.

THIS winter will be remembered long for the losses by shipwreck.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.
Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA. S. W. HOLT.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3½ miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address URIAH BIRD,
Marlinton, W. Va.

ROOFING Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped everywhere.

PAINT red and black, for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

LADDER that shorten or lengthen for tinners, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

PAPER heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

PRICE low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,

WM. A. LIST & CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1 256m

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop,

—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

☞ Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day 1,00
per meal - - - 25
lodging - - 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER. Proprietor.

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON POCKET HEALTH

West End of Bridge.

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

HOME NEWS

—William Wymer, of Upshur, who was sent from this county to the penitentiary for horse stealing, died at Moundsville recently.

—Nearly all of the papers in the State got out a ground-hog issue last week, one of the calamities brought on by the day.

—Dr. J. W. Price bought the Hevner lot, sold at auction last Saturday, for $40. The lot contains two acres. He will put up some buildings on it soon.

—One of the citizens of this town preserves this sort of a letter: "Dear Sir, I would like to buy your horse, and will give you $115 for it. P. S. If you will not take $115, I will give you $125."

—The skating has been better than good and this town has quite an array of skaters. George Hart, who was raised on the Monongahela River, is considered the best man with skates seen hereabouts.

—The mails were practically stopped for three days. It was four days, including Sunday, that we failed to receive any railroad mail. Reports say that the trains on the C. & O. were stopped by the drifts.

—Several sled teams have been busy hauling sand for the courthouse, the past few days. These teams came in last week with several tons of cement, and there is a good deal more to follow.

—The ice will have another try at the boom at Ronceverte. The ice now on the river is the clearest and purest formed this winter, and there is little or no snow-ice in its composition. Hence when it does break it will be most dangerous.

—Direct your steps toward S. W. Holt's when you come to Marlinton and you will find on his counters bargains that will make you open your eyes, hold up your head, and go down in your pocket. This is straight goods.

—An eagle came down and sat on a fence, near Mr. Levi Gay's, one of the cold mornings of last week. A pistol shot was fired at it, at which it took flight. Had there been a gun near, it could easily have been killed, as it was very easy to approach it.

—Here is an example worth of any one's consideration: "How many of each animal can a man buy for $100, and have 100 head of all; buying hogs at 50 cents, sheep at $3.00, and cows at $10.00?" All answers must be accompanied by the solution.

—A Rockingham Dutchman was asked what breed of hogs he kept. "I will show you presently," he replied. Upon coming to a well filled corncrib, his eye twinkled, and his ample features lightened up, and pointing to it said, "Thot, my friendt, ish my breet of hocks!"

—The County Court has a good opportunity to test the new jail. If Alex. Armstrong does not break out the jail may be considered reasonably safe. It would be better, though, to get Ham Collins to try to break out then we would have it tested thoroughly. If Armstrong gnaws out the jail will hardly be taken off the contractors hands.

—Jim Herold, Esq., who moved from this county a few years back, is now engaged as a lumber jobber for the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railway Company. It is reported that he has made a lot of money, and that he has just secured a contract to put in 5,000,000 feet, at a rate that makes it the best paying contract let by the company this season.

—The examinations given in Prof. Wysong's department of the Marlinton Academy were passed by a goodly number of the students and some very gratifying marks were made. The teacher thought it proper to announce as distinguished those who made a combined mark of 85 per cent. on each branch. The following have been given distinctions: In Latin, Dennis McNeill; in English Literature, Miss Mollie Smith; in German, Edward Holt; in Primary Arithmetic, Fred McLaughlin and William Holt. The scholarship medal given to that pupil who

—When a road drifts full of snow, or a tree falls across it, or a rock rolls into the roadbed, or any thing whatever obstructs the passage of travel, it is the duty of the overseer and surveyor to open up such road for travel, and any one so disposed can make it pretty hot for such overseers as neglect to open up a blockaded road. The best plan, we think, is to call out some of the hands and let the time so employed count on their yearly assessment of four days work.

—A graded school for a session of 3 months has been gotten up at this place by Mr. Wysong, and will commence Monday, February 18th. All the free school branches will be taught, and in addition, several higher branches, including Latin, Geometry, History, Literature, etc. By the cooperation of the people this school can be made a success.

—Andy Campbell, the jovial golucky mail-carrier, does much to make things more lively along the route. He uses what may be termed a bob sleigh, with dog-cart body and shafts, which slides along most admirably on its two-foot runners. To his horse is attached a first class cow-bell, that kalang kalangs about right.

Personal.

Messrs. L. M. McClintic and Andrew Price are absent at Grafton on professional business.

Mr. Uriah Bird made a trip to Beverly during the cold snap, returning with a two-horse spring wagon. He is said to have traversed the road between Mingo and Marlinton with his wagon at the time the mails were lying by on account of the drifts.

Messrs. Cox, Moore, and two Mayse brothers, from Rockingham County, Va., are here as carpenters on the court-house.

The Messrs. Holt, who had started for Beverly to take the train for Baltimore, were compelled to return on account of the severity of the storm.

Mr. Charles E. Sutton is giving drawing lessons to various pupils at this place. Those under his instruction are making rapid advancement in the use of colors. He has headquarters at the Marlinton Hotel.

Ed. Rutlege has returned to wait for the drive. He has had constant employment in the lumber camps.

Ed. McLaughlin was down from Dunmore this week.

Mr. Harvey Maupin and wife are off to Green Bank, visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. John Waugh, formerly one of Pocahontas' most respected citizens, paid the county a visit this week. He is now living on the Dun Place, near Ronceverte, and is managing the place for its owner.

Something in Wood-carving.

Mr. J. Holmes Moore, of Virginia, who is stopping at Mr. C. A. Yeager's hotel, is engaged in carving many beautiful things on a walking stick, as a present to a friend. It is intended for a member of the order of Odd Fellows, and bears the following emblems: The handle is composed of a hand holding a bundle of sticks, representing strength in union; then follows representations of the ark of the covenant, the all-seeing eye, the ax, the links, the heart and hand, the scythe, the staff, the face of Thomas Wildly, the scales, hands breaking a single stick, the Bible, the word EZEL. All of this is executed in the most artistic style. Then follows in the plainest of raised letters the words of presentation, and the whole of the Lord's Prayer. The stick is composed of apple and maple, and is the size of an ordinary walking-stick.

Locust News.

R. W. Beard, Esq., made a canvasing tour of the "Peerless Feed Mill" through the uper end of this county last week, with much success.

Mrs. Nannie Beard lost a valuable horse last Friday night, caused by a severe kick.

Mr. Frank Chapman is in this part now cleaning clocks, etc. He expects to do some barn repairing for R. M. Beard.

W. McClintic's hands passed through this place with a drove of

Hillsboro.

A COLD TIME.

We have weathered a good many storms, but that of last Thursday, Friday, and Saturday for whirling snow, cold cutting winds and general disagreableness, capped the climax. All day Friday the mercury remained trom 4 to 6° below zero, and complaints of frozen ears, fingers and toes were quite numerous. Unsheltered stock suffered terribly, and Mr. Wm. Burns' cows' feet and legs were badly swollen from the effects of the stinging cold.

A strong blast of wind, partly blew E. L. Beard & Co's awning down, driving a piece of the frame work through a window, breaking two large glass panes to atoms.

Nicholas Street looking north from E. I. Holt's store is completely blocked up with snow, and other roads in the neighborhood are in the same condition. The mail from Lewisburg failed to reach here on Friday and Saturday, the carrier reports that the roads were so filled up with snow that the Ronceverte and Lewisburg mails could not get through at any time. The storm has been one of unusual severity, checking business, and filling every one with apprehension as to the results in other parts of the country.

CORPORATION NEWS.

On Monday February 4th, the newly elected council met in regular session. Mayor Eskridge made some suggestions, which were well received. A resolution was passed requesting the mayor, sergeant and street commissioner to re-district the town. J. K. Bright, E. H. Moore and J. H. Clark were appointed to revise the Corporation ordinances. G. W. Callison, G. L. Clark and E. I. Holt were appointed for the auditing committee. F. L. Beard was appointed street commissioner, and J. D. Payne sergeant.

IMPROVEMENTS.

Among the improvements looked for in Hillsboro next spring or summer will be a new store building by Payne Bros. and one by E. H. Moore & Co., A postoffice building by C. W. Eskridge, and a new plank walk from the corner of the H. M. & F. Academy to G. W. Callisons.

A FARM SOLD.

Sam'l Wamsley has sold his farm (56 acres) lying three quarters of a mile east of town, to Oliver Auldridge, for $300.

OTHER ITEMS.

We have a great deal of sickness in this neighborhood at present. Mr. S. H. Clark, who was in a very critical condition last week from impacted fæces of the bowels, is now considered out of danger.

Our new Street Commissioner was out on last Monday, the 11th, with a force of hands tunneling through the snow drifts on Nicholas Street.

Messrs Robt. Keyser, Elisha Karnes and Miss Ella Williams, of Healing Springs, Virginia, are visiting friends near here.

Mrs. E. S. Shue wife of 'Trout' Shue, died very suddently at her home near here, on last Monday morning the 11th. We havn't been able to learn the particulars of her death.

"JENKINS."

Green Bank.

Coldest for years the 8th and 9th inst, with a light snow and a very high wind, a man could stand to be out but a short time, and the mail froze out on Friday from Travelers' Repose and only got to this place.

Mr. R. M. Beard, of Academy, was in our burg one day last week.

Mr. Geo. Baxter, of Edray, was in this neighborhood last week surveying land for Mr. S. B. Hannah and others.

Mr. B. M. Yeager, of Huntersville, was surveying for J. W. Riley, J. T. Sutton and others last week.

Mr. J. H. Ralston, our popular blacksmith, made a flying trip to Virginia last week.

Mr. Frank McElwee, of Beverly, is visiting friends and relatives in Pocahontas at this time. He is in our village, but I won't tell on him.

THE MAIL BOY'S HORSE

The mailboy from Huttonsville to Travelers' Repose got in a snow drift, his horse fell and he could not get him out, he went to Cheat Camp and got help, but when they got back the horse's legs were frozen and could not stand and soon died frozen in the drift where the snow may be until July

Letter From the West.

BRIMFIELD IND. }
January 28th, 1895. }

Dear Editor:—As my time has about expired for my dear old friend, the POCAHONTAS TIMES, I enclose another year's subscription, wishing it a successful and prosperous year. It is always welcome to its far western friends, as it gives us the news of our old home circle of friends and relatives. We receive it on Mondays and it lasts all week.

Stock is wintering well. Lambs bring a good price. Some lots have sold from $5 to $5 10 per hundred. They averaged 91lbs. A great many lambs are fed in this country. Hogs are worth from $4 to $4½ grose; corn only 35c to 40c per bushel; wheat 48c; oats 30c. A great many farmers are feeding wheat to stock, as they think they can make more out of it by feeding it.

We have had a pleasant winter, with one week of good sleighing. The jingle of the sleigh bells was heard day and night while the snow lasted. We always fear our eastern storms. The wind got in the east last Thursday, blew up a little storm, and drove the thermometer down to 4° below zero on two nights, standing at about 10° above during the day. Before that we had only one cold night which was 8° below zero.

Mr. Lindsay has his home nicely furnished ready for house keeping. He thinks the time is long to see his better half, who is detained in her mountain home by the storm.

Miss Allie Cloonan, formerly of Pocahontas county, but who has spent the last two years in Missouri, is with us. She expects to spend 1895 in Indiana. She has a nice pleasant place to work, and we gladly welcome her.

Jake McClure is prospering finely with a good looking Hoosier wife and two little children. All are happy. I received a letter from Harry McLaughlin, who has a happy home in Missouri, and is making money. With kindest regard to all my friends, I am as ever yours.

JAKE MCLAUGHLIN.

Married in the Storm.

Last Thursday, February 7th, on Dry Branch in this county, Mr. Granville Brady and Miss Emma Lindsay were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. Benj. Wilfong. The wind made it almost impossible to remain any length of time out of doors, as it was moving houses from their foundations that day, and blowing snow which blinded the eyes of the traveler. A number of guests, however, reached the home of the bride's father, and a handsome dinner was served. The next day by an effort the home of the bridegroom was reached, where the event was celebrated in a befitting style.

The Raven Rocks.

The Raven Rocks, on Wm. M. McAllister's farm, on Elk, is a great curiosity. Recent clearing has removed the obstruction that hitherto obscured the view from the turnpike, and they can now be seen from the road.

It is a very imposing sight. From a distance it appears to be a vast over hanging cliff, about seventy-five feet high on a high point. When visited the high cliff is found to be a detached portion of the cliffs, being separated from the rest of the mountain by a chasm of about three feet in width, which extends clear across its breadth, and is as deep as the cliff is high. It is said that in hacking recently, the workmen were afraid to cross this fissure, and for that reason did not deaden a few pine trees that grow on this top. As will be seen by this meager description, the rock is an immense body of stone detached with a base much smaller than the top.

When standing on the top, the tourist seems to be overhanging the very bottom of the deep valley below, the side of the mountain being very precipitous, and the rock shelving over so much. The place has been the home of wild-cats, which have full and undisputed possession of the caves and holes in the rock. Mr. Jas. Gibson, Jr., of Elk, some years ago was taken by surprise by a wild-cat here. His dogs were baying a wild-cat in one hole. Presently a cat came out of another hole beside the hunter, and jumped on the side of a tree. The unexpected appearance of the cat, rattled the hunter to that extent that he forgot he had a gun.

Jim Trotter's Famous Letter.

The recent cold snap and snow blockade in the mountains, which froze animals and at places intercepted travel, reminds a correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch* of a famous letter from a Virginia mail contractor, written in 1850, which is said to have been framed by the authorities and hung in a conspicuous place in one of the offices of the Postoffice Department.

At that time, perhaps, one of the longest routes in the South was from Staunton to Parkersburg, W. Va., over the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike, a distance of 252 miles, and James Trotter was the contractor, driving the old-fashioned stage-coach, with its four horses, and having sufficient relays, which enabled him to make two trips a week. The tremendous snow drifts on Cheat Mountain in 1850 will never be forgotton. The tops of trees 75 and 80 feet tall were just visible in some of the deep hollows, and even on the adjacent farm lands live stock passed over fences from field to field, eating the tops off of fruit trees, down to the level of the snow crust.

The mail service on Trotter's line was of course, at a standstill—a fact which was duly reported, but, the authorities, failing to realize the extent of the blockade, continued to annoy him about his failure to cross the mountain. Finally, we are told that, in a fit of passion, and with the hope of putting a stop to the goadings which were so galling to him, he wrote the following letter, which as already stated, is on record, neatly framed, in the department at Washington:

"If you were to knock out the gable-end of h—l and turn it loose on Cheat Mountain, it wouldn't generate steam enough in six months to open up the snow-drifts."

Hon. Wm. L. Wilson.

Five years ago the progressive debating society of Swago, elected Hon. Wm. L. Wilson an honorary member of their society. He replied by the following letter of thanks, taken from the old file in this office:

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Nov. 25th 1889.—Messrs N. C. McNeil Pres., and G. H. Overholt Cor. Secretary: I have received yours of Nov. 19th, informing me that I have been elected an honorary member of the Copernican Literary Society of W. Va. Please accept for your Society my acknowledgments of their flattering remembrance and assure them of my hearty good wishes for the Society's prosperity and usefulness.

Very truly yours,
WM. L. WILSON.

When Congress Adjourns.

Thar'll be joy in this country when Congress adjourns—
When Congress adjourns,
Adjourns!
That lane is the longest that never makes turns—
That never makes turns,
Makes turns!

Thar'll be joy on the hilltop and joy on the plain,
An' joy in the sunshine, an' joy in the rain;
So keep up your courage, an' wait for the train,
When Congress adjourns,
Adjourns!

Thar'll be joy in this country when Congress adjourns,
When Congress adjourns,
Adjourns!
We'll settle the bill for the gas that it burns—
For the gas that it burns,
It burns!

Thar'll be joy in the country an' joy in the town,
An' joy will go skeetin' an' flyin' all round;
Three cheers an' a tiger from Billville to Brown—
When Congress adjourns,
Adjourns!

—Atlanta Constitution.

"RABBI, who is happier, the man who owns a million dollars or he who has seven daughters?"

"The one with many daughters."

"Why so?"

"He who has a million dollars wishes for more—the man who has seven daughters does not."

Special Offer

We have made arrangements with the Confederate Veteran published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the POCAHONTAS TIMES and the Veteran at the exceedingly low rate of $1.65 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated magazine at so low a price. The Veteran

Recent figures show that the total value of matches made and consumed throughout the world is but little short of $200,000,000.

In 100 home families in New York, on the average, are found sixty-three that hire their home, fifteen that own with incumbrance, and twenty-one that own without incumbrance.

"In the United States three-fifths of the entire wealth of the country is owned by 31,000 persons—less than one-twelfth of one per cent. of the population," asserts the Farmers' Tribune.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has decided to gradually do away with the service of interpreters at the various agencies, etc., and to employ instead the Indian children who have been educated at the expense of the Government.

Twenty-five miles of the Congo Railroad in Africa, forming the first section between Matange and Kenge, are now completed. The work has cost $100,000 a mile. The line will be ninety-three miles long in all, and will connect the immense waterways above Stanley Falls with the sea.

Since Florida orange growers have turned their attention to the developing of early and late kinds of fruit, it is possible to have oranges here all the year through, states the Philadelphia Presbyterian. With the aid of cold storage, the presence of fruit on the table is much more common than it used to be.

Iceland can hardly be considered as a new country, admits the Washington Star, for it was colonized before the Vikings made an excursion to the North American coast. Yet attention is now being directed to the resources of the island, and projects for development are being planned and pushed with the vigor usual when a new land has been opened for settlement. An English syndicate has secured a concession to build railways, and a line of steamers is to be established to run all the year between Iceland and Liverpool. The export sheep trade is the incentive that has given life to these commercial projects. Iceland's geographic position is such as to suggest it as a field for American enterprise.

It is encouraging to know that the scientific application of electricity to therapeutical work is gaining ground rapidly. Not only are medical men themselves actively investigating the subject, but electricians like Edison, Tesla, Elihu Thomson, A. E. Kennelly, J. J. Carty and others, are devoting considerable time and study to it. American medical papers contain many notes on new lines of work, and even the more conservative English press finds space to record advances in the electro-therapeutic art. The London Lancet contains interesting references to the very successful use of electricity in curing trigeminal neuralgia, and to long continued treatment of cases of ticdouloureaux, which is practically the same thing, with long and short applications of the current. Success is uniform in all cases.

The Director of the United States Mint has estimated and the Secretary of the Treasury has proclaimed the value of foreign coins, as required by Section 25 of the act of August 28, 1894. The changes made are as follows:

	Value, July 1, 1894.	Value, Oct. 1, 1894.
Bolivians of Bolivia	.457	.464
Peso of Central American States	.457	.464
Shanghai tael of China	.676	.685
Haikwan tael of China	.753	.763
Tien-Tsin tael of China		.727
Che-Foo tael of China		.717
Peso of Colombia	.457	.464
Sucre of Ecuador	.457	.464
Rupee of India	.217	.220
Yen of Japan	.493	.500
Dollars of Mexico	.497	.504
Sol of Peru	.457	.464
Rubie of Russia	.366	.371
Mahbub of Tripoli	.413	.418

The estimate of the value of coins of countries having a single silver standard is made up on the average price of silver for the three months ending September 29, 1894, viz:

AN ANSWERING THOUGHT.

If man be but a mere sojourner here—
A borrowed presence from some distant sphere,
A passing shadow 'twixt a smile and tear—
A thing of fleeting breath,
Then, O ye heavenly choristers, draw near,
And tell me what is death.

If mortal strength be but a borrowed might,
A circling sun that wanes before the night,
A taper burning with a transient light,
Borrowed from worlds above,
Oh, pause, sweet spirits, in your phantom flight,
And tell me what is love.

If human life is but a feeble spark—
A flitting gleam consumed by shadows dark,
Or spirits soaring upward, as the lark,
Let me not blindly grope;
Ahoy! sweet sailors in your phantom bark,
And tell me what is hope.

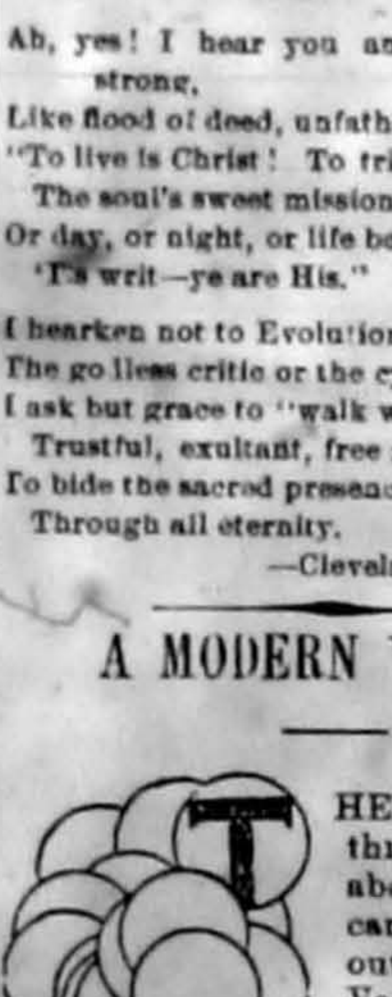
If my poor heart, a thing of trust and pray'r,
Must throb—then vanish as dissolving air;
If I must struggle through a world of care—
A vicious, fleeting strife—
Then tell me, O thou shapes of beauty rare,
Tell me what is life.

Ah, yes! I hear you answer, clear and strong,
Like flood of deed, unfathomable song;
"To live is Christ! To triumph over wrong
The soul's sweet mission is;
Or day, or night, or life be short or long,
'Tis writ—ye are His."

I hearken not to Evolution's drone,
The godless critic or the cynic's tone;
I ask but grace to "walk with God" alone—
Trustful, exultant, free;
To bide the sacred presence of His throne,
Through all eternity.

—Cleveland Plaindealer.

A MODERN WITCH.



THERE is something uncanny about the girl. I cannot make her out," and Charlie Vanderveer puffed viciously at his cigar. "Why, the other night I was up there, she started in by reading my palm, and ended by hypnotizing me. By Jove, Tom, I was frightened—absolutely frightened."

"That is easy," answered Bransford, with an indulgent smile. "What, the palmistry or the hypnotism?"

"Both; and the frightening thrown in."

"Well, you will see her to-night, and can then judge for yourself. Here we are, now." Saying which they walked up the broad steps of a comfortable looking brown stone mansion and were ushered into the drawing room by a stately looking butler.

Miss Morgan was as charming a girl as one would care to meet. She had beauty, numerous accomplishments, and, incidentally, wealth. Within the past few years she had developed a craze for anything bordering on the mystic or supernatural. At first it was palmistry, but recently it had developed into mind-reading, hypnotism and ingeniously planned though entirely unsuccessful wanderings of the astral body.

Yet she had impressed some of her friends to such an extent that they would dream nightmareish dreams about her, and when they informed her of the fact she would calmly announce that she really had been with them in astral form.

Tom Bransford thought of all this as he was presented to this self-confessed witch. To her credit be it said that the young lady thought too much of her personal appearance to adopt any outlandish form of dress; on the contrary, the tout ensemble, while certainly bewitching, was anything but uncanny.

After the first introductions and perfunctory conventionalities, the conversation was turned to the subject of hypnotism, and Bransford volunteered to become a subject with foolhardy daring "just to see what the sensation was like," as he meekly explained.

Overjoyed at the prospect of a new victim to experiment upon, the young hostess offered him an invitingly comfortable looking arm-chair, while she, seating herself before him and taking his hand in hers, directed that he should look steadily into her eyes. Bransford did so, while Miss Morgan fixed her lustrous eyes on his as though she would look him through and through.

"Don't stare at me that way too long, Miss Morgan, I have a weak heart," interrupted Bransford.

Estelle laughed. "You must not interrupt the physic current by talking; but tell me, have you experienced any strange sensations yet?"

"Yes," replied Bransford, "the strangest and wildest sensations. I can hardly talk. I feel that I am going, going."

And as a matter of fact, Tom's eyes closed while he was yet talking, and in a few moments he was fast asleep. "Oh, how delightful!" cried the girl, clasping her hands delightedly. "He has passed beyond the suggestion stage, and now must be in the somnambulistic stage." Then turning the limp form of Bransford, she commanded: "Stand up. You are now completely in my power. Stand up and open your eyes."

But Bransford did nothing of the sort. On the contrary his legs and arms became rigid, his teeth clenched, and his breathing labored.

Estelle turned pale. "He is in the cataleptic stage; but I think I had better wake him up, don't you?"

"By all means," assented Vanderveer, whose face had assumed an almost greenish hue with fright.

But in vain did this fair disciple of Mesmer resort to passes, commands, and finally tearful entreaties. Bransford could not be aroused, and his condition seemed to become more serious every moment.

"Oh, Mr. Bransford, do wake up. If you have the slightest regard for me, I beseech of you to wake up," cried the girl, anxiously. "Oh, Mr. Vanderveer, do you please say something to arouse him, your voice will be more familiar than mine."

"Tom," cried Charlie, at the top of his voice, "wake up, old man." Then shaking him by the shoulders, he pleaded with him wildly. "Tom, old friend, you are all right. Wake up, Tom, if you love me, wake up." Then reproachfully to Estelle: "He told you he had a weak heart."

"Yes," she replied, now crying hysterically, "but I thought he was joking. Do please go for a doctor as quick as you can."

"But I can't leave him here, he'll fall on the floor," said Charlie. "Don't you think I had better carry him to the lounge?"

"Pray do, and then I can bathe his forehead with some extract and fan him while you are gone."

Bransford's remains—for they hardly seemed to be more—were then laboriously half lifted, half dragged from the chair to the lounge, and a daintily embroidered pillow placed under his head. Estelle had in the meantime supplied herself with all available restoratives and took her place by his side, while Charlie hurried away for medical aid.

Left alone with her unfortunate victim, she unburdened her soul aloud.

"Oh, what have I done! Perhaps he will die. And I heard so much about him. I was sure we were going to be good friends. And I did like him from the moment I saw him this evening—and now I have probably killed him. Oh, how could I do it, how could I do it!"

A sort of spasm passed over the unconscious form before her, and she thought his breathing had ceased, so put her hand over his parted lips to see if she could feel any breath, when to her horror and surprise, the trembling hand was kissed in a most lifelike manner, and Bransford's dark eyes looked into hers with a humorous twinkle.

"Remember," he said, quietly, "I am not responsible. I am hypnotized, you know." Then, still keeping her hand in his own, he sat up and asked gravely: "Don't you think that you have had a pretty good lesson in the danger of playing with edged tools and dabbling in occult arts you do not know anything about?"

"I think it was perfectly abominable and cruel for you to give me such a terrible fright," she cried, pulling away her hand.

"It might easily have really occurred. Come, now. You have said you like me, then forgive me, but promise to be a bewitching woman and not a womanly witch in the future. The day of witchcraft has long since passed; nineteenth century witches have no excuse for existing. Is it a bargain?"

"Rather a one-sided bargain; but I think you are right and I promise."

When Vanderveer returned an hour later, after calling unsuccessfully on five physicians, he found Tom and Estelle chatting as cozily together as though they had been friends for years.

"Yes," Tom said on his way home, "it was hard enough to lay there and stimulate unconsciousness while she was crying and you were carrying on like a lunatic; but when she put her dainty little hand on my mouth, why I simply could not resist. Ye gods, man, if it had been her lips, and I—do you think she ever would have forgiven me?"

"Oh, yes," prophesied Vanderveer, gloomily, "and in time no apology will be looked for or required under similar circumstances."

Charlie was right.—Truth.

Birds That Build Tenements.

The social brosbecks of South Africa live in large societies. They select a tree of considerable size, and literally cover it with a grass roof, under which their common dwelling is constructed. The roof serves the double purpose of keeping off the heat and rain, and 400 or 500 pairs of birds are known to have the same shelter. The nests in this aerial dwelling are built in regular streets, and closely resemble rows of tenement houses.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A MONTANA SHEEP RANCH.

TELEPHONES AND BAROMETERS PART OF THE EQUIPMENT.

The Large Clark Ranch and the Careful Way It Is Managed—Looking After 40,000 Sheep.

BAINBRIDGE S. CLARK, of Tarrytown, and his two sons, Walter and George, own the largest sheep ranch in Montana. The sons live on the ranch, and once or twice a year Mr. Clark, who has given up active business life, goes out there to look over affairs at the ranch and give his opinion on matters where it is advisable. On the ranch are no less than 40,000 sheep. The ranch is all fenced in, has ample equipments in buildings and extends in one direction for a distance of forty miles. It is in Choteau County.

This ranch is run on what might be called scientific principles. That is, at this season of the year, and for the rest of the winter it is run according to the barometer. The ranch has six telephone stations. The approach of blizzards and other cold storms is so sudden in that country that it means a loss of many sheep, where herding is carried on extensively, if they are not rushed under shelter when these storms come. Whenever the barometer falls seriously word is telephoned at once to the stations on the ranch from the central house and the sheep are raced in, if necessary, for their protection.

The sheep are kept in flocks of 3000, and two men go with them as herders. They are rounded up at night, and reports are made over the telephone every evening as to the day's work. This ranch is said to be the only one in this country fully equipped with the telephone. The result is that at any hour of the day the Clark brothers know the situation on any part of their ranch, and concerted action can be taken by the herders at any time on direction from the ranch office. The ranch has been an immense success, and this has come from the close application of business principles.

Life on the Clark ranch is very attractive. The chief house is a large two-story log structure. It is beautifully furnished with hangings and rugs, and it is full of gayety. The owners have a large yellow drag, and when Eastern visitors come out there on hunting trips it is a common sight to see a merry coaching party go dashing across the prairie. The mountains are near, and some fine lakes, notably St. Mary's are not far away. Shooting is excellent and close at hand, and it is not a long journey to Helena or to the other lively cities of Montana.

The Clark boys, as they are known out there, used to be prominent in the 400 of New York and Newport, as the 400 existed ten years ago, but they dropped society and its attractions from the moment they went into sheep herding. They had been brought up without the necessity for work, but their father insisted on giving them occupation with serious responsibilities. They proved their worth from the start. Every winter one of them has come home for a short visit, but it has been a stay always with a longing to get back to the ranch and to pitch into hard work there. They have studied every phase of the business and have worked with their own hands on the sheep.

Moreover, the young men have surrounded themselves with genial assistants. On their ranch, employed as herders, have been many of their acquaintances and friends who have met with financial reverses and have been thrown on their own resources in an emergency. Among these herders have been two German barons, who, several years ago, were social lions in swell society in the East. They liked open air life, and were willing to act as herders while their affairs were being straightened. On the ranch there are generally half a dozen such companions, and life in the central house in the evenings, with music and other attractions, is delightful. During the winter season these young men take their dress suits and drop down to Helena. Social functions take an added importance there because of their presence. They are much sought after as leaders in germans. Their dancing accomplishments always make them desirable guests.

When Mr. Clark first decided upon a Western career for his sons he went into the wheat country of North Dakota to investigate. Land agents were bragging to him constantly as to the depth of the black soil out there. This was a most important matter for purchasers to know about. Mr. Clark hit upon an ingenious method of verifying their statements. When an agent would drive up to the hotel to take Mr. Clark out to see some land, he would be surprised to see Mr. Clark lugging out a big tin affair like a waterspout, about eight feet long, and stow it away in the wagon.

"The soil is six feet deep here," an agent would say when a certain spot would be reached.

"I guess I'll try it myself," Mr. Clark would respond. Then he would bring out his tin arrangement and begin to push it down into the ground. It was simply a huge auger and it told the tale to the inch as to the earth's depth. Mr. Clark also had a sort of cheese box made, and with this and his auger to aid him no land agent could deceive him, willingly or unwillingly, as to the soil's depth.—New York Sun.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Cornelius Vanderbilt has a $15,000 piano.

In the course of a year a single crow destroys 700,000 insects.

The Manchester (England) ship canal cost $60,000,000 and 130 human lives.

A skunk farm near East Freeport, Ohio, has 5000 of the malodorous animals.

A Bangor (Me.) taxidermist has already stuffed and mounted thirty-nine deerskins this season.

The Madras (India) Government has issued orders to prohibit hook-swinging at religious festivals.

Circleville, Ohio, was so named because it was originally situated within one of the Indian mound circles.

In Australia the cherry stones grow on the outside of the cherries, and several varieties of wood will sink in water.

No authentic painting by any one of the famous Greek or Roman masters of antiquity is now known to be in existence.

The first English dictionary contained only nouns and verbs, the nouns in one column and the verbs in another.

Letters received at the Chicago postoffice show that the name of the Lake City can be spelled in 197 different ways.

The first savings bank in this country was the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society, organized in 1816. It is still in existence.

The trotting record has been lowered at the average rate of five seconds a decade since 1845, when Lady Suffolk held it.

An apple tree in Monticello, Fla., bears on different limbs grafted apples, crabapples, prunes, peaches, pears and quinces.

The Russian Czar's palatial yacht, the Polish Star, has a minature Greek chapel on the upper deck with an altar spread with red velvet.

Denver, Col., has the largest street railway cable in the world. The rope which acts as the motor is 36,000 feet, or about seven miles long.

On New Year's morning every man and boy in the Celestial Empire, from the Emperor to the lowest peasant, pays a visit to his mother. He carries her a present, and thanks her for all she has done for him.

The geese and cranes of South America commonly winter in the West Indies and in the valleys of the Amazon and Orinoco, but great flocks of them have been seen crossing the South Atlantic in the autumn, evidently bound for Africa.

At Schilligallen, in Germany, recently, an old man of seventy-three, named Mormon Junkles, who had already buried three wives, proposed to a fourth. She told him he was too old, whereupon he went into the neighboring forest and hanged himself.

Asbestos in the household is just beginning its career of usefulness. It is now made into hearth blowers, stove polishers, mats, flatiron rests and for baking paper. It will come in time, no doubt, to furnish fireproof handles, aprons, carpets and a dozen other things.

Cost of Running Trains.

Probably few travelers, even those who daily have occasion to use the railway, have any adequate idea of the cost of running trains. The cost may differ, and doubtless does differ greatly with the varying conditions, but the recently published figures of one of the extensive Western systems are instructive. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, operating 6147 miles of road, has made public an analysis of expenses per revenue train mile run for the past two years, the total miles run being 31,753,418 in 1893, and 26,692,470 in 1894. The items include repairs of locomotives and cars, station service, train service, train and station supplies, fuel, oil and waste and miscellaneous expenses. The total operating expenses were 96.46 cents per revenue train mile in 1893, and 92.67 cents in 1894. The revenue from passengers per train mile run was only 91.51 cents in 1893 and 90.32 cents in 1894, or less than cost. But there was a profit on freight service, the revenue per mile run being $1.5701 in 1893 and $1.5884 in 1894, and out of this margin between receipts and expenditures per mile has to come the return for the enormous investment in roads, rolling stock, structures and other property. Stated in a general way, it costs about

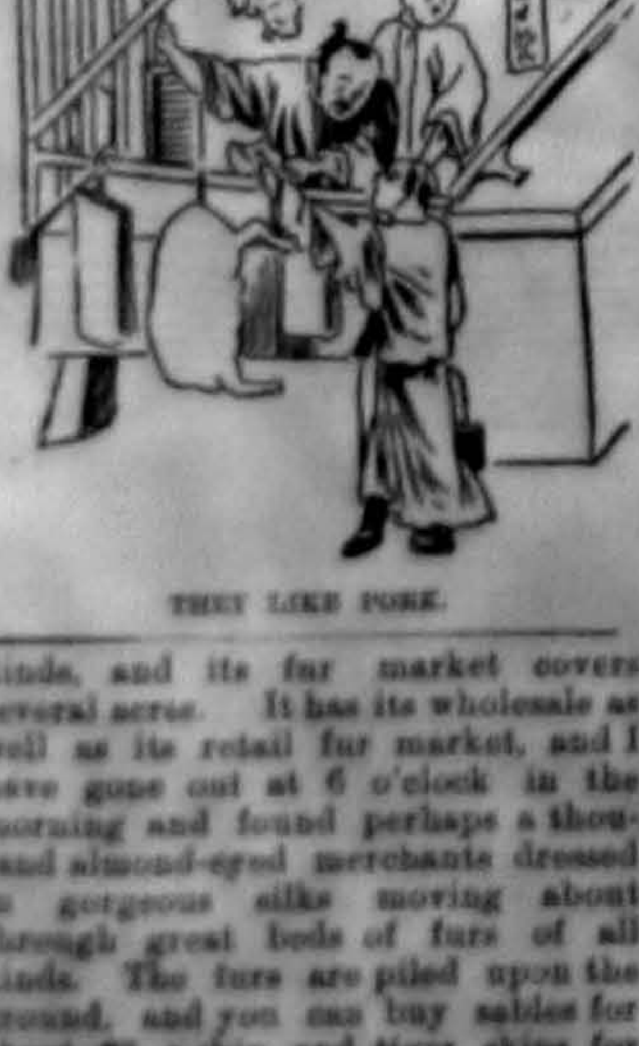
ALL ABOUT ITS QUEER SIGHTS AND STRANGE PEOPLE.

Capital of One-third of the World—Walls of Pekin and Three Different Cities Enclosed—Its Great Markets.

PEKIN, writes Frank G. Carpenter in the Washington Star, is perhaps one of the least known cities of the world. I have paid two visits to it, and I spent a month in it six years ago. During the present spring I prowled about its streets for days and devoted myself to making a study of the town and its people. It is an immense city. It contains about fifteen hundred thousand, but these are scattered over an area of twenty-five square miles, and the people as a rule live in one-story houses. The city is surrounded by walls which were built hundreds of years ago, and which must have cost many millions of dollars. These walls are in good condition with the exception of one or two places where the floods of last winter underminded them and carried part of their facings away. It is hard to give an American an idea of one of these walled cities of China. The walls of Pekin are sixty feet thick at the bottom. They would fill the average country road or city street, and they are as tall as a four-story house. They are so wide at the top that you could run three railroad trains side by side around them, and they are so solid that the cars would move more smoothly over these tracks than they do on the trunk lines between New York and Chicago. These walls are faced inside and out with bricks, each as big as a four-dollar Bible, and the space between is filled with earth and stones so rammed down that the ages have made the whole one solid mass. They are built, in fact, much like the great wall of China, and the bricks of the two are almost exactly the same. I have before me a brick which I brought from the great wall. It weighs about twenty pounds, or as much as a two-year-old baby. It is blue gray in color, and it is covered with patches of white lime mortar just like those that I saw in the broken places of the walls of Pekin.

In approaching Pekin, long before you get to the city, you see the immense towers which stand on the top of this wall over the gates which enter the city. These towers are as tall as a big New York flat. They rise nine stories above the wall, and they have roofs of blue tiles. They were used in the past as watch-towers, and they have many port holes for cannon. There are thirteen gates which lead into the city, and the towers and the walls near these are plastered over with proclamations and bills much like a theatre billboard. The gates of Pekin are merely holes through this wall, and they are about as wide as the ordinary street and perhaps twenty feet high. They are lined with stone and are beautifully arched. They are closed at night with great doors sheathed with iron, and they are paved with heavy slabs of stone. The walls of Pekin are twenty-seven miles long, and the area which they enclose is irregular in shape, and it consists of two big parallelograms. The one at the north is the real capital of China, for it contains the Tartar city, the great Government departments, the foreign legations and the Imperial city, in which, surrounded by from five to ten thousand eunuchs, the Emperor lives. The lower parallelogram joins the Tartar city. It has half a dozen temples, including the Temple of Heaven, which was burned down not long ago, and which now is being rebuilt of Oregon pine.

The Chinese city is where all the mercantile business of this great capital is done. It is cut up into narrow streets, and it is filled with all sorts of stores. It has markets of all kinds, and its fur market covers several acres. It has its wholesale as well as its retail fur market, and I have gone out at 6 o'clock in the morning and found perhaps a thousand almond-eyed merchants dressed in gorgeous silks moving about through great beds of furs of all kinds. The furs are piled upon the ground, and you can buy sables for about $3 a skin, and tiger skins for $25, which will be worth twice that amount anywhere else in the world. You can buy the finest of ermine, and for $10 you can get a coat of lamb's

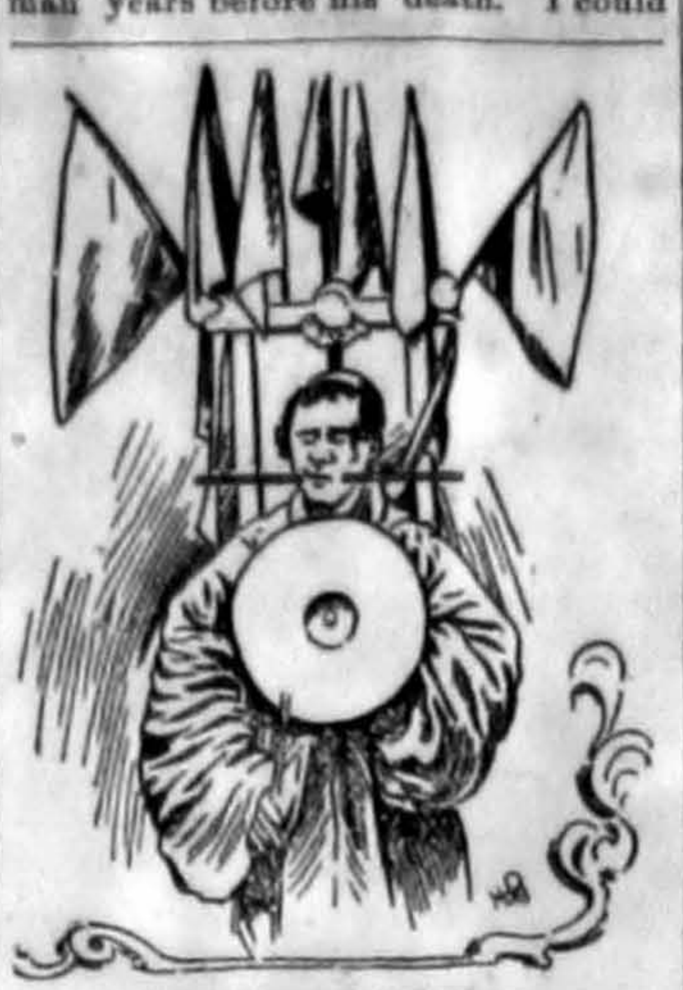


THEY LIKE PORK.

city is a city of banks and of stock exchanges. I visited one morning the silver exchange. It was a room like a barn, and the people were buying and selling stocks just as they do on Wall street, yelling and howling and pushing each other like mad as they did so. It is a city of book stores, and there are some streets which contain no other shops. We have the idea that the Chinese merely live upon rice and on rats, and that their chief industries are the making of matting, of fans and of silks. The truth is that China does a vast business, and she produces all sorts of commodities. Nearly every one of these Chinese streets contains shops of all kinds, and the main business of China is not the supplying goods for the foreign markets, but the making of those required for her own people. They have as many wants as we have, and they require as good goods. The nobles dress in the finest of silk, and there are hundreds of stores which sell nothing but pictures. The art displayed in most of the paintings is abominable, but they are pictures nevertheless, and the Chinese pay good money for them.

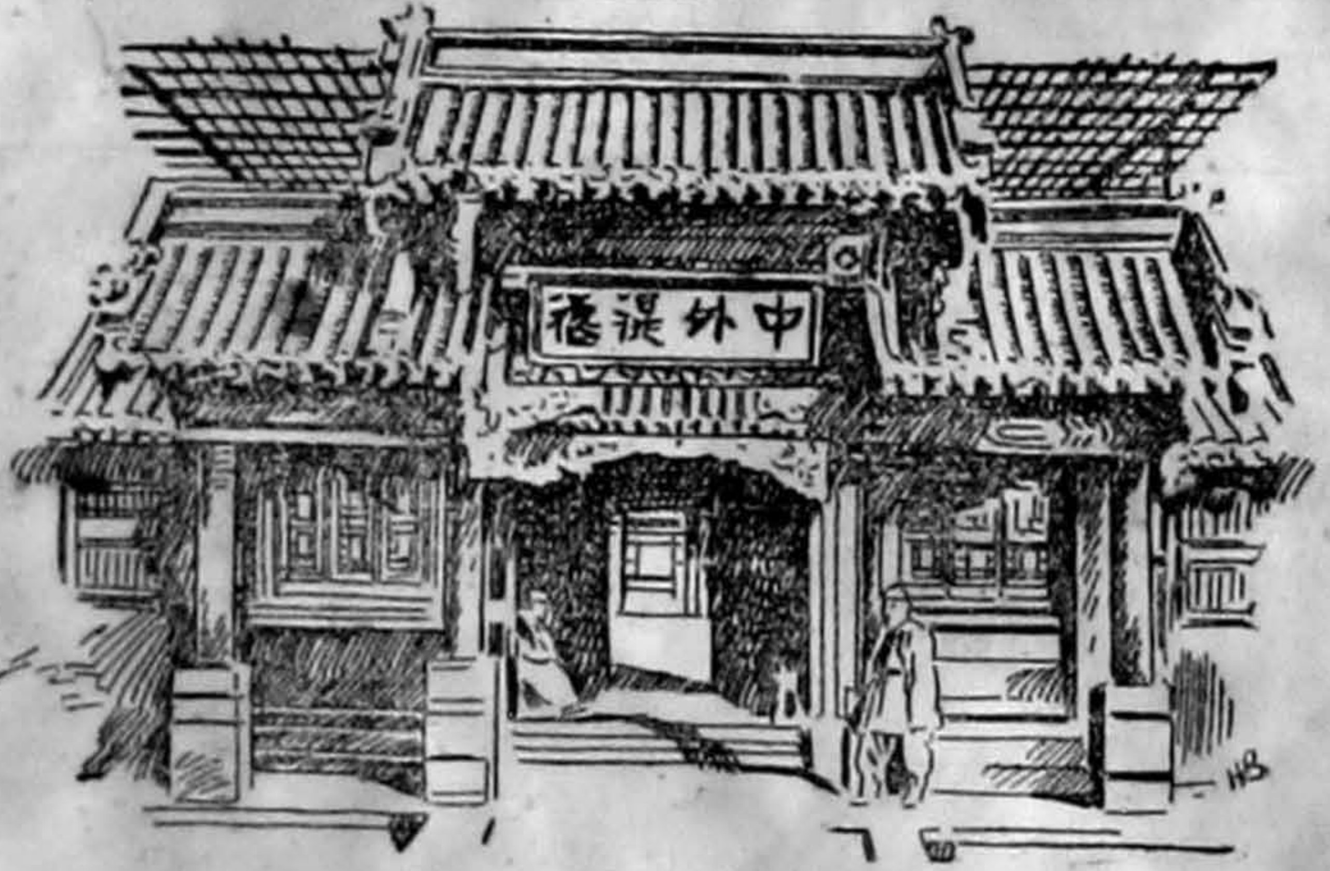
I wish I could show you the markets of Pekin. You can get as good meat there as you can in New York, and there is no finer mutton in the world than that of North China. The sheep are of the fat-tailed variety, and I saw many which had tails weighing over a pound. It is queer how they kill the animals which they sell. They have no slaughter houses, and a sheep is often butchered in front of the shop and the blood lies on the ground while you buy. There are all sorts of fish, and they are always sold alive. No Chinaman would buy a dead fish, and in case you want to buy less than a whole fish at a time, the Chinese peddler will pull the fish out of the water, lay him squirming on the block, and cut a piece of quivering flesh out of his side for you while you wait. He does not kill the fish, and after you are through he throws it back into a separate pail of water and waits for another customer to take off the rest. One of the chief meats sold is pork, and you see hogs trotting about through the streets of Pekin. They wallow in the puddles right under the shadow of the Emperor's palaces, and they are the dirtiest hogs in the world. There are all kinds of game for sale in the markets, and you can get snipe and quail and squirrels of all kinds. The Chinese are the best raisers of poultry in the world. They have duck farms and goose farms, and they know all about artificial incubation. They sell great quantities of dried geese and dried ducks, and they carry bushel-baskets full of dried ducks about the city for sale. They sell all kinds of fruit and they are adepts in the raising of the choicest of vegetables. They bury their grape vines in the north in the winter, and you can buy your nuts by the bushel. As to cats, dogs and rats, I did not see any sold in Pekin, and I don't believe that the better class are accustomed to use them. I am told, however, that such cats as are sold in the south are raised and fattened especially for the market, and that their diet is usually rice. Dogs' flesh is supposed, by the people, to give heroic properties to those who feed on it, and the same effect is produced by bears' meat and the ground-up bones of wild tigers. These things ought to bring a high price just now in Pekin, for the people certainly have reason to increase their courage. Another queer article that you see in the Pekin market is false hair. I passed several places where long-queued Chinamen stood beside a board upon which were hung long bunches of black Chinese locks. Each of these was a false pigtail, and it is said that one of the chief articles of export from Korea to China is human hair. The Chinese braid extra locks into their queues and they often patch out their queues with silk thread.

I might write a full letter about the queer things shown in the Chinese part of the city of Pekin. I could tell you of a vast business done in gold and silver paper which the Chinese burn at the graves to furnish their dead with money to pay their passage to heaven. I could show you shops selling nothing but coffins, in which single articles of this kind cost as high as four thousand dollars, and where man years before his death. I could



A NOTED PEKIN BEGGAR.

tell you of stories where thousands of dollars' worth of incense or joss sticks are sold every month, and I could take you into establishments which sell nothing but birds and gold fishes. There are big stores full of furniture and shops which make nothing but porcelain stoves. There are places where wood is sold in bundles by weight and establishments where coal dust is mixed up with mud and sold in lumps the size and shape of a baseball at so much apiece. There are great markets for the selling of chickens and flowers, and all sorts of toy stores and stores for the selling of paper and cloth. There are lock peddlers by hundreds and hardware establishments, and if you are very hard up and in want of a meal I can show you a little hole round the corner where you can get camel's meat soup and mule roast at low prices. There are places for gambling and dime museum shows. There are restaurants of every description and opium joints without number. There are, in fact, stores of every sort and description, and the best things in China come to Pekin.

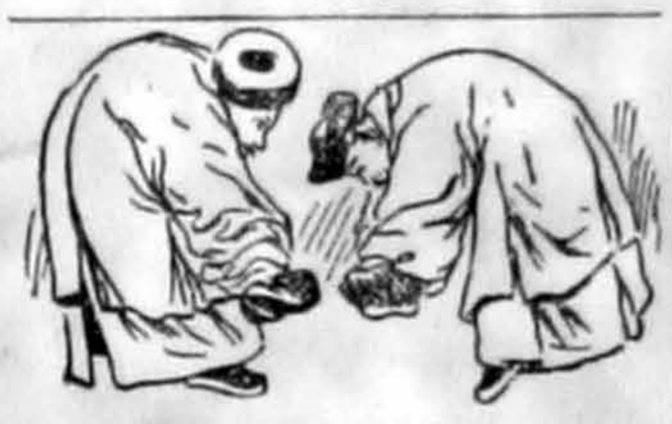


THE STATE DEPARTMENT AT PEKIN.

The most interesting part of Pekin, however, is the big Tartar city. It is the capital of one-third of the population on the globe, and in it lives the son of heaven, the Emperor of China, to whom all his subjects must bend their knees. It contains the thousands of Manchu officials, the foreign legations, the Government departments and all the paraphernalia of this queer Chinese court. It is the most interesting city on the face of the globe, and its sights really beggar description. From the walls the whole city looks like an immense orchard, with here and there one-story buildings shining out through the trees. In its centre there is a walled off inclosure filled with massive buildings roofed with yellow tiles. This is the Imperial city, in the innermost parts of which is a brick pen inclosing several square miles, where the Emperor lives, surrounded by eunuchs. He is perhaps the rarest bird in the whole Chinese aviary, and I will follow this with a special letter describing some of his antics. He is kept apart from Chinese and foreigners, and you might live in Pekin fifty years and not see him. He really knows nothing about his people or his surroundings, and he is a sort of a puppet who stands still or dances when his highest officials or the old Empress Dowager pulls at the string.

No better idea of the condition of the Government of China could be gotten than by a trip through this Tartar city. It is one of the oldest towns in the world. It was founded more than a thousand years before Christ, and it has been the capital of millions for ages. It ought to be the greatest city on the face of the globe, but there is no spot more filthy and slimy and foul. The city knows nothing of modern improvements. It is cut up into wide streets, but the roads have no sidewalks, and the rude Chinese carts sink up to their hubs as they move through the city. There are no water closets. The streets are the sewers, and the most degraded savage of our Western plains has a greater regard for the exposure of his person than have these pig-tailed, silk dressed, gaudy, fat Pekinese. The city has absolutely no sanitary improvements, and the street lamps are cept during full moon. It is absolutely unsafe to move about in the night time without a lantern, if you wish to keep your feet clean, and you have to balance yourself in the day to keep out of the mud. All of the houses are of one story, and the Government departments look more like broken down barns than the offices of a great empire.

I went one morning to visit the State Department, and as I looked at it I thought of our great building of the State, War and Navy, which cost, you know, more than ten million dollars, and which is the biggest granite building in the world. The street was a mud puddle, and I hugged low, shackly buildings till I finally came to a gate at which a dirty official was standing. He shook his head as I entered, but I pretended not to see him, and pushed my way in. I entered a court, which looked for all the world like a barn yard surrounded by low wooden stables, with heavy tiled roofs. This court was filled with donkeys, horses and dogs, and half-naked children sprawled in front of the doors to these buildings, which were, in fact, the offices of the department. The

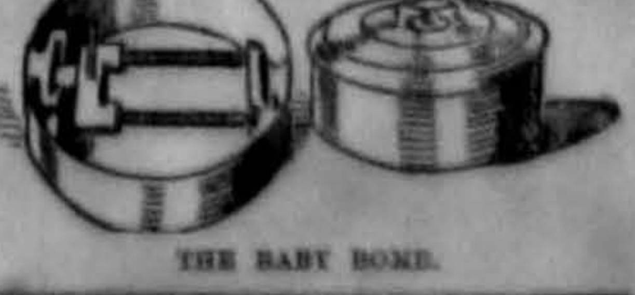


MANDARINS SALUTING.

buildings were filled with clerks, who wrote away at bare tables, the light coming in through latticework walls backed with white paper. They scowled at me as I looked, and one of them gave me to understand that I had better move on. I next visited the famous Hanlin College. It was worse than the State Department, and everything about it was shabby and going to seed. I tried to get into the board of punishments, where the horrible cruelties which the Chinese Government metes out to its rebels and criminals are passed upon, and where torture is common, but I was stopped at the door and was positively told that I could not go in. It was the same with all the Government departments. They could not have been shabbier had they been knocked up out of odd pieces of old Noah's ark, and everything was filthy and the picture of ruin. The only really new things in the city seemed to be the clothes of the officials, and I laughed again and again as I saw these mandarins bow down in the mud and go through the forms of the Chinese court amid their filthy surroundings. They are among themselves, as far as words go, the most polite of all nations, and they look upon us as boors and barbarians. The most of the people believe that they will conquer the world, and I doubt whether a thousand out of the million and a half people in Pekin know anything of the Japanese victories. The court officials distribute all sorts of lies, and they have probably told the people that they have whipped the Japanese on both land and on sea, and that the Mikado will be brought to Pekin. The majority of the citizens of the Chinese capital really believe that America is subject to China. They think that Colonel Denby is sent to the capital to pay Uncle Sam's tribute to their Emperor, and this, I am told, is their opinion as to every foreign legation. They have nicknamed the street upon which the foreign ministers live "the street of the subject nations," and they would consider it a disgrace to ask our ministers to dinner, and I venture that Colonel Denby has never been on intimate terms with a dozen highclass Chinese officials. This, I know, will seem strange to Americans, but it is actually the truth.

An Anarchist Toy.

France is anarchy mad. The craze has even spread to the toy shops, in which baby bombs are everywhere for sale. Two small springs project energetically against the capsule, which is filled with fulminate of mercury and rests on an anvil, over it a cylindrical hammer; as long as the cover remains on the box the small hammer is stopped in its course by a prop. As soon as one opens the machine the prop is loosened, the spring works, the hammer explodes the capsule, and the toy becomes a dangerous thing. It has in itself the ingenious simplicity which characterizes all the products of Parisian industry, and at the same time it is called forth by a sorrowful reality.



THE BABY BOMB.

To prevent lamp chimneys from cracking put them into a kettle of cold water, gradually heat it till it boils and then let it as gradually cool.

Don't have no woeful takin's on,
Don't act so tarnally bereft,
As though they weren't no sunshine left.
Don't multiply your stock o' woes
By sorry looks an' gloomy clothes,
An' make the trouble ten times worse
By allers follerin' a hearse.

When I depart, it's my idee,
The most consolin' thing ter me
'Ld be to hear the ones I tried
Ter comfort here before I died
Say, sort o' smilin' through their tears,
"Well, ennyhow, fer years an' years
We had him here, so let's be glad
An' thankful fer the joy we had."

It ain't no use ter make a fuss
When death comes after one o' us.
The ways o' Providence, I 'low,
Are as they should be, ennyhow.
Things suit me purty middlin' well,
An' even at a funeral
I'd sing, amid the grief and woe,
"Praise God, from whom all blessin's
flow."

—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Geologists report that their collections are hard.

Penitence is very apt to follow punishment.—Judge.

While opportunity awaits every man, it does not put in its leisure time blowing a horn.—Milwaukee Journal.

Each morning, evening and noon,
He's played for many moons;
And though he's always out of tune,
He's never out of tunes.
—Truth.

The only persons who should be allowed to hold up trains are the women who persist in wearing them.—Albany Argus.

Politics are full of uncertainties. To-day a man is on the stump and next week he may be all up a tree.—Boston Transcript.

Young Chip—"What causes so much sickness, father?" Old Block—"Too much talking about it, my son."—Boston Courier.

Why is it that a woman always uses more common sense in dealing with another's love affair than with her own?—Albany Argus.

"The pen is mightier than the sword,"
Thus said a man who'd gone
And made a million selling pork
To feed the soldiers on.
—Detroit Free Press.

The first time a man goes out hunting his wife has so much confidence in him that she doesn't buy any meat for supper.—Atchison Globe.

If these fat Georgia hickory nuts would only crack wide open when they drop what a great country this would be!—Atlanta Constitution.

Many a man will humbly tell you that he cuts no ice; but he always harbors a different opinion when he gets a skate on.—Adams Freeman.

O man! Poor man!
Your life is but a span;
Yet while you live you seem
At least a six-horse team.
—Puck.

Lord Duffer—"You're a girl after my heart." Miss Price—"And you're a man after my money." (Engagement not announced.)—Boston Budget.

He—"Why do you wish you had been born a man?" She—"A man has some one big annoyance every day, while a woman suffers from forty odd little ones."—Puck.

"I may tell you at once that I can put up with everything except answering back." "Oh, madam! sure that's just like myself. We shall get on splendidly."—Le Figaro.

"Why don't you drop me a line occasionally, Mattie?" asked the forward young man. "Line's busy," replied the telephone girl in an abstracted manner.—Boston Transcript.

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?" "Make a living? Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."—Philadelphia Record.

"Is it true that Houser is hustling for the postoffice?" "Guess it is. I heard his wife tell him if he didn't get her letter mailed inside of twenty minutes she'd know the reason why."—Buffalo Courier.

Income-tax Assessor—"You can't claim exemption, Mr. Smiles. Why, man, you must spend $7000 a year the way you live." Smiles—"I know that, sir, but I live beyond my income."—Harper's Bazar.

A composer in this town wrote several dead marches and could not find a publisher. He sent them to Philadelphia. They were at once accepted and published; and they are now used by the local bands as quicksteps.—Boston Journal.

Greatest Five Naval Powers.

The five greatest naval powers in the world are in the order named: Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany and Italy. As will be seen by the following figures, showing the number of vessels of all kinds (including torpedo boats) in each navy in December, 1893, a combination of the French and Russian navies would considerably exceed the British navy in strength: Great Britain, 529 vessels; France, 411; Russia, 275; Germany, 261; Italy, 223.—New York Sun.

IF YOU DO IT WITH A KODAK

An illustrated manual, free with every instrument, tells all about making the exposures and how to "do the rest" but, of course "we do the rest" when you prefer.

A 60 page, illustrated catalogue, telling all about Kodaks and Kodets, free for the asking.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

KODAKS $6.00 to $100.00. Rochester, N. Y.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE.—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention,

All country produce taken.

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FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, . VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases. Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS.
Top of Alleghany, W Va

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loudermilk and Susan J. Loudermilk, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless Withrow McClintic as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of $167.46, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Ronceverte, Ronceverte, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 297, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loudermilk, and said Withrow McClintic having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Withrow McClintic, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the

5th Day of March, 1895,

(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder,

for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to-wit:

One brown horse, one two-horse wagon, one set double harness, one-third interest in a threshing machine, and one-third interest in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loudermilk. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to G. W. Beverage and Fant Armstrong.

Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing eighteen acres situate in Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Spruce Flat, being the same land conveyed by G. W. Beverage and wife to

Marlinton, W. Va Jan. 7. 1895.
James M Simmons,
vs.
R. H. Simmons, et als.
In Chancery.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in the above styled cause on the 24th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Friday, the 15th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report to the next term of said circuit court the following matters of account, to wit:

First. An account showing all the existing liens against the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons, together with all their dates, dignities, and priorities.

Second. An account showing the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons subject to the liens aforesaid.

Third. Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest to be stated.

W. A. BRATTON,
[1-11-'95-4t] Commissioner.

TO all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of R. H. Simmons.

In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said R. H. Simmons, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on or before the 15th day of February 1895.

Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1895. W. A. BRATTON.
[1-11-95-4t.] Commissioner.

◆

Commissioner's Notice.

Office of Commissioner L. M. McClintic, Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 9th, 1895.

George C. Hill's Adm'r.
vs
Rebecca J Hill and others.

NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested in the above styled cause that pursuant to a decree entered in said cause on the 16th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, W. Va. on the 20th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to-wit:

1st. A statement of the account of R. W. Hill, Administrator, *cum testamento annexo.* of George C. Hill, dec'd.

2d. An account of all the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts, priorities, and the persons to whom payable, and showing the amount of the debts mentioned in decree in this cause made October 21st, 1890, exactly as stated in said decree.

3d. A special statement of all debts against the estate of George C. Hill, deceased, discharged by the administrator thereof, together with the amount of such debts as should have been liquidated from the personalty of said estate, and showing the amount of such debts discharged by the administrator to which he is entitled to be substituted as creditor against the real assets of said estate in lieu of the creditors whose claims he has discharged.

4th. A statement showing all the costs of this suit and to whom due.

5th Any other matter deemed pertinent to the commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

At which time and place you may attend. L. M. McCLINTIC,
1-11-4t. Commissioner.

E. H. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION

DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

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PATTERSON SIMMONS,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer... Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

Attempt to Escape from Jail. Cut This Out.

We were too much crowded last week to give a full account of the night Armstrong put in in his vain endeavor to deliver himself, being confined in the Huntersville jail. He has wished since that he had fully appreciated the comforts of his cell at Huntersville, and had not trifled with the "best jail in the State."

Armstrong was put in jail on Saturday, January 26th. On the next night he had pulled away the sink in one corner of his room and found that the sink in the next room connected with this one by means of a pipe. This gave him a hole through the six-inch partition to begin with. Waiting over a week, he and his cellmate, Barton Douglas, another negro, pulled away the sink again, late Tuesday night of last week, took a peice of their bedstead and pushed away the sink in the other room. They then saturated the oak with coal-oil, set fire to it, and enlarged the hole sufficiently for them to crawl through.

All went well until the smoke began to choke them. They threw water on it, which made the smoke worse. They crawled through, and found the empty cell next as securely locked as their own. Now the smoke question was getting serious. The oak wood was smoking strong enough to have cured all the Hams in Pocahontas of everything. The negroes in the ground floor smelt the smoke, for there was not a chink for it to escape. They thought the jail was on fire, and yelled like demons. Armstrong and Douglas raised the window, but they said that just drove the smoke in. Then they raised their voices, too, and the old jail must have sounded as though the famous "forty devils" were confined therein. The four negroes yelled all night, until the town woke up about five o'clock next morning. The prisoners' eyes were almost put out, and even late in the day they could scarcely see anything.

Now Armstrong finds out what his effort cost him. He is buried alive in the new Marlinton jail, which is a terror to all possible prisoners. He is in a steel cage and outside he can look through to where a stove is kept burning to warm him. He exchanged a comfortable room, with a wood fire and light, for this metal concern. Formerly he could look out of a window on a road, but now he is too far from the window to see anything, and will not even catch a glimpse of the sky when the frost is on the glass. Nobody can come in and chat with him, and his surroundings will give him as much satisfaction as if he were at the bottom of a well.

◆

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay.

Fargo has a keen nose for business. It threatens to become a formidable rival of Sioux Falls as a divorce center.

◆

American meat can still be imported into Germany in small quantities carefully packed away under the vest.

◆

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 13th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
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"Castoria is so well adapted to children th
I recommend it as superior to any prescripti
known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.

"Our physicians in the children's depa
ment have spoken highly of their expe
ence in their outside practice with Castor
and although we only have among o
medical supplies what is known as regul
products, yet we are free to confess that t
merits of Castoria has won us to look wi
favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY
Boston, Ma

ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

IT TICKLES YOU

THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.

BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25C AND 50C PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. [Formerly of Weston, W. Va.] SPRINGFIELD, O.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,

WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869

Cash Capital $100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL.
MARLINTON W. Va.

BLACKSMITHING

AND

Wagon Repairs.

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Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

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SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde

All persons having horses to trade

In Poor Health

means so much more th
you imagine—serious a
fatal diseases result fr
trifling ailments neglect

Don't play with Natu
greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are fe
out of sorts,
and generall
hausted, ner
have no ap
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medicine, wh
Brown's Iro
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comes from
very first do
won't stain
teeth, and i
pleasant to

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailm
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has cross
lines on the wrapper. All others ar
stitutes. On receipt of two 2c. sta
will send set of Ten Beautiful W
Fair Views and book—free.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMOR

Picture Taking is Easy

IF YOU DO IT WITH A KODAK

An illustrated manual, free with every instrument, tells all about making the exposures and how to "do the rest" but, of course "we do the rest" when you prefer.

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Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE.—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, . VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases. Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Allegheny, W Va

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loudermilk and Susan J. Loudermilk, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless Withrow McClintic as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of $167.46, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Ronceverte, Ronceverte, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 297, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loudermilk, and said Withrow McClintic having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Withrow McClintic, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the

5th Day of March, 1895,

(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder,

for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to-wit:

One brown horse, one two-horse wagon, one set double harness, one-third interest in a threshing machine, and one-third interest in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loudermilk. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to G. W. Beverage and Fant Armstrong.

Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing eighteen acres situate in Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Spruce Flat, being the same land conveyed by G. W. Beverage and wife to said Susan J. Loudermilk by deed dated 16th day of April, 1891, of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, in Deed Book No. 21, page [illegible], to which deed reference is here made for a full and complete description of said land.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
[illegible] Trustee.

Commissioner's Notice.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, Marlinton, W. Va Jan. 7, 1895.
James M Simmons,
vs.
R. H. Simmons, et als.
In Chancery.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in the above styled cause on the 24th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Friday, the 15th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report to the next term of said circuit court the following matters of account, to wit:

First. An account showing all the existing liens against the real estate of the said R H. Simmons, together with all their dates, dignities, and priorities.

Second. An account showing the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons subject to the liens aforesaid.

Third. Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest to be stated.

W. A. BRATTON,
[1-11-'95-4t] Commissioner.

TO all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of R. H. Simmons.

In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said R. H. Simmons, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on or before the 15th day of February 1895.

Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1895. W. A. BRATTON.
[1-11-95-4t.] Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice.

Office of Commissioner L. M. McClintic, Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 9th, 1895.
George C. Hill's Adm'r.
vs
Rebecca J Hill and others.

NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested in the above styled cause that pursuant to a decree entered in said cause on the 16th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, W. Va. on the 20th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to-wit:

1st. A statement of the account of R. W. Hill, Administrator, *cum testamento annexo*, of George C. Hill, dec'd.

2d. An account of all the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts, priorities, and the persons to whom payable, and showing the amount of the debts mentioned in decree in this cause made October 21st, 1890, exactly as stated in said decree.

3d. A special statement of all debts against the estate of George C. Hill, deceased, discharged by the administrator thereof, together with the amount of such debts as should have been liquidated from the personalty of said estate, and showing the amount of such debts discharged by the administrator to which he is entitled to be substituted as creditor against the real assets of said estate in lieu of the creditors whose claims he has discharged.

4th. A statement showing all the costs of this suit and to whom due.

5th Any other matter deemed pertinent to the commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

At which time and place you may attend. L. M. McCLINTIC,
1-11-4t. Commissioner.

E. H. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

☞ At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

PATTERSON SIMMONS,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer ... Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,

Room, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

ARMSTRONG ON JAILS.

A Few Particulars of a Late Attempt to Escape from Jail. Cut This Out.

We were too much crowded last week to give a full account of the night Armstrong put in in his vain endeavor to deliver himself, being confined in the Huntersville jail. He has wished since that he had fully appreciated the comforts of his cell at Huntersville, and had not trifled with the "best jail in the State."

Armstrong was put in jail on Saturday, January 26th. On the next night he had pulled away the sink in one corner of his room and found that the sink in the next room connected with this one by means of a pipe. This gave him a hole through the six-inch partition to begin with. Waiting over a week, he and his cellmate, Barton Douglas, another negro, pulled away the sink again, late Tuesday night of last week, took a peice of their bedstead and pushed away the sink in the other room. They then saturated the oak with coal-oil, set fire to it, and enlarged the hole sufficiently for them to crawl through.

All went well until the smoke began to choke them. They threw water on it, which made the smoke worse. They crawled through, and found the empty cell next as securely locked as their own. Now the smoke question was getting serious. The oak wood was smoking strong enough to have cured all the Hams in Pocahontas of everything. The negroes in the ground floor smelt the smoke, for there was not a chink for it to escape. They thought the jail was on fire, and yelled like demons. Armstrong and Douglas raised the window, but they said that just drove the smoke in. Then they raised their voices, too, and the old jail must have sounded as though the famous "forty devils" were confined therein. The four negroes yelled all night, until the town woke up about five o'clock next morning. The prisoners' eyes were almost put out, and even late in the day they could scarcely see anything.

Now Armstrong finds out what his effort cost him. He is buried alive in the new Marlinton jail, which is a terror to all possible prisoners. He is in a steel cage and outside he can look through to where a stove is kept burning to warm him. He exchanged a comfortable room, with a wood fire and light, for this metal concern. Formerly he could look out of a window on a road, but now he is too far from the window to see anything, and will not even catch a glimpse of the sky when the frost is on the glass. Nobody can come in and chat with him, and his surroundings will give him as much satisfaction as if he were at the bottom of a well.

◆

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay.

Fargo has a keen nose for business. It threatens to become a formidable rival of Sioux Falls as a divorce center.

◆

American meat can still be imported into Germany in small quantities carefully packed away under the vest.

◆

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 13th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, $2.25 to $2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

J. D. SWEENY, Principal,
CONCORD CHURCH,
MERCER CO. W. VA.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

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Boston, Mass.

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CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.

BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.

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FEED, LIVERY

—AND—

SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broke to ride or work

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton w. Va

FOR RENT! My store-house at Edray lately occupied by P. Golden.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—it won't stain your teeth, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia,	Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia,	Troubles,
Constipation,	Bad Blood
Malaria,	Nervous ailments

Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Renick's Valley. Four miles from turnpike, and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 30. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, ...J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, ...R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, ...S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, ...J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, ...C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor ....George Baxter.
Coroner, ...George P. Moore
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, [illegible]; H. Gross, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

COUNTY newspapers have an interest to the reader that is peculiarly their own. For one thing it represents to a great extent the county it is in. When sent out it is a little bit broken off the county as it were, and the stranger who picks it up looks first to see where it comes from. Then as he reads it he absorbs a good deal of knowledge of the county which supports it. He can see that it is evidently off the railroad a good ways. A good deal of lumbering is going on, and a good deal is said about stock. The county-seat does not seem to be a very big town, as they are debating the subject of incorporation. Some of the people's names impress him; there seems to be quite a number of Mc's out there. Must be Scotch-Irish. Yes and here's a hard joke on the Baptists. Evidently not very many Baptists in that county or that joke would not be in the paper. The county is Democratic—he lights on that fact somewhere. They seem to have one principal river. He sees that the county-seat has been moved and then realizes that he is reading a West Virginia paper. He is very apt to find out, too, that the people are wanting a railroad, and wanting it bad. Money is scarce. He sees that the paper probably has a patent side, and remarks that the circulation is probably under one thousand. Take it all in all, the county is sized up often by its newspaper, for thousands see the county paper that would not know of the existence of the county otherwise. As to whether such a paper could be considered a necessity, others are better judges than the writer. It is hardly a luxury. To run a paper is very necessary to the peace and happiness of the editor, for he would be sadly at sea if he could not air his wit before a few thousand people a week. This is what makes thousands of people wish to run a paper. Now it takes about a thousand people to run a paper, but they must do it by reading the paper and paying for it. It takes a rare bird to be an editor. He must be fearfully and wonderfully made. He should have some talent and be able to read and write. Must be accustomed to a life of peril and privation, and be strong enough to inspire respect and back his editorials. He must make a hundred friends to one enemy, for that enemy will send news-letters to the *New York World*, or some other rival paper. He should understand printing, and the smell of printer's ink should be to him as myrrh. If he gets so interested in his work that he is content with earning a living, he will do well. There are many things connected with his work that bring their own reward. One of them is that he will never have any trouble with his women subscribers. They will do all they can to keep him paid ahead. If he is fair and honest in his dealings with the public, he will find that with little effort that he gains ten subscribers where he loses one, and has the satisfaction of knowing that when a man does get mad and "stop his paper," that he will get it and read it at every opportunity, becoming a deadbeat. Still it warms his heart to think that the man will read it. On the whole, the editor's life is not a bad one, and his newspaper keeps things together, and should be considered an institution necessary to the commonwealth.

THE recent strike in Brooklyn is an event of no ordinary significance. More than six thousand motormen and conductors of surface railroads went into a strike Monday morning, January 14. They were confronted with seven or eight thousand armed men, equipped with improved weapons, and while apparent peace now reigns, the questions at issue are not settled to the satisfaction of the working men. The controversy seems to hinge on less time or more pay, and the abolition of the "tripper" system. Ten hours pay for twelve hours work did not seem just, and in regard to the "tripper" system, it seems a "tripper" [illegible] run only during the rush hours of the morning and evening, and the men who run these cars are not employed regularly, but are paid by the hour, according to the number of trips made by them. The strikers claim that these men often wait from ten to seventeen hours to secure one of the "trippers," for which they get forty cents. The "trippers" seem to be the main trouble, for the strikers are willing to let other questions drop, if the car companies would abolish the "trippers." If the companies can keep up the "trippers," the force of the regular motormen would be reduced to almost nothing, and the cars could be run for wages less than what is paid to the slaves of the coal mines.

A RELIGIOUS journal presents the following interesting reflections on the snow which has been such a feature the present winter:

"There is nothing on earth so unearthly as snow. The earth does not produce anything so fair and unsoiled. It comes to us from the skies, white and radiant and spotless as the upper world. The microscope tells of more than a thousand forms of snow-crystals; stars of every kind, crowns adorned with brilliants, bridges supported by buttresses, temples with spires and gleaming pinnacles. As if each of the uncounted multitude would tell of the heaven from which it came. With what feathery gentleness and graceful curving it floats down upon the world. Upon the brown leaves and glossy evergreens, on fence, and barn, and forrest, and field, making draperies no earthly art can imitate, it covers all far and wide with its white mantle; freely, forgivingly, mercifully covering good and evil as with heaven's charity."

It is a fine accomplishment for young people to perceive something beautiful in what passes around us as the seasons come and go. The foregoing quotation is well worthy a place in the memory and gives the mind something very instructive to reflect upon when the snow is falling.

For the TIMES.

What a Pity!

A philosopher thought out a wise precept,
  In a long ago good decade,
It was a small maxim, but well it kept—
  "Money that's saved is made."

Now Uncle Sam, as he understands,
  Had pursued this plan for years,
But he's had two Congresses on his hands
  And he finds himself in arrears

So he hies away to the New York State,
  To hunt up a millionaire,
And he finds him going his golden gait,
  And tackles him then and there.

He asks for a loan, to be returned,
  At an interest bearing rate,
As soon as this Congress has adjourned
  And he can recuperate.

His Congressmen his funds abuse—
  And his gold reserves they raid—
They've spent the cash, and now refuse
  To have more money made!

They block the game in affairs of state,
  And he has to pay the cost:
Cleveland and Hill grow affectionate
  A month after all is lost!

The old man pledges to pay the debt,
  Sadly enough I wis,
"I had thought," he says in deep regret,
  "I would never have come to this!"

Local Indian History.

In glancing over a diary kept by the writer during his residence at the Warm Springs, 1857–60, the attention was arrested by an historical item, communicated by the late Squire William McClintic, of Jackson's River, Bath County, Va., and written while fresh in memory at the time. Mr. McClintic's memory was rather remarkable, and it will be always a source of regret that I did not improve the opportunities our pleasant acquaintance afforded to acquire more from his valuable fund of historical knowledge.

Joseph Mayse, the father of Hon. George Mayse, was captured by the Indians in June, 1764, and was rescued at Marlin's Bottom some three or four days thereafter. The Indians were moving slowly as they had only come about three miles the day before. They seem to have had no fear of pursuit, and were resting, and fishing, and hunting at Marlin's Bottom. The pursuers, one of whom was Jacob Warwick, learned from their scouts that the Indians, with their captives, were in camp at Marlin's Bottom. It was their intention to surprise them just at day-break. During the night it rained heavily, and the guns were so soaked as made fresh loading necessary. They quietly withdrew out of hearing to fire off their guns, as they had no bullet screws to draw the balls with.

Before they could return daylight had come, and the Indians were on the move. They were in the act of separating into two parties, one considerably larger than the other. The larger party seemed on the point of moving up the east bank of the Greenbrier towards Stoney Creek, and the other faced as if they were going to retrace their course up Knapp's Creek, for what purpose is only a matter of conjecture. It seems, too, they had separated the prisoners. The smaller and nearer party had in charge the boy Joseph Mayse, a man named McClanahan, and an unknown woman with an infant in her arms.

The whites saw that this party would soon come upon their trail just made a few hours before, and if so, would kill the prisoners and make their escape. By rushing forward and firing at the Indians as they ran, they hoped to surprise this party, and while panic-stricken, leave the prisoners unharmed, and flee for their lives. In this they were sadly disappointed. The woman was wounded, the child dashed to death, several blows were aimed at McClanahan, the boy Mayse was on a horse that took fright and ran off towards the Island Ford, and threw him off, hurting him badly. He was insensible when found by the rescuers, and restored to consciousness.

The child's grave may yet be traced near where the road crosses the Marlin Run, and is to be remembered as, perhaps, the first white child buried west of the Alleghanies.

The large party escaped having Mrs. Mayse and others as prisoners.

These prisoners were restored at Fort Pitt when Colonel Buckley led an expedition from north-west Virginia.

Messrs. Bolar, McClung, and Warwick were with this expedition. Bolar and McClung attempted to reach the Indian towns beyond Pittsburg, without the consent of their officer. They wanted to see how the Indians looked in their own homes.

As they came near they found some Indian women at work near a stream of water. They made signs of peace to the squaws, but they fled toward the village making a fearful outcry. The men were met by an Indian who told them to go right back or they would all be killed. Without any doubt, the squaws had raised such an excitement in the place. * * *

About Panthers.

The panther has been the terror of the mountains of the Eastern United States. The animal was the only one realy feared by the hunter. Its sneaking disposition knows how to take advantage of men, and refuses to meet him in fair open fight. The more timid even yet always have an apprehensive feeling that one is following them when they travel through the woods at night. The panther has almost disappeared, though one is occasionally seen or heard. It has a desperate scream, or what is more blood curdling, a rasping snarl when prowling around the camp-fire of the hunters. There is a wide division as to the belief that the panther fears a camp-fire Some hunters saying that a fire however small is a perfect safeguard, and others who aver that a panther lay and watched them all night within three feet of the fire, built before the open door way of their shanty. All agree that the panther is practically fearless of men at night.

Panthers hunt deer with the greatest sagacity. A deer freshly killed by a panther was found and appropriated by a hunter on Elk this winter. Another hunter was in danger from one lately on Elk. He was tracking a deer in the snow. A friend crossed the track and found that a large panther was tracking them both. He followed on the trail which seemed apt to become a path, and found that the panther had trailed him a long distance.

A great many years ago two Cogers' of Webster, were hunting, and killed a large panther in Gauley Mountain. They proceeded to skin it, though one of them felt a strange fear, and insisted on leaving it. As this seemed foolish, he put it aside, and commenced work. He could not help glancing around uneasily from time to time. At last he thought he saw something peculiar about a fallen tree trunk not more than fifty feet away. He could plainly see the top of another panther's head over the top of it. He could not be convinced of this however, until it raised its head to look over, which it would do and duck down again. They both gathered up their guns and retired a little way. They concealed themselves and covered the place the panther lay with their guns. Presently the animal raised its head again, and seeing that the hunters had disappeard slowly brought its shoulders and breast into view. The men fired simultaneously, and the panther ran off. It was getting too near night to be caught out, and the men went to their somewhat distant camp. Returning the next day, they found the panther that they had been skinning, lying untouched, and the mate about one hundred yards from it, with two rifle balls in its breast.

As an example of the panther's leaping powers the following is probably true. A long time ago, two brothers named Hammond were hunting in this same Gauley country They were following the trail of a deer. Presently, they saw where a panther had come on the trail, and was following it. They tramped along in this order until a point where the panther had left the deer's trail. Rightly judging as the tracks were so fresh that the panther was then making a detour to pull down the deer, the hunters silently took the spoor of the panther. Noisely they followed on in soft snow, until the trail ended. For a long time they peered around in vain to find what had become of the trail. Finally they looked below them, for it was on a hillside, and they saw the deer lying freshly killed. By actual measurment, the panther had sprung off a log, down the hill, a distance of thirty-three paces, and caught the deer. The panther had evidently seen the hunters for he had slunk into a laurel patch without touching the carcass to feed. The hunters stole the deer, and left very hastily.

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HOME NEWS

—The man in the moon is looking at you, and will feel sadly disappointed if you do not buy one of P. Golden's $1.35 hats he is selling for $1.00.

—Mr. J. S. McClintic, who has operated the McClintic mill the past two years, is arranging to take charge of the McLaughlin mill near Edray, March the first.

—Paws. Pause a moment when you come to Marlinton, and step into P. Golden's store. You will be pleasantly surprised at the variety of the large stock, and the bargains he is offering in clothing and general merchandise.

—The editor of this paper was absent during Valentine week, so the humblest employee of this office was enabled to realize a modest competence by stealing and selling the comic valentines, sent in by admiring friends to the missing editor.

—John Andrew Clunen, eldest son of the late timothy Clunen, of Buckeye, moved West fifteen years since and resides in Andrew County, north-west Missouri. Information comes that his wife died on the 10th inst of pulmonary troubles, leaving four children.

—Persons sometimes speak discouragingly of the distance and inconvenience of marketing facilities. The great secret in regard to markets. is to have something to sell. No one lives farther away from the markets than the person who has nothing to sell, and everything to buy.

—The law students at Morgantown are very much aroused over the proposed legislation to extend the time of study in preparing for the bar, and protest quite vehemently. There seems to be no opposition to similar legislation with reference to physicians, so far as our exchanges are advised. No matter what the legislation may be, there will always be room at the top for the diligent and energetic.

—It is reported that an indulgent parent gave his little boy a quarter and a nickel and told him he might have his choice which to throw into the Sunday collection. Upon returning from service, his father inquired which he gave. The boy replied: I intended to give the quarter, but when the preacher told us the Lord loved a cheerful giver the most, I then gave the nickel, as I could do that more cheerfully than the other.

—The members of Greenbrier Presbytery are notified to meet in Alderson, February 26th, to release the Rev. J. H. Lewis of the pastorial care of the Muddy Creek church, near the Blue Sulphur Springs. Also to release Rev. J. E. Mebane from the pastorate of Raven's Eye church, in Fayette County. Mr. Lewis is laid aside by broken health, which will be restored by rest as many friends hope and pray. Mr. Mebane's services are to be concentrated on fewer points.

—There is a county in Tennessee that has three remarkable families. The first to be mentioned consists of four persons, the parents and a son and a daughter whose height ranges from 6 feet 2 inches to 7 feet 8 inches. The heavy family is composed of the parents and a daughter. Their combined weight is 900 pounds. The featherweight family consists of the parents and eight children, and their combined weight is 500 pounds. The average is a little over 50 pounds.

—One matter seems to be assured that the prosperity of those who are to live permanently in Pocahontas will largely depend on grazing facilities. Whatever promotes the fertility of meadows and pastures is conducive to the welfare of the citizens. The appearance and rapid spread of moonshine grass is cause for serious apprehension. Our citizens, it is hoped, will take the matter in hand, and by reflection and inquiry ascertain some efficient method by which its spread may be prevented, and the land already occupied by, reclaimed and restored to its former bluegrass value. If any of our readers has any thing to advise as a remedy, it would be well to make it known. A practical suggestion

—Our thanks are dne Hon. J. M. Sydenstricker, Commissioner of Labor for the State of West Virginia, for his elaborate and instructive report, submitted to the Governor. It is the Commisioner's duty to furnish information in relation to the financial, social, educational, and sanitary conditions of the laboring classes, and all statistical information that may tend to increase the prosperity of the State. Upon complaint and request of any three or more reputable persons visit and inspect any place where labor is employed, and make true report of the result of his inspection. According to the statistics given from Pocahontas county, farming operations, show more expenses than gains the past year. The lowest money wages $11.00, highest $14.00. The highest daily wages 75cts lowest 50cts. The showing for Greenbrier county something more favorable.

—Mr. Joseph Weeks, of Pittsburg, an authority on iron industries, writes to the *New York Herald*, and says that he has never known such extensive preparations as have been recently made to take full advantage of trade not yet in sight. The engineering officers are crowded with construction work. One firm has two millions in orders on its books. He predicts that an almost unprecedented revival in business will result before another twelve months have passed away. Other correspondents from Pittsburg, speaks in glowing terms of new mills. and the extension of old ones for the manufacture of tinplate in and around that leading city of important industries.

—Correct answer to the "Stock problem," in last week's issue were received from messrs O. W. Ruckman, Edray, Ligon Marshall, and W. H. Dilley, Dilley's Mill, and J. E. Wise, of Huttonsvill. Mr. Wise's solution will be printed in full next week, together with problem.

—Mr. John A. McLaughlin, of Pocahontas County, came from his home last week, and will begin teaching at Cowarden about the first of March. He is a Dunsmore College graduate.—*Bath News.*

—A & B bought 100 pounds of beef for $5. A paid $3, and B $2, but as A got the best beef he had to pay ½ cent more per pound than B, how many pounds had each?

Personal.

The residents of Marlinton are keenly alive to the advantages of education and refined culture. Miss Anna Wallace has an interesting music class, Prof. Sutton is giving instruction in painting, drawing, and sketching, Prof. Wysong is teaching a graded school, and it is expected that Miss Brownlee will open a select school in March.

The many friends of the popular Englishman, Mr. Arthur Lawson, proprietor of Duffryn, near Mingo, will be pleased to hear of his return after an absence of several months.

Messrs. W. A. Bratton and E. I. Holt are in New York on important business.

Mr. R. W. Hill, of Academy, was in town Wednesday.

Mr. Forest Hill has just closed an interesting session of the Edray public school. There is material for a graded school at that point which it would be well to have improved right away.

Miss Allie Baxter has finished a prosperous term at Fair View, and is now at home.

Mr. Douglas McNeill, of Buckeye, has finished his first term with marked acceptance to his patrons, and is now at Hillsboro diligently employed in advanced studies.

Captain J. M. McNeill, a disabled veteran, is quietly and pleasantly passing the winter at his well-earned home. He takes a lively interest in current events, and wonders where it will all end.

Mr. Edgar Sharp, of Verdant Valley, paid us a pleasant visit last week.

Mr. Oliver E. Wilson, who has been in the Mill Point roller mill more than a year, dropped in a few minutes as we hope for our mutual advantage.

Messrs. L. M. McClintic and Andrew Price have returned from

Hillsboro.

PAINT.

The newspapers cut no little figure as educators of the people. We are continually seeking information through their columns and often find subjects discussed, and suggestions made that are of great importance to us. Therefore if the readers of the TIMES will kindly indulge us in a short talk on the subject of house paints, we will try to present some of the evils, which confront those having houses to paint. We have been brought up in the faith of two articals, one of them linseed oil, the other white lead. Architects specify them, the people expect them. Why? Because they are considered the best, most durable and economical paint. They have always been considered the standard paint. But we ask the question are they maintaining their high standard of excellence? We think not. We have abundant evideuce all around us, that there is something wrong with the white lead and oil we have been using here during the last three or four years. Some of the last houses in Hillsboro have been painted but a short time, with standard brands of white lead, and it is coming off. Of late years most any kind of paint wears as well as white lead. How do we account for this deterioration? We think partly from the fact that the market is flooded with mixtures branded pure white lead which is composed larbely of oxide of zinc, and barytes; a heavy substance, without body or merit of any kind as a paint, and is added solely for the reason that it costs only one cent per pound, and gives weight to the paint in imitation of pure white lead. Then again white lead is not corroded as it used to be by what was called "The old dutch process," requiring from two to four months to turn out the perfect article. To-day it is corroded by the aid of powerful acids in a few days. This rapid cheap method of producing it, is very inferior to the old way. It retains a portion of the acid, which on exposure to the sun and atmosphere injures the oil destroys its elasticity, and finally decomposes it so that you have on your building nothing but a coat of chalk which rubs off leaving the wood bare and unprotected. Linseed oil, which is the life of paint, is largely adulterated with cotton seed oil, peanut oil corn oil, sunflower seed oil and various parafines. Now these facts should put every one having painting to do to thinking. There will be a great deal of painting to do throughout this country during the present year, and there is no one that wants to throw away money money on cheap adulterated paints that will fade and rub off within a year after they are applied. Allow us to suggest to those who buy white lead and oil, to have it tested before using, and also allow us to suggest the use of the Liquid Rubber Paints put up by A. W. Ingersoll, of Brooklyn N. Y. These paints are made of good materials, and put together in a scientific way in accordence with the chemical laws of nature, and are guaranteed to withstand the action of the elements. We honestly believe they will out last white lead and oil hand mixed three times, and are of handsomer finish.

LUMBER BOUGHT

Mr. C. W. Callison, well known in this county as a lumber operator, has secured a valuable lot of timber in Eastern Tennessee; about 15,000,000 feet of it is choice poplar, running from 2 to 4 feet in diameter. There is also some excellent oak and white pine. Mr. Callison will convert it into plank and run it by means of tram roads to the Norfolk & Western R. R. which runs within 7 miles of it, thus avoiding the heavy expense of driving and rafting on water courses. He wants to commence operations the first of next month. We wish him success.

FARM SOLD.

Mr. John Hill has sold his farm (13 acres) lying in the suburbs of Hillsboro to Mr. S. J. Payne, for $1,200. Mr. Payne expects to put up a store building on it next summer.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.

Mrs. A. C. Hamill, while opening a glass jar recently, accidentally broke it into pieces, badly cutting two fingers of the right hand on the sharp edges of the glass.

Mr. Nat Kiunison's potatoes were all frozen during the recent cold weather, and Mrs. Lillian Larue's large collection of beautiful flowers

There is a petition in circulation here with a good many subscribers, asking the County Court to appropriate a small sum of money for the purpose of securing additional funds to assist in the prosecution of Alex. Armstrong and one Cumberland now in jail, awaiting trial, for the robbery of Captain A. M. Edgar, the 4th of this month one year ago.

Miss R. F. Clark who left here recently, for Logan C. H. this State to take charge of a school there, went by rail as far as Kenova, a small station on the Norfolk & Western R. R. and finding her way from there by a stage line, so blocked up with snow that there was no possible way of getting through it for several weeks, returned to her home at this place.

Mr. E. I. Holt is off on a business trip to Charleston, Baltimore and other cities. "JENKINS."

Dilley's Mill.

EFFECT OF COLD WINTER.

We have had winter in abundance. The blizzard lasted three days, a steady gale, and stock suffered intensely from the cutting wind. Some stock have frozen feet and a calf belonging to Mr. George Fertig froze to death. Chickens, guineas, and geese froze to death. This winter will be long remembered. Feed is very scarce. Many are feeding a great deal of grain to lengthen their rough feed. The roads are impassable in many parts The road from Mr. Clayton Dilley's to Mr. Morgan Grimes' is impassable.

Rev. R. R. Little held his last quarterly meeting, for this Conference year, at Frost, Sunday. He preached a very able sermon.

Miss Florence Hively closed her school at Oak Grove, and will start to school at Cove Hill.

TO THOUGHTFUL PATRIOTS

Washi gton day is the most sacred of our national anniversaries. George Washington was born at Bridges' Creek, Va., Feb. 22, 1732. His early home was a plain, wooden, farm house, built on the old Virginia style. Other American generals were as brilliant in battle; but Washington alone could conquer defeat.

STRONG WORDS.

We and many others are glad the State Bar Association has endorsed the bill preventing quack lawyers qualifying. For sure there are some who should be debarred from leading men to ruin. Some there are who, when they hear of any difficulty between neighbors, make a special visit to urge them into court; swindling people who they can lead.

Rev. C. M. Fultz will preach at Mt. Zion on the first Sunday in March, at 11 A. M. Last time for this year.

People are making good use of the snow sledding in their summer wood.

We are sorry to hear of the death of the Widow Chapman, in Webster County. She was the mother of thirteen children. Her home was twelve miles this side of Addison Springs, and she always made her house very pleasant to travelers.

Mrs. Jasper Dilley is very sick of pneumonia, but is slowly improving. Dr. Lockridge is attending her. ANONYMOUS.

Died.

A letter to the undersigned, from Woodland, Cal., brings the sad news of the death of Mrs. W. T. Curry. She died on the 2nd of February at 8 o'clock p. m. The funeral took place the next day Aged 35 years and 1 month.

"Peaceful be thy silent slumbers,
Peaceful in thy grave so low;
And in heaven we hope to meet her,
When our pilgrimage is o'er."

Green Bank, W. Va. J. H. CURRY.

HOW A MAN CAN BE HIS GRANDFATHER.—I married a widow who had a daughter. My father visited our house frequently, fell in love and married my step-daughter. Thus my father became my son-in-law, and my step daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. My step daughter had also a son, he was of course my brother, and at the same time, my grand child, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grand mother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband, and at the same time, her grand-child, and as the husband of a person's grand mother is his grand father, so I was my own

Dunmore.

Still it continues a little cool.

Capt. E. A. Smith, wife and daughter, and "Grandpap" Geo. McLaughlin, and wife, of Marlinton, were up on visits.

Messrs. Geo. S. Taylor and Labe Mann, of Edray were up on a visit last week.

Mr. Frank McElwee and Miss Mattie McElwee, were on a visit to Driscol last week.

Miss Lizzie Arbogast, was in our town last week.

B. M. Yeager, Esq., passed through town on his way from the North Pole.

There is now being a town laid out at Point Look Out.

Stonewall is on a visit to Clover Lick.

The Misses Vint were in town Saturday.

Mrs. Peter Carpenter and Mrs. Peter Oliver, are on the sick list, with Dr. Little in attendance.

Mr. B. D. McElwee, is now putting up furniture at Dunmore.

Jacob Taylor has met his match—he has a young monkey and a pet coon.

We understand Mr. Jack Noonan, has a new way of keeping his feet warm, in cold weather. Good for Jack. TICKLE BRITCHES.

Clover Lick.

The people of this part are still alive so far as we know.

We have had dreadfully cold weather. Some people have frozen feet, and some stock frozen. We cannot tell how cold it was, for the few thermometers owned in this section were taken in to keep them from freezing up. We do not wish Mr. Hicks any harm, but hope that his prediction of the weather of the 25th may be wrong.

Do not attempt to travel this road, for it is impassable.

John Shinneberry had his mule badly crippled in a snow-drift at the old Lick House the other day.

The wild turkeys have come down to the runs, and to the hay and oat stacks, for food and shelter, and occasionally you can hear of one being killed. Mr. J. C. Price had to protect his oat stack to prevent the wild turkeys from destroying it.

Mr. Thomas Showalter shot a red fox the other day.

MARVELOUS.

Over a hundred polecats have been caught on Elk near Linwood. The hunters have this large boundary laid off in territories, and each cannot cross the line. E. H. Showalter belongs to this company, and the other day he dug out a polecat, that was fareing sumptiously on a ground-hog, which he had eaten half up, though still alive. That gound-hog did not see his shadow. PUMPKINHEAD.

Green Bank.

The sun is shining once more.

Mr. H. P. McLaughlin, of Huntersville, was in town last Friday

Mr. Harvey Maupin and wife passed through town last week enroute to Travelers' Repose.

We are sorry to lose Dr. C. L. Austin faom our village, as he was a good doctor and a good neighbor, but hope the change may be beneficial to him in evary respect.

Mr. Henry Sheets lost a horse some days since that was 32 years old. It could eat corn from the cob with ease.

There is considerable sickness in this part of the county at this time. C.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3½ miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address URIAH BIRD,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Special Offer.

We have made arrangements with the *Confederate Veteran* published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the POCAHONTAS TIMES and the *Veteran* at the exceedingly low rate of $1.65 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated magazine at so low a price. The *Veteran*

Picture Taking is Easy

IF YOU DO IT WITH A KODAK

An illustrated manual, free with every instrument, tells all about making the exposures and how to "do the rest" but, of course "we do the rest" when you prefer.

A 6o page, illustrated catalogue, telling all about Kodaks and Kodets, free for the asking.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

KODAKS $6.00 to $100.00. Rochester, N. Y.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE.—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies,

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention,

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, . VA

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also. general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases. Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS.
Top of Alleghany, W Va

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loudermilk and Susan J. Loudermilk, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless Withrow McClintic as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of $167.46, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Ronceverte, Ronceverte, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 297, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loudermilk, and said Withrow McClintic having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Withrow McClintic, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the

5th Day of March, 1895,

(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder,

for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to-wit:

One brown horse, one two-horse wagon, one set double harness, one-third interest in a threshing machine, and one-third interest in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loudermilk. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to G. W. Beverage and Fant Armstrong.

Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing eighteen acres situate in Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Spruce Flat, being the same land conveyed by G. W. Beverage and wife to said Susan J. Loudermilk by deed dated [illegible] day of April, 1891, of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, in Deed Book No. 21, page [illegible], to which deed reference is here made for a full and complete description of said land.

L. M. McClintic,

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. Burns,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,
J. C. Arbogast, S. P. C.

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer and Real Estate Agent.

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

Postoffice Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

ROOFING Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped everywhere.

PAINT red and black, for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

LADDER that shorten or lengthen for tinners, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

PAPER heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

PRICE low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,

WM. A. LIST & CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop,

—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

☞ Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

E. H. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

☞ At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

PATTERSON SIMMONS.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer... Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,

Room, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

The 18th inst was the centennial anniversary of the birth of the great American philanthropist,

Not in Stock.

Lady (to dog dealer)—"I live in a lonely house in the country, and I want a good house dog."

"Yes, marm."

"But I don't want one that will keep me awake at night barking at nothing."

"No, marm."

"He must be very strong and fierce, yet as gentle as a lamb with us you know."

"Yes, marm."

"And he must pounce upon and drive every tramp away that comes to the house."

"Yes, marm."

"But he must not interfere with any honest person coming along."

"No, marm. Anything more?"

"Yes; if a burglar comes, the dog should attact him instantly."

"Yes, marm."

"But he must not molest any one who makes a friendly call at any time."

"No, marm."

"And, of course, he must not interfere with any person who may have to come to see my husband, for he is a doctor, and so a great many people call."

"No, marm. I quite see what you want. You want a thought-reading dog."

"Yes, I suppose so. Can you send me one?"

"Very sorry, marm, but I am quite out of the kind you want."—*Advertiser.*

Sage Not Sagacious.

From the Springfield Republican.

If Sage were half way decent he would long ago, withou a murmer, have voluntarily made full compensation to tke poor clerk, Laidlaw, whose body received the injuries aimed at Sage. Meantime Lawyer Josepn H. Choate, counsel for Laidlaw, is having a vast amount of fun with the stingy and unfeeling old stock jobber, and he announces that he will stand by Laidlaw "If it takes twenty trials before this man Sage is brought before the bar of justice."

New River Valley Bank, is the name of a new bank established at Hinton. It will be ready for business by June 1st.

Charley C. one of the youngest Sam Purdy colts, raised by Winfield Liggett, of Harrisonburg, broke the five-mile trotting record, at Ontario, Can., His time was 13:20 minutes.

A Bear tried to break into the basement of the Homestead Hotel at the Hot Springs.

The United States Senate is a tie between the two great parties at the present. The Vice President giving the decided vote.

The Union Theological Seminary, at Hamden Sydney, is to be removed to Richmond.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay!

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 13th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, $2.25 to $2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

J. D. Sweeny, Principal,
Concord Church,
Mercer Co., - - - W. Va.

Special Offer

We have made arrangements with the *Confederate Veteran* published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the Pocahontas Times and the *Veteran* at the exceedingly low rate of $1.85 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated magazine at so low a price. The *Veteran* has an immense circulation, and is

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgood,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kincheloe,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

United Hospital and Dispensary,
Boston, Mass.

Allen C. Smith, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

IT TICKLES YOU

THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.

BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.

Sold Everywhere at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. No Relief, No Pay.

HERB MEDICINE CO. [Formerly of Weston, W. Va.] SPRINGFIELD, O.

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InSure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,

WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869.

Cash Capital $100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL.
Marlinton W. Va.

BLACKSMITHING AND Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.
Marlinton, W. Va.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

FEED, LIVERY —AND— SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broken to ride or work.

J. H. G. Wilson,
Marlinton w. Va.

FOR RENT! My store-house at Edray lately occupied by F. Golden.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—it won't stain your teeth, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia,
Neuralgia,
Constipation,
Malaria,
Kidney and Liver Troubles,
Bad Blood
Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Renick's Valley. Four miles from turnpike, and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 31. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, ...J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, ...R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, ...S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, ... J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, ...C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor ...... George Baxter.
Coroner, ...George P. Moore
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; harles Cook, [illegible] H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATT'Y. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

IT becomes our painful duty to try to reduce to intelligibility Mr. Hicks' somewhat indefinite forecasts for the month of March. As near as we can read his almanac, the month will open with the storms of February working across the east. The storm period commences on the 4th when the celestial bodies come at us six deep. From the 4th to the 12th we will feel the combined forces of the Moon, Vulcan, Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Jupiter. It is doubtful whether we were ever attacked by such rabble heretofore. About the 12th, or the end of this period, the baneful influence of the groundhog will have spent itself. We will have a cessation of hostilities then until the 16th when the equinoxtial period will proceed to give us particular fits. The reactionary storms of the 23d and 24th are then to be expected. The last storm period is from the 26th to the 29th when two storms wili pass over the country. This leaves us the 30th and 31st to plant potatoes, one of which days is Sunday. The weather prophet says "*Watch March,*" but you may safely say that he cannot say "Watch March" very often in quick succession without getting tangled up. Upon the whole we cannot expect much surcease from sorrow during this month. We are promised better things in April.

* * *

IN thinking about the Brooklyn labor troubles, it seems singular that eight or ten thousand soldiers and two thousand five hundred policemen could not instantly suppress the rioters. They outnumbered the strikers two to one, and were splendidly equipped with improved weapons. The sympathies of these armed peace preservers must have been with the operatives to such an extent that even their oath to the city and State to suppress disorder, did not influence them to shoot down at once the complaining and famished workingmen in their protest against tyranny and avarice. It looks as if these sworn guardians of the peace went as far as they could in the matter of leniency, without incurring liability to charges for insubordination or treason. The special significance of such action on the part of the citizen soldiery indicates they had no heart in enabling corporations to oppress their employes, and it seems that the soldiers and policemen must have been sure that outside of the disorderly violence, the justice of the controversy was on the side of the suffering working-men, and so they refrained as long as possible from bloody punishment.

* * *

THIS seems to be the age of timidity with our statesmen. In our own Legislatuae the new brooms came in and failed to make any radical changes in the existing laws. With Congriss each party wishes to make the other party responsible for any decided step towards bettering the condition of things. We will have to cry out presently "Oh, for a man!"

* * *

FRED DOUGLASS, the grat negro statesman, is dead. For more than a quarter of a century he has been prominent in the affairs of the nation. He was born a slave, though the greater part of him was white. He has never had any desire, it seems, to choose his associates from the negro race.

POETRY.

For the TIMES.

On the Head of Elk River.

The commercial man was freezing fast,
As up the Old Field Fork he passed,
Chilled to the bone by every blast!
The driving snow obscures his view,
He fears he cannot struggle through,
He's where the cold waves rendezvous,
On Elk!

The ice upon his mustache bold
Seems destined to uproot its hold;
His face is parboiled with the cold!
His gallant steed is loath to go
On struggling with the drifted snow—
Cursed be the winds that always blow
On Elk!

A shirt-sleeved sovereign of the soil,
Sits cooling from his daily toil,
Oblivious of the storm's turmoil!
The frozen drummer hears him say,
He's hit the time to come that way,
It is a very pleasant day,
On Elk!

He meets a maiden there-a-bout,
An Elk ideal, big and stout, [lookout!
"You'll freeze," he says, "if you don't
"Oh, bless you no," said the gentle soul,
"I m out for to take a pleasant stroll,
The air is quite balmy to-day on the whole," On Elk!

OURSELVES

AS NEW YORKERS SEE US. "HAPPY IN THEIR IGNORANCE."

A Curious Race in the Mountains of West Virginia.

(The New York Sun says:)

"I read in the New York *Sun* the other day," said a New York dealer in roots, "the item from Wheeling about Meyer Horkeimer finding 27½ pounds of shot in a shipment of ginseng root he had received, the discovery of which seemed to have surprised him. That it should have, strikes me as being odd, for the loading of ginseng with shot to increase its weight and swell the amount to be received for it, is a very old trick of sang-diggers, as every one who has dealt with them ought to know. This is especially true of the sangers of the West Virginia mountains.

"Ginseng grows in all the rich upland woods of North America from Canada to the mountains of the Southern States, but especially in the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys. It grows super-abundantly in the West Virginia mountains, and here the professional sanger is found in all his uniqueness. The sang-diggers of Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and other States, are usually farmers and their families, who harvest the wild crop as an incidental, though profitable, addition to their regular farm products, but in West Virginia there are whole communities, the dwellers in which do no other work than digging ginseng and have no other income than the proceeds of the sale of the root.

"It is probably hardly necessary to say that these sangers are of a low order of humanity. There are scattering nomadic tribes of them in other parts of the State, but in the isolated counties of Greenbrier, Webster, Pendleton, and Nicholas a race of these people have a fixed habitation. They are a people by themselves, and a curious one. Their origin is unknown. I can remember when I was a boy in Virginia before the war, hearing the old colored mammies speak almost in whispers of the mysterious sangers of the mountains.

"They are described as elfish kings, who lurked in the fastnesses, always on the watch for fat negro babies, which they would carry away to their inaccessible haunts, there to roast and eat them. They also had eagles that did their bidding, and, when it was not convenient to secure a baby themselves, they sent an eagle to swoop down and snatch a pickaninny from where it might be sleeping in the sun, and bear it away to the sangers. The eagles, too, always shared in their feast. The tales that the old slave woman used to tell of the horrible things the sangers had done and would do to bad boys and girls kept my young blood in a state of continuous chill, and kept me from many a bit of private mischief. The sanger was a most effective 'bogy man,' on our plantation, at least.

"But the true sanger is above being the cave-dwelling little demon of slave-day lore. Instead of subsisting on roast pickaninny, he is satisfied with fried bacon and corn-bread. Ground-hog, coon, and possum he indulges in occasionally, if he feels like going and setting traps for them.

"There are deer and bear a-plenty in the mountains, but the sanger is no hunter. He does not take the gun, yet shot is always among the supplies he orders in return for the ginseng. He is an expert fisherman, though, and follows the rare trout streams of his habitat with great results. It is declared to be a fact,—but of this I have no personal knowledge, although I have no doubt that it is true,—that the young of owls and eagles, young skunks, and rattle snakes are by no means rarities in the sanger's larder. And yet, strange as it may seem, he looks with horror upon frogs as food.

"The sangers of that particular part of West Virginia are of small stature, a five-footer being an average-sized man. They are tough, tireless, and agile. They are peaceful, and not given much to the use of intoxicants. Their garb is grotesque in the extreme, being made up of any and all kinds of cast-off things, and frequently a covering, or half-covering, of rags and tatters. A single garment of tow or calico is enough for the women, and the numerous children run as naked as they were born as long as the weather will permit it. The only attempt at agriculture these people make is the scratching up of a little ground to raise the tobacco they use—and they all use it, regardless of age or sex, chiefly by smoking it in a corn-cob pipe. The women drink a tea made from pungent roots or sassafras bark. Marriage is not looked upon as necessary, although if a sanger wants to make the sharer of his hut his wife by marriage ceremony he may do so. But polygamous relations are not permitted under any circumstances.

"Naturally, or, perhaps, unnaturally, the members of the tribe are close of kin.

"They live in log huts with chimneys made of clay.

"There is never more than one room in a hut, and this serves for all the needs of the occupants.

"They sleep on the floor, and, although in the winter time they are frequently put to great straits for the necessaries of life, they seem happy amid their want and squalor.

"At such times it would be well for the outlying settlements if the sangers were hibernators, for shy as they are as a general thing about approaching the settlements, the depletion of granaries and smoke-houses therein shows that some sanger's necessity has been greater than his shyness.

"The sanger despises work and shuns it habitually, but a great change comes over him when the ginseng season arrives. The country store-keeper, who has frowned upon his efforts to get credit during the winter, now warms towards the sanger, and is glad to be on good terms with him, for he wants the profits of his season's sanging,—and the country store-keeper makes a fat thing out of the sanger season. The ginseng season begins about the middle of May, when the tender green plant shows itself above the ground. The season ends about the middle of October, when the ripened berries have fallen, the plant turns yellow, withers away, and is indistinguishable from the surrounding undergrowth. The root is the only part of the plant that has commercial value, and even the root would not have any value but for the superstition of a semi-civilized people, who have made of what otherwise would be an inconsidered weed an article which has added millions to the exports of the United States. The root, when it comes from the ground, is a pale saturn color on the rind, the interior being pure white. It has a feeble odour, and a sweet, slightly aromatic taste, not unlike licorice.

"Ginseng root is sold green to the country stores by the diggers. The rural dealers frequently offer prizes for the heaviest single root, and for the greatest number of pounds brought in by a single sanger. The price paid varies with the season, all calculations being made upon the basis of dry sang.

"Thus in May and June the root is light, taking nearly five pounds of green to make one of dry. In July and August less than four pounds of green will yield a dry pound, and in September and October, the root having matured, less than three pounds of green will make one pound of dry root.

"As soon as the root is brought from the sangers, it is either dried in the sun or in kilns made for the purpose, or steamed and quickly evaporated. This last process produces the highest grade of ginseng known to the trade, it being clear and like water. But there is great risk to the country dealers in preparing the root in this way, and he prefers to dry it and sell it in its natural condition. The faster the root can be dried the better for the rural merchant, for ginseng dried rapidly does not lose so much in weight as it does if dried slowly. It behoves the man who is dealing direct with the sanger to be up to all the tricks of the trade, for if he isn't, he will get left, just as the mountain merchant did who sold the invoice of ginseng to the Wheeling dealer the other day. The exporter will not buy a pound of ginseng that is not as dry as punk, and absolately free from all other roots. The tricky sanger has a deft way of mixing poke root, colt's foot, angelica, elecampane, and other roots that are difficult of detection with his sack of ginseng. The sang is very porous, and the sanger long ago discovered that by soaking it in water before taking it to market, he could add materially to its weight. But ramming shot into the roots and skillfully hiding the hole where they went in has always been the fraud of which he was most proud.

"All ginseng goes to China, where it is considered a panacea for all ills, the Chinese having used it in medical practice for centuries. Ginseng was known in China before America was discovered. It is the basis for the Chinese elixor of life, although, as a matter of fact, it has no active medical properties whatever. But if the Chinese want to think it has, and think it so strongly that they are not only willing but eager to pay about $3,000,000 a year to get the 500,000 or 600,000 pounds of ginseng we produce in the United States, we ought not to kick or send scientific persons over there to labor with them, and convince they are all wrong. Ginseng doesn't hurt the Chinese, and it does us a heap of good." (And so say all of us patriots in West Virginia!)

Frozen to Death.

A thrilling report comes from Tucker county, of two school children, a brother and sister perishing in the blizzard that raged on the 13th of February. The brother's age was 12 years and he took off and wraped his coat around his sister aged 10 years, and when found they were folded in each other's arms. The papers are speaking of this self-sacrificing act in highest terms of eulogy. The *New York Express*, says: His conduct had in it all the highest elements of heroism. It was not inspired by love of glory or hope of reward, it was born of instinctive chivalry, and inspired by dauntless courage. To die in the blaze of battle is far less difficult, than to perish by inches after having deliberately sacrificed the last chance of safety in order to save another. There could be no sterner trial of heroism than this West Virginia boy stood the test, and the nation that lost him has reason for pride as well as regret. He was made of the right stuff for American citizenship, used in the United States.

Observes the Louisville Courier-Journal: Countess Wachtmeister says the future man will have a sixth sense. It is to be hoped it will be common sense.

London Engineering says that the new magazine gun adopted for the United States Army possesses "all the requisites now universally admitted to be necessary to a perfect magazine gun."

The practice of grasping a loaded gun by the muzzle is still in vogue, laments the San Francisco Examiner. There is never a closed season for the particular sort of a hunter who fails to realize the relative ability of the two ends of his weapon.

Considerable attention has been drawn to the statement by the Russian Minister of Finance, M. Witte, that during the past six years it was frequently the Czar's personal influence that maintained peace; that frequently there were warlike threats which he never answered.

The Japanese scheme of dividing China into three independent kingdoms, each to be ruled by a native prince, is, in the estimation of the Philadelphia Ledger, an ingenious one. The attempts of the three princes to do each other up would probably relieve Japan of any further subjugatory efforts in China.

The cotton seed oil mills of England import their cotton seed almost exclusively from Egypt. The oil is used in soap factories, and a considerable quantity of it is shipped to the Mediterranean where, without doubt, observes the New York Independent, it is transformed into "pure olive oil," much of which is sent to the United States and purchased by our people in preference to the really pure oil made in California.

Says the New York Independent: Our dailies show a great lack of reverence in describing the weather. The Tribune spoke of the expected cyclone from the Gulf as coming north at an "easy jog;" the Times said it "seems to have bumped against a Nova Scotia "high" (area of high pressure); the Herald characterized it as "a very slow cyclone," and said it "must put on more steam;" the World told its readers that the great storm is on its way, but "is taking things easier than the weather sharps thought." Thus do our great papers exhibit their genius in making the oldest and commonest of topics interesting.

A good many people appear to think that resistance to a blow is a test of hardness in minerals, whereas it is resistance to erosion. Ignorance of this fact led a man in this city, relates the New York Sun, to experiment on what appeared to be a large and unusually clear garnet of rather light red color. He took a hammer to it and smashed it to atoms. A diamond is the hardest substance in the world, yet it may be broken by a tap from a hammer, or even a fall on the sidewalk, as it is apt to split along the cleavage lines, which are parallel to its faces. Experts test an undetermined gem first with a file and after with fragments of stone of differing hardness. If it yields to the file it is glass, or something no more durable than that.

That glorious theme of song and story, the old frigate Constitution, apostrophizes the New York Press, is to devote the rest of her days to the training of youth; and that these days may be long is the wish of every true American who remembers her services to her country. She is to be turned over to the Massachusetts naval militia for use as a training ship, and will leave her present refuge at Portsmouth at once. No more fitting career could be imagined for the Constitution than that of an educator, and the youthful Massachusetts sailors are fortunate. There is a history in every plank of the old warrior, a story in every spar. She tells of battles fought and won in such an atmosphere of devotion to country, patriots will 1

Cotton worms do their best—
Country short on hay;
Still, we ain't a-going to give in
While the world owes all a livin'!

Let the cotton rise an' fall!
Let the corn give out;
Let the strongest horses stall,
Flounderin' about!
Ain't a bit o' use to give in
While the world owes all a livin'!

If the crop is short, the land
Still is broad an' long;
Still the hoe is in the hand—
Still the mule is strong!
Never goin' to see us give in
While the world owes all a livin'!

What's the use to sit an' pine
When the cold wind blows?
Takes a lot o' rain an' shine
Jest to make a rose!
Roses die an' violets give in,
But the world owes folks a livin'!

—Atlanta Constitution.

SELINDA'S SATCHEL.

BY SOPHIE SWEET.

"OH, Selindy, I wish you could go!"

Little Miss Kittredge elevated her seamy forehead in a way that she had when she was worried, until her eyebrows reached almost to her "widow's peak."

Selinda gave the finishing touch to the pink waist she was ironing and set the iron down hard.

"It's of no use to talk, mother. I never can go anwhere," she said. "And I do wish you wouldn't call me Selindy."

The unironed things went into the clothes basket with a sweep and a toss, and the basket went into the closet with a thump, and Selinda ran up stairs to her own room and buried her head in the pillow. It was only a foolish little seventeen-year-old head, although its owner taught the Bend school and sang in the church choir, and was an officer of the Village Improvement Society. Miss Kittredge dropped the boy's blouse she was mending, and folded her little knotty, toil worn hands in her lap; her glasses had grown suddenly so misty that she could not see.

"Poor little Selindy-da! It does seem too bad," she murmured. "If Enoch would only pay me, as he said he would, for keepin' house for him and nursin' him through that rheumatic fever, more'n a year ago. I can't bear to say anything—'mongst relations, so—and Enoch is terrible nigh. And if I do speak it'll only make him cast a slur upon Amasa, his own brother that's dead and gone, because he hadn't more faculty and didn't leave us better off. But then! Selindy does feel so bad now that the Pritchard girls and Naomi Jenks are going to the World's Fair. And it does seem kind of providential that Enoch will be goin' by here home from market this afternoon."

The little woman arose, slowly, but with resolution, and took her mending out to the porch. But the mending was neglected, and she peered anxiously through the fluttering hop-vine, down the long, dusty road. She actually trembled when a tall, gaunt figure, upon the seat of an open farm wagon, came suddenly into view.

"Enoch, I want to speak to you jest a minute," she called, hurrying out to the gate.

Enoch was thin-lipped, and dried like leather. He flecked a fly from his horse's back without looking up, and with a distinctly discouraging air.

"It ain't any use talkin' to me about Rufe," he said, before the little woman found her breath or her courage to speak. "He's got to make his own way, jest as my boys would, if I had any. I don't care anything about machinery or 'lectricity, or any of the fol-de-rols that he's got his head full of. I don't expect he'll ever amount to as much as Selindy does—"

"It's Selindy that I want to speak to you about," said the widow, hastily. "You know I don't like to say anything about it, Enoch, but you said you'd give a little something for takin' care of you when you was sick, and now—Selindy she wants so bad to go to the World's Fair. I expect you'll think it's extravagant, but she worked hard keepin' school, and Rufe he's doin' real well in the mill, and seems as if now was just the time if you did think of givin' me anything—"

"You want me to give it to Selindy, do you?" The grim mouth relaxed a very little. If Uncle Enoch had a weakness it was for his niece Selinda, whom all Carmel accounted "smart." "I did think she had more sense than to go galivantin' off to Chicago, a squanderin' money, but mebbe I'll give her a little somethin' to help her along. I'm goin' over to B— day after to-morrow, and I'll stop on my way home."

"A little somethin' to help her along" did not sound like enough to pay Selinda's expenses to the Fair, but there was one good thing about Uncle

hopefully how he had said, after she had nursed him through those long weeks of illness, "I'll remember you harnsomely, M'ria, harnsomely."

That was, indeed, after he had suffered very severe twinges of rheumatism, and Rufe had said it would "take more than rheumatism to take the kinks out of Uncle Enoch so they'd stay out;" nevertheless, Mrs. Kittredge's worn face was aglow as she called to Selinda, who was still prostrate and tearful, and told her just what a hope Uncle Enoch had held out. Selinda was sanguine also. She dried her eyes, and ripped the skirt of the "changeable" silk that had been her mother's wedding dress, to make a "stylish" waist to wear with her old black cashmere skirt. And then she couldn't resist the temptation to run across the field to Naomi Jenks's to tell her of the joyous prospect. And she was really angry with Rufe because he shook his head doubtfully, going right on eating huckleberry pie, when she told him of Uncle Enoch's promise.

When the day came she ran out as soon as she had wiped the dinner dishes to watch for Uncle Enech. He was late and in a hurry. He handed her out a rather large-sized pasteboard box.

"There, I ain't one to be small when I make up my mind to go a-shoppin'; if you take good care of that 'twill last you till the next World's Fair comes round," with a grim chuckle. "You tell your mother it's her own resk lettin' you go; 'tain't any of my doin'. I've got other uses for my money."

Selinda carried the box into the house. It was light, but oh, how heavy her heart was! And Rufe, who had been standing behind the great butternut-tree, turned a somersault. Rufe always had provokingly little to say for himself, and he turned somersaults as an expression of his feelings on the most inopportune occasions. Selinda thought that even a boy ought to have more sense. There was silence in the room for the space of a full minute after the cover was taken off the box; then Mrs. Kittredge said with a tearful gasp, "Oh, don't feel so bad, Selindy; it's a real pretty satchel."

Selinda had a temper. I wish that she had had it as fully under control as all but the very bad girls in stories do; but alas! she flung the pretty satchel with all strength, box and all, up into the high cupboard beside the mantelpiece. The box came tumbling down, and the cover followed it, and Rufe carried them off, saying he had been wanting some pasteboard to make a fan for his winnowing machine. (Rufe spent his leisure experimenting upon miniature machinery.) The bag stayed up in the closet, and Selinda sulked and cried, with intervals of trying to be good and make the best of things, and her mother took the egg money, with which she was to have bought herself a pair of gloves, and bought a gilt belt for Selinda, and she made a great many cream pies in anxious, silent sympathy, and opened the strawberry preserves, of which Selinda was very fond.

Sometimes when Selinda was away, Mrs. Kittredge opened the cupboard door and looked at the satchel, and said regretfully. "It's a real pretty satchel." At last one day, three weeks after the satchel had been flung up there she said it in Selinda's hearing.

"You think so much of pretty things," said Selinda, a little contemptuously. "You wanted some pink vases like those the minister's wife had, and a watch and chain like Mrs. Deacon Palmer had, and a spray of lilac in your bonnet like aunt Jemima! You always liked pretty things and—" Selinda looked up, suddenly, as if struck by a new thought—"you never had any!"

Rufe looked up from the tiny wheel that he was scouring with emery paper.

"I wonder if this is the first time you ever thought of that!" he said in a gruff voice, as if he had a lump in his throat. And he scowled meditatively at her, as Selinda now remembered she had caught him scowling at her before.

"Well, I don't know," was all that their mother said, in a meek, half guilty little voice, and Selinda saw her furtively wipe away a tear.

"Aunt Jemima has sent word by Phoebe Bascom that she wants you to come over and help her get ready to go to the World's Fair," said Selinda when she came home from the dressmaker's the next day. (She was finding a little consolation in the changeable silk waist, although she couldn't wear it to the Fair.) "Aunt Jemina is going, and Mrs. Prentice and Roxy Fowler, with Jonas for an escort."

"I'm real glad for Jemimy. They'll have a beautiful time. I guess I will go over and help her fix off, if you think you and Rufe can get along," said Mrs. Kittredge.

Selinda was at the dressmaker's again the next day when Mrs. Kittredge's nephew, Jonas, came after her. Going to the cupboard for her best handkerchief and her gloves, where she kept them "handy" for Sundays, Mrs. Kittredge caught sight of Selinda's satchel.

"I don't believe Selindy would care a mite if I should take it. She said she never would carry it; and it would

in that night. She was in the pantry, with her back toward him, but she kept on talking. "She'd be a regular gad about, like Aunt Jemima, if she could." Selinda's tone was slightly aggrieved; she did hate to do housework.

"And she never had a chance to go anywhere!"

Rufe's voice was so gruff now that it made Selinda come out of the pantry and stare at him. His face was red, and he breathed quickly, as if he had been running.

"She's gone, has she?" he said. "But I can go over to Aunt Jemima's; it won't be too late." He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and spread them out before Selinda's eyes. "I've been doing extra work for a long time, and I got Mr. Pritchard to pay me to-day. And then I sold those jumping jacks that I made, and the little wooden wagons—you thought I couldn't, but I did—and I've saved every cent I could, and at last there's enough—enough for mother to go to the World's Fair!"

"For mother to go to the World's Fair?" echoed Selinda in utter amazement. She almost laughed, it seemed so ridiculous. And then a sudden revulsion of feeling swept over her. Instead of laughter there was a threatening of tears—a blessed mist that cleared long blinded eyes. "Oh, Rufe, I never thought! It was only mother! And though you're only a boy you did think! Oh, she'll have such a good time! But you, Rufe, I never thought of you, either; and there's the machinery—there are all sorts of things that it would be a real benefit to you to see!"

Rufe turned his back to her, and swallowed a lump in his throat—a lump that went down hard. But he raised his head proudly.

"I shall be a man, and make my way, and see things," said he, "But mother never had a chance."

Rufe planned to go over to aunt Jemima's next morning; but there was no need, for bright and early, their cousin Jonas came driving like mad up to the porch, with Mrs. Kittredge beaming with delight beside him.

"Oh, Selindy, he wasn't so bad—your Uncle Enoch, I mean," she grasped. "Just see!" She opened the satchel, and showed a little inner pocket from which she drew five crisp new twenty-dollar bills. "I found them last night when I was showing the bag to your aunt Jemima. Now, Selindy, you can get ready right off!"

But Selinda shook her head firmly; if she had one little pang of temptation no one will ever know it—and told Rufe's story, while Rufe retired, shame-facedly, behind the wood-shed door, for there was cousin Jonas listening—and added her own plan, which was that her mother should go to Chicago, escorted by her own big boy, Rufe, who would learn twice as much as she—Selinda—would. And Selinda had been so much in the habit of having her own way that of course she had it now.

Little Mrs. Kittredge went off with her sister Jemima, and her cronies, half-dazed with delight, almost as uncertain of herself as the little old woman on the King's highway who cried "O Lawk 'a mercy on me this surely can't be I?"

And Rufe—but only a boy with a burning desire to "find out things" knows what going to the Fair meant to Rufe. As for Selinda, perhaps there were moments of misgiving, even tears; but she says she had a good time all alone at home. And when her Uncle Enoch, driving by, called out to her:

"Well, Selindy, you found what I put in the bag for you?" she answered, with a happy face:

"Oh, Uncle Enoch, I found the money—and a great deal more!"

Uncle Enoch thought he must be getting deaf; he didn't know what she meant. But it didn't matter much what a girl meant, anyhow.—Portland Transcript.

Spontaneous Combustion of Coal.

According to L. Hoepke, it is to a slow oxidation and to the resulting disengagement of heat that must be attributed the spontaneous combustion of cargoes of coal. The danger is so much the greater in proportion as the surface exposed to the air is wider. It is maximum with coal dust. The loading and trimming should, therefore, be so done as to avoid as much as possible the crumbling of the coal under the influence of the ship's motion. The smallest vessels are preferable for the carriage of coal.

Mr. Hoepke does not believe in the possibility of the spontaneous combustion of cargoes of damp cotton. But it is possible that a spark falling accidentally upon a bale may remain ignited for weeks and afterward set fire to the mass. Greasy cotton, on the contrary, very easily takes fire spontaneously. The same is the case with flax, jute and tow. Stacks of hay, and bales of tobacco and hops are likewise liable to spontaneous combustion. —Scientific American.

No man would listen to you talk if he didn't know it was his turn next.—Atchison Globe.

ner this is a nice way of using them: Boil two-thirds of a cup of rice in two cups of water (or steam it in the double boiler) adding half a teaspoon of salt at the time you pour the boiling water on to the rice. Cook until soft, which will be in a half or three-quarters of an hour. Remove the cover and stir the rice carefully with a fork to let the steam escape and dry off the rice. Heat the tomatoes which were left, season them quite highly with salt and pepper, using a little cayenne to highten the taste, add to the rice a tablespoonful of butter, stir carefully in, and when melted pour over the tomatoes and stir that also into the rice. Serve at once as a vegetable and you will be surprised to find it so good. —New York Advertiser.

COOKING BANANAS.

Cooked bananas make delicious desserts. As fritters, they are excellent. Sliced, fried and sprinkled with powdered sugar they are good. Made into a pudding by slicing them, placing in a pudding dish with alternate slices of sponge cake, the whole being soaked with beaten egg and baked, they are not to be despised. Preserved bananas are also delicious. Boil together a pound of sugar, a half pint of water and the juice of one lemon and one orange. Skim this and when it is syrup-like put in six peeled bananas sliced in two. Cook for about forty minutes and serve cold.

To bake bananas loosen the skin so that the fruit may be slipped out, but do not take it out until after the baking. Bake for half an hour. Then remove the loosened skins and cover with a sauce made by boiling half a cup of sugar and half a cup of water five minutes and adding a teaspoon of butter and the juice of half a lemon.—New York World.

THE SERVANT OF SMALL THINGS.

There is a prospect that, before we are much older, nearly all our housekeeping will be done by machinery. Not only by special machines for special purposes, but by great co-operative machinery for the whole housekeeping.

But the faithful housekeeper is quite sure that there is one servant who will never be supplanted—the servant of small things. The servant, paid or unpaid, who picks up the trifles every one else drops, and puts away the articles every one else forgets. The servant who carries up and down stairs odd cups and glasses and spoons; who finds overshoes and slates and schoolbooks and hats; who gathers the scattered playthings and discovers the misplaced book or sewing; who makes ready the chair and the footstool for the coming occupant, and who takes up all the dropped stitches, moral and material, in the family life.

There may arise housekeeping machines, big and little, working with marvelous skill and accuracy. But until a method is discovered of putting a heart as well as hands into them, of giving them a soul as well as a body, it is certain that the sphere of the servant of small things can never be perfectly filled by such contrivances.—Harper's Bazar.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

After washing never wring worsted dress goods. Shake them.

Soak mildewed clothes in buttermilk and spread on the grass in the sun.

Acid phosphate will remove ink stains from the hands when everything else fails.

Milk, applied once a week with a soft cloth, freshens and preserves boots and shoes.

Canned sardines carefully browned on a double-wire gridiron and served with lemon are appetizing.

One of the easiest ways of "taking cold" is to drop asleep without an extra wrap over the shoulders.

No receptacle for soiled clothing, even if handsomely decorated, should be kept in a sleeping apartment.

These are days when extra care should be taken to keep the feet perfectly dry. A fresh pair of stockings should be used every day.

Canned tomatoes are more delicious baked than stewed. About ten minutes before removing from the oven spread buttered bread-crumbs over the top.

Whiten yellow linen by boiling half an hour in one pound of fine soap melted in one gallon of milk. Then wash in suds, then in two cold waters with a little blueing.

Calicoes, ginghams and chambrays cannot be properly washed with the white clothes. They need a much quicker process, and the long delays of an ordinary washday would ruin them.

Two uses of eggs are not generally known or appreciated. A fresh egg beaten and thickened with sugar, freely eaten, will relieve hoarseness, and the skin of a boiled egg, wet and applied to a boil, will draw out soreness.

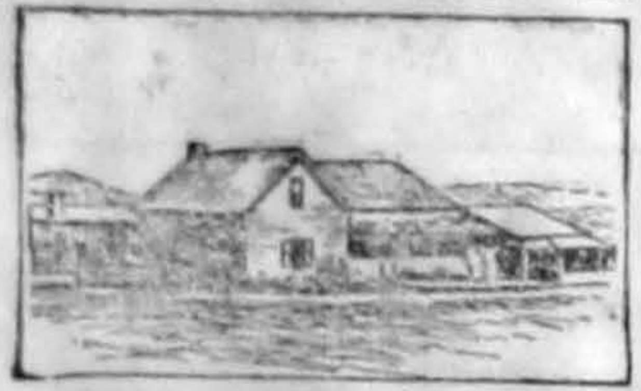
In Russia it was once the common

OSTRICH FARMING.

SCENES ON AN OSTRICH CAMP IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Habits of This Curious Bird—How the Feathers are Secured—Savage Mode of Attack of an Enraged Male.

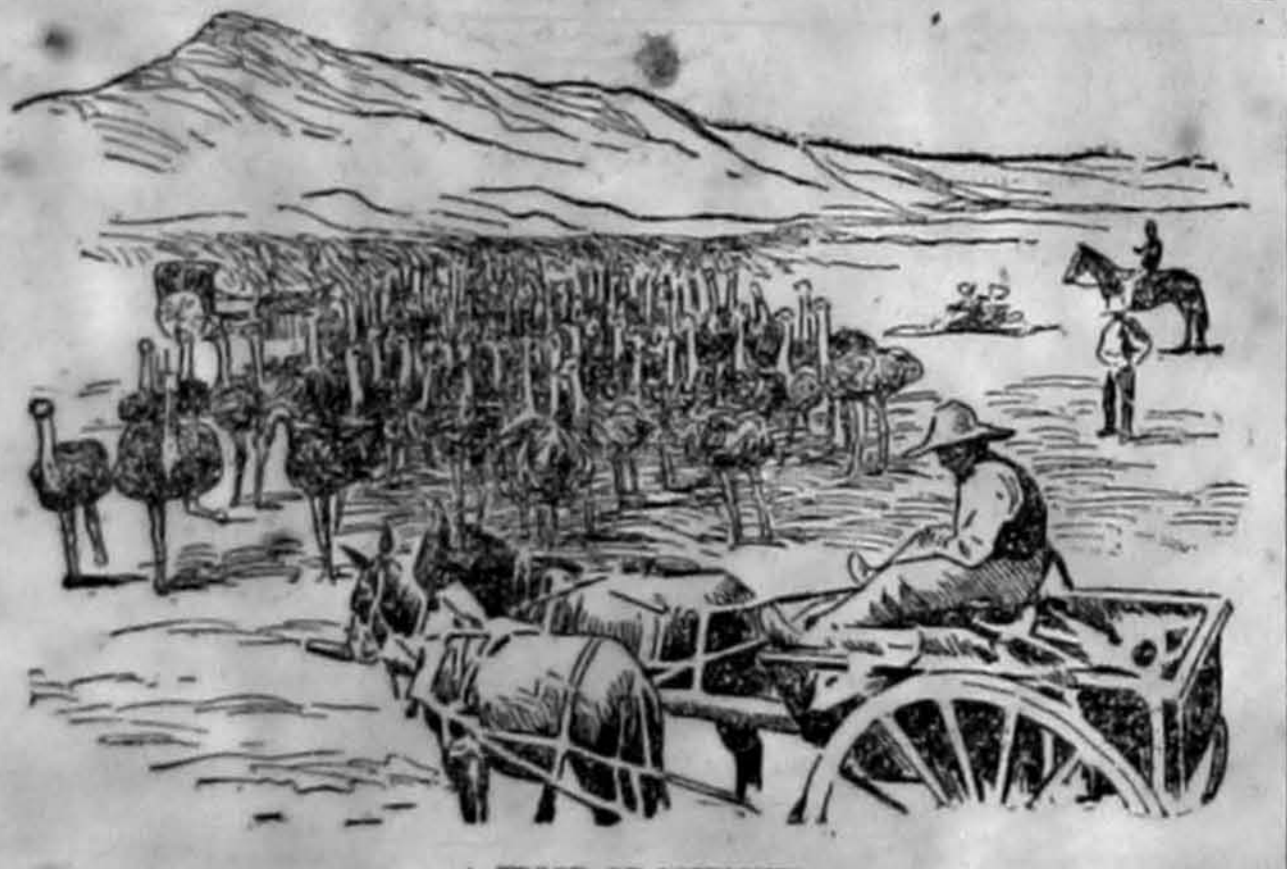
YOU arrive at the Cape Colony homestead, a square, red brick building, with a sigh of relief, and glad to be out of the blinding glare and sandy plain. On every homestead the same familiar sights meet the eye. On the one side of the house stand the kraals; on the other, the shed and wagon house. In front stands the dam, adjoining the vegetable garden and lands, with farther away the camp. Behind the house are the chaff house, tramp floor and butcher's shop, where the natives are rationed. In the camp run the large stock, cattle, ostriches and horses; and on the flats and mountains the sheep and goats. In this article I shall confine my remarks to ostriches.



OSTRICH FARM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

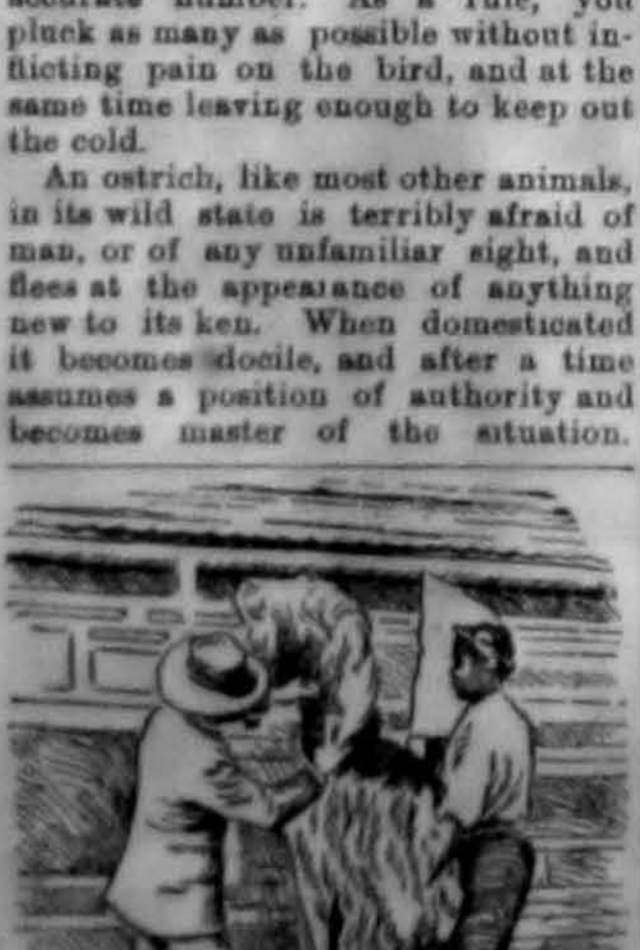
A well-fenced and secure inclosure is quite a luxury in the colony, and is only to be met with on the wealthier farms, the owners of which can afford to keep then in repair and to place in them stock of the more expensive kinds. Every ostrich farmer has his camp, which varies in size considerably, from 3000 to 8000 acres, and in it he keeps his 300 or 500 birds, as well as a few cattle and horses. A camp is always selected as being the best piece of grazing ground on the farm, and capable of holding more stock in proportion than any other part of the farm. Here the birds remain year in and year out, and are only collected and brought together, on the average, once every four months.

These occasions are, let us say, in June, to pluck the prime feathers. By these we mean the long whites, numbering from eighteen to twenty in each wing, eight or nine fancy feathers and a few long blacks, all taken at the same time. Four months later the stumps of these feathers are drawn out, and two months later again—that is, six months after the primes—the short blacks and tail feathers are taken. Of these it is impossible to give any accurate number. As a rule, you pluck as many as possible without inflicting pain on the bird, and at the same time leaving enough to keep out the cold.



A TROOP OF OSTRICHES.

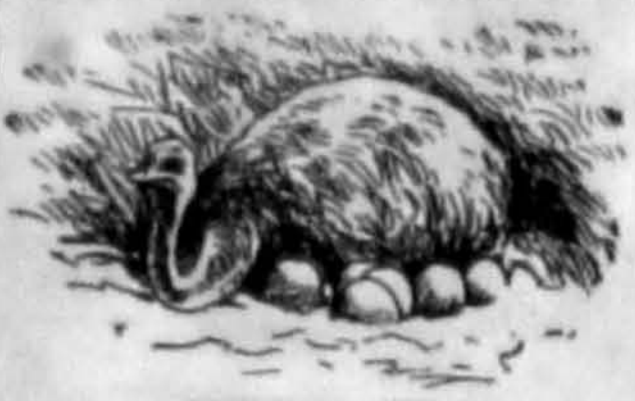
An ostrich, like most other animals, in its wild state is terribly afraid of man, or of any unfamiliar sight, and flees at the appearance of anything new to its ken. When domesticated it becomes docile, and after a time assumes a position of authority and becomes master of the situation.



PICKING A BIRD.

From June up to September, or, in fact, till Christmas, thousands of chicks are reared every year, and thousands meet with death every year from some form of accident. Chicks up to twelve months old die from various maladies, but seldom after they are full grown are they the victims of any sickness, death usually resulting from a broken leg, killed fighting, or from scarcity of food in times of drought.

The nest of an ostrich is a very crude affair, consisting simply of a round hollow carved out in the sandy ground. Sometimes the female bird may be seen scratching in the ground preparatory to laying her first egg; but this is not often the case, the hollow generally being made by the continuous sitting of the birds on the one spot. One pair of birds will lay from ten to twenty eggs, but, as is often the case, three or four birds will lay in the one nest, thus making the number of eggs up to seventy or eighty. These, of course, have to be weeded out, as a bird cannot comfortably cover more than sixteen eggs, the remainder being thrown on one side and left to decay.



OSTRICH ON NEST.

Forty-four days is the recognized time to allow for hatching. When a nest is hatched out the family are taken out of the camp, and brought to the homestead to be tamed where they come into continual contact with the farm hands, and are housed at night out of the reach of wild animals. During the summer months they will do well, but in winter, when food becomes scarcer, must be fed morning and evening on barley or rape.

It is during the breeding season that the male becomes so savage, and his note of defiance—"brooming," as the Dutch call it—is heard night and day. The bird inflates his neck in a cobra-like fashion, and gives utterance to three deep roars. The first two are short, but the third very prolonged. Lion hunters all agree to asserting that the roar of the king of beasts and the most foolish of birds resemble one another almost exactly. When the birds are properly savage they become a great source of amusement—or, as some think, of danger.

I have seen a bird so savage as to charge seven times in fifteen minutes, twice receiving the prongs of the fork through his neck. On horseback one is even more obnoxious to an ostrich than on foot, but, so long as the horse is not afraid and will stand up to the bird, there is no fear of an accident. As he charges take care to have your horse well in hand, and as the bird makes his first strike, catch him by the neck and hold on for all you're worth, till the bird becomes exhausted from want of breath and falls.

The female bird is seldom vicious. When she has a nest or brood of young chicks one must be prepared, but her manner of charging and whole demeanor is a very mild affair compared to the male's. Perhaps it may suggest itself to some of my readers: what would result supposing three or four birds tackled you at once? It is a very rare occurrence for more than one bird to charge at a time. Should three or four male birds all imagine at one particular moment, that you are the meat of each one of them separately, they first of all tackle one another, the conqueror fighting you.

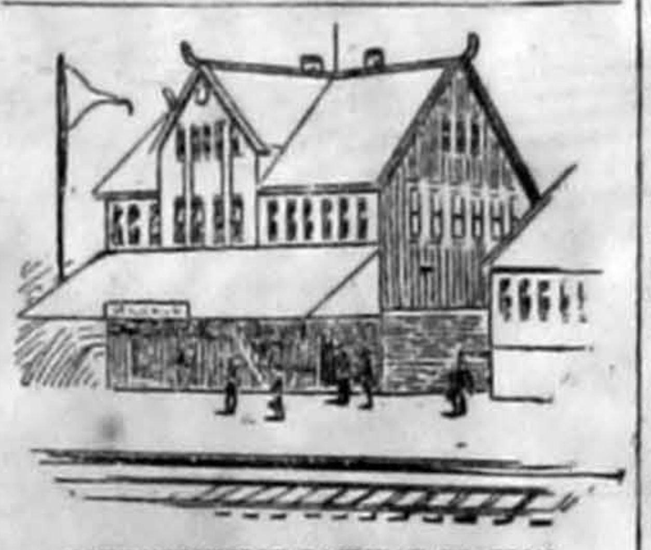
Collecting birds for plucking is always a great day on the farm. Orders are given overnight to the Kaffirs and Hottentots to catch every available riding horse and have them saddled up and ready next morning at sunrise. This is done, and every "boy" on the farm who can find a horse is mounted, and a regular cavalcade enters the camp, under the superintendence of "De Boss van de Plaats"—the master of the farm. They split up into parties of two each, and start off in different directions to drive up the birds from the remote spots to which they have wandered. Warfare, of course, is freely indulged in. It is immaterial to an ostrich if there be one or fifty against him, he fights just as merrily.

There exists a traveler's tale at home that, as soon as an ostrich catches sight of a human being, he turns tail and bolts in an opposite direction to hide his head in the sand. Another fallacy, equally devoid of foundation, is the belief that the female leaves her eggs in the sand to be hatched out in the sun. This is not so. The male and female sit alternately for forty-four days, the male at night, the female during the daytime. As an article of food, an ostrich egg is, to my taste, the most nauseous of dishes, and far more suitable as an effective weapon in Chinese and political warfare than to grace a breakfast table.

From all one had heard previous to becoming oneself an owner of ostriches, the actual plucking of the birds is very uninteresting and disappointing. The birds are all huddled together in a kraal—when every bird becomes as meek as a lamb—and are caught one by one; a bag or stocking is placed over the head and neck, while two experienced natives clip the feathers. During winter the birds must be attended to and carefully watched, as sometimes the weather is very inclement for weeks together—the thermometer often registering ten degrees of frost—and birds are apt to fall off in condition. If a bird once begins to sink in condition, the greatest difficulty is experienced in getting him right again, and often no amount of extra feeding will pull him through. —Strand Magazine.

Northermost Railroad in the World.

The northern part of King Oscar's realm has often been called "Sweden's America" because of the richness of the land, although it is still uncultivated. The poorer class of Sweden, however, preferred to emigrate to the United States instead of seeking new homes in Norrland, because that part of the kingdom lacked means of communication by land with the capital and the southern provinces. The coast cities suffered in the winter when ice covered the sea as much as the interior settlements suffered the year round. When it was discovered that Norrland has great hidden riches the Government decided to grant money for the building of a railway which shall connect the extremes of the kingdom.



NORTHERNMOST RAILWAY STATION.

This Northern Trunk Line of Sweden is now completed, and has just been formally opened by King Oscar. King Oscar is said to be Sweden's ablest orator, and he made "the speech of his life." The festivities surpassed anything of the kind ever seen before in that country.

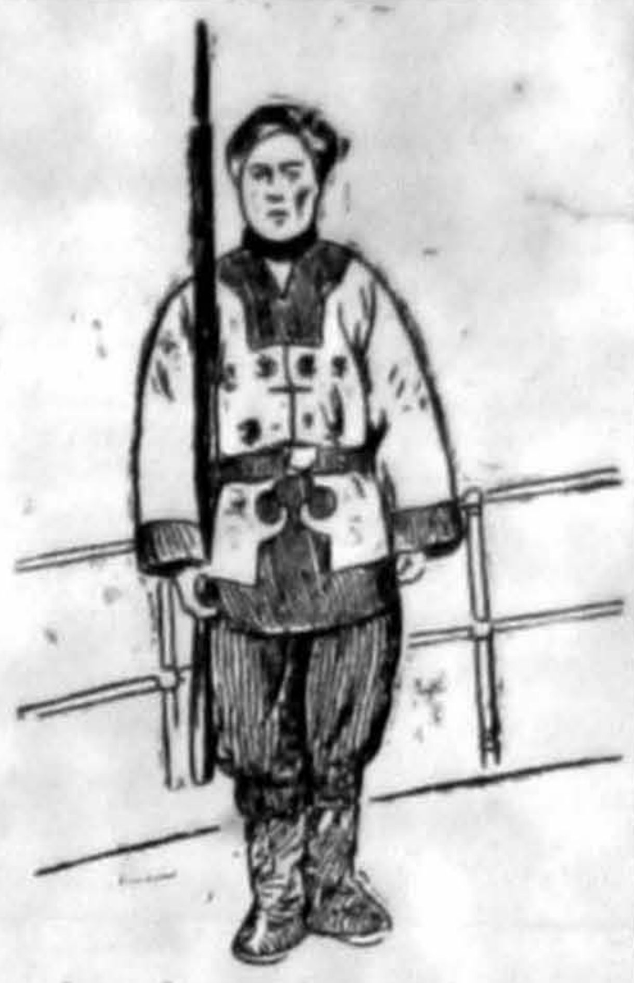
The new railroad connects at Boden, near the Gulf of Bothnia, with the northernmost railroad in the world, running from the seaport of Lulea up to the Gellivara Iron Mountains, forty-seven miles north of the polar circle. This road has been in operation two years. It may be considered the end piece of the continuous line of railroad of about 1250 miles long, stretching north and south the whole length of Sweden.

Norrland provides not less than twenty per cent. of the lumber supply of the globe—or more than Canada and almost twice as much as the United States. The famous Gellivara iron mines, the largest in existence, are considered capable of supplying the world for centuries.

On a Chinese Gunboat.

During my stay at the Kiangnan arsenal, writes Frank G. Carpenter, I visited one of the Chinese gunboats, which was made at Foo Chow. Mr. Cornish, the foreign adviser of the arsenal, was with me, and our Chinese cards were sent into the captain. A moment later a round-faced Chinaman, standing at least six feet two, and weighing 200 pounds, appeared on deck. He bent over and shook his own hands at me in Chinese fashion, and then asked Mr. Cornish and myself to step down into his cabin. This was a large room, built much like the saloons of one of our big boats. It was furnished with a number of two-foot tables, which stood against the walls of the room, between heavy armed teakwood chairs, so that as we sat down each of us had a table beside him, upon which later on tea and champagne were served. The tea was given us in Chinese cups, with saucers on their tops, so tilted into them as to keep the tea leaves out of our mouths.

The champagne was served in little glasses the size of an egg cup, and the captain smacked his lips as the amber fluid audibly gurgled down his throat. In the centre of the room as we entered one of the officers of the ship was sitting on a stool with a copper basin in front of him and a barber behind him. The barber was shaving his head and braiding his queue, and the officer did not seem to regard our presence in the least. He rose and shook his own hands at us, then bowed half a dozen times, and then had his man go on with the shaving. There was, in fact, an unconventionality about the whole ship that was refreshing. A big mandarin was expected, and the marines were dressing themselves on board. One man pulled on his trousers as we came out of the captain's cabin on to the deck, and another hurriedly got himself into his coat.



A CHINESE MARINE.

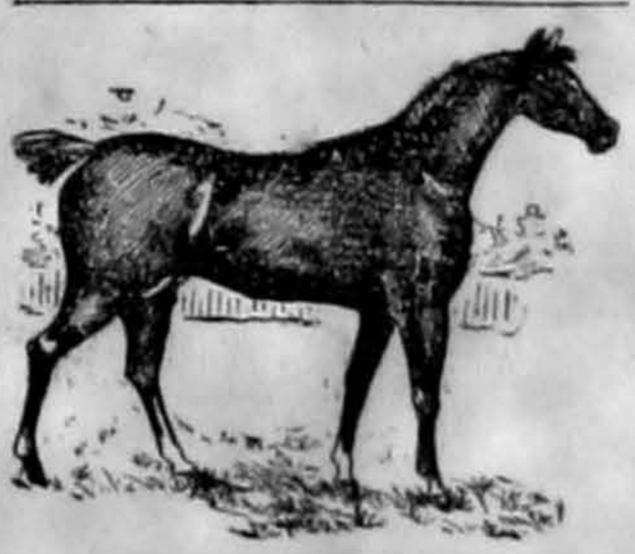
The marines wore dark blue shirts or sacks and blue pantaloons of wadded cotton, which were tucked into thick black cloth boots. The shirts were bordered with wide bands of red and were embroidered on the breast with Chinese characters. I had one of the marines on deck photographed, and I noted that his gun was a muzzle loader, though he was standing beside a big Armstrong cannon at the time. I aftewards got a picture of a whole crew with their turned-up straw hats and their light blue clothes, as they posed for their photograph on one of the biggest ships of the Chinese navy, and I was struck with the nerve shown in their faces and the agility with which they moved about at their work.

Cleveland Bays.

The name of the breed is taken from Cleveland, in Yorkshire, England, where it has long been known, the term bay being added to indicate the prevailing color. The origin of the breed is unknown. They are supposed to be a cross between the racehorse and the original breeds in the country.

In color they are bright bay, with black mane and tail, black points and usually a small white spot between the bulbs of the heel. They are of medium size, weighing from 1100 to 1400 pounds. The head is of fair size, with an intelligent eye, finely arched neck, oblique shoulders, short back, long quarters and strong legs.

The Cleveland bay is a general purpose horse, heavy enough for all ordinary farm work, active, stylish and speedy. He is easy to handle, very strong blooded and impresses his characteristics on his grade offspring with certainty. This breed has long been popular in all parts of Europe for coach purposes and for light artillery and cavalry.

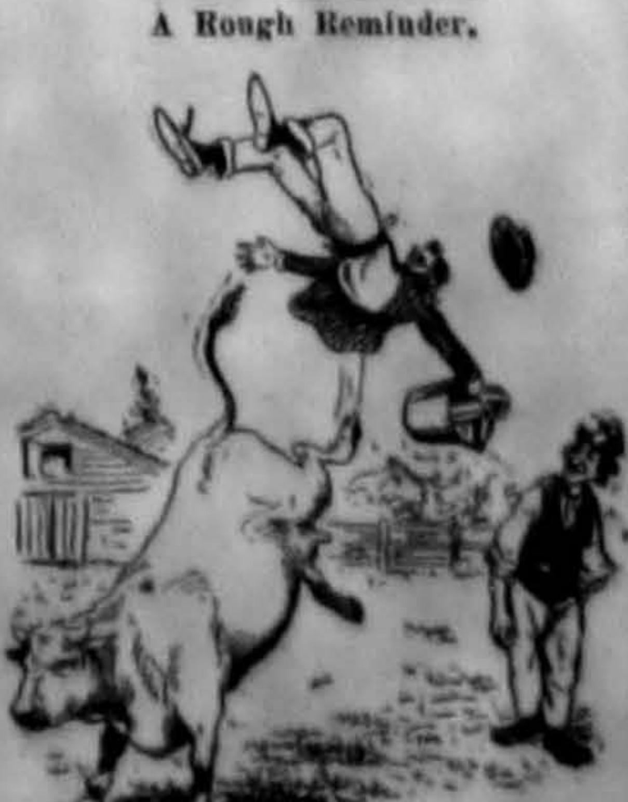


PRIZE CLEVELAND BAY.

Intensity of Confined Sound.

The intensity of confined sound is illustrated at Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight, where there is a well 200 feet deep and twelve feet in diameter, lined with smooth masonry. When a pin is dropped into it the sound of it striking the water 182 feet below can be distinctly heard.—New York Dispatch.

A Rough Reminder.



He said that he wanted to milk the cow once, just to remind him of the time when he was a boy on the farm. —Judge.

DAYS.

What is the message of days, what is the thought they bring—
Days that darken to winter, days that sweeten to spring?

Is there a lore to learn, is there a truth to be told?
Hath the new dawn a ray that never flashed from the old?

Day that deepens to night, night that broadens to day,
What is the meaning of all, what is the word they say?

Silence for aye and aye, and the heart-beats never cease
Till toil and life and the day are the night and death and peace.

—John Hall Ingham, in Scribner.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Money talks; poverty also has a way of telling.

Character is what we are in the dark.—Ram's Horn.

This is the next year you expected so much of last year.—Atchison Globe.

He—"What do you think is the way to win a woman?" She—"Hers."—Puck.

"Thou hast cured my heart of aching, dear,"
Said she.
"I'm a doctor of divinity,"
Quoth he.
—Puck.

A Chicago astronomer thinks he has discovered green on the moon. But perhaps it's all in his eye.—Philadelphia Press.

Some men would have better wives if they didn't growl so much whenever they give them a little money.—Ram's Horn.

Clergyman—"Do you take this woman to be your wife?" Politician (absently)—"I authorize the use of my name."—Puck.

Blackston—"I don't see why you wear your hair so short." Graymare—"No; you don't know my wife."—New York Herald.

Clara—"I'm so fond of music! I want to play the piano awfully." Laura—"Well, you do play it awfully."—New York Herald.

"What I tell my wife, goes." "Indeed?" "Yes; she takes it to her mother right away, and pretty soon it is everywhere."—Puck.

"What do you want to be, Freddie, when you are a man?" Freddie—"I think 'twould be awful nice to be an orphan."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Bancroft seems all upset and nervous this morning; do you know what's wrong?" "Yes; he caught the train without running for it."—Inter-Ocean.

These be the days that bring to me
A melancholy shock;
The frost is on the pumpkin;
My overcoat in hock.
—Philadelphia Record.

Every cloud has a silver lining, but the knowledge makes it only the more gloomy to the fellow who is on the wrong side of it.—Kate Field's Washington.

The importance of doing one thing at a time is illustrated by the fact that no steamship has ever broken the record and her shaft on the same trip.—Philadelphia Ledger.

And now the man of family
Shows worry in his looks,
For John and Tom and Sue and Bess
Must all have new school books.
—Kansas City Journal.

Grant Allen has written an article on the decline in wedlock. The title is an absurdity. If she declines there is no wedlock. And when there is wedlock she hasn't declined.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Irishman asked a Scotchman one day why a railroad engine was always called "she." Sandy replied: "Perhaps it's on account of the horrible noise it makes when it tries to whistle."—Pearson's Weekly.

The soul of the impecunious man
Is filled with a dose of the blues,
For he's trying to figure out how they will look
When he blackens his tan-colored shoes.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

Robbie—"I'm going to be a pirate, like Captain Kidd, when I grow up." Charlie—"I'm going to be a train-robber like Jesse James." Johnnie—"Well, I ain't. I'm going to keep a summer hotel, like Uncle Jake."—Truth.

"It must be pretty hard work pounding the pavement with that great rammer," said the idler. "Shure," said Mr. Grogan, "it is not th' droppin' av th' thing on th' shtones thot is th' har-rd wor'rk at all. It is the liftin' av it up."—Indianapolis Journal.

Ethel—"Here is the loveliest house coat that I bought for Tom, and he doesn't seem to care for it the least bit." Clara—"I can tell you how to make him value it above everything." Ethel—"Oh, how?" Clara—"Tell him that you've given it away to some poor man."—Boston Post.

The Earth Man is Made Of.

What is man but a miniature earth, with many diguises in the way of manners, possessions, dissemblances, etc? Yet through all—through all the work of his hands and all the thoughts of his mind—how surely the ground quality of him, the fundamental hue, whether it be this or that, makes itself felt and is alone important.—John Burroughs.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, **EDITOR**

Marlinton, Friday, Mar. 1, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

"THE paths of glory lead but to the grave" in China. A general or naval commander there is expected to go on fighting and winning battles, and to kill himself when he loses one. This saves a lot in pensions.

ONE of the wits of the Legislature moved to allow the lobbyists, who had so faithfully attended the past session, $4.00 each per day for their services. This was a great year for the members of the Legislature. A great concourse of agreeable men were to be found ever ready to warp their views on every question in the most pleasant and seductive manner.

THE misnomer "protection" is the grand secret of the Republican party's "road to success." It brings with it such a multitude of soothing thoughts. It is proclaimed from the housetops, and recruits come at the call. Our party has no such general rallying-word. We seem to be too honest. The people listen to our arguments, but respond to that song of the syren which is composed of the word "protection." Who will invent a war-cry for our party that will neutralize the effect of that false cry "protection?"

IT is hard to say just where our Republican Legislature missed it. They were so reluctant to take any welldefined and decisive course, that you can hardly fasten on them the guilt attending the sins of commission. If they have erred it has been on the side of omission. They pierced the veil of futurity, and when the questions concerning the Virginia debt, the compulsory school law, the constitutional convention, or the constitutionality of the present arrangement of the senatorial districts came up, they evaded the responsibility, for they saw the elections of 1896 looming up before them with all their various possibilities. They have argued and made a dumb show at legislating, but on minor points. They brought the session to a businesslike close, and it was the principle businesslike feature of the whole. Now for 1896.

A RATHER long article on "sangers" is published on the first page, from the columns of the *New York Sun*. While the picture may be slightly overdrawn, there may is a great deal of truth in it. For instance, many a mountaineer who digs ginseng and can find it as well as anyone, seriously objects to being called a "sanger." We can see the sanger come down out of the mountain generally followed by his women and children. Reports are very common of these men exchanging wives, taking and giving boot. They kill each other sometimes, but all this is settled among themselves and they never have recourse to law. They do not pay taxes, neither do they vote. If in their quarrels they hurt each other so badly that they need the aid of a physician, the wounds are represented as being due to an accident. We have heard of one settlement on the western frontier of this county, on a magnificent trout stream. Here if one of the female sangers meets a stranger in the road, she flies to the brush and hides. This settlement is governed by no law.

THE CLOSING SEANCE.

The Legislature made it a point to adjourn on time last Friday. A great deal of business was being rushed through. The proposed rearranging of the judicial circuits was such that the Democratic members could not consent to forward it, and it failed. Senator Scott moved to adjourn about 10:30 p. m., and was ruled out of order. At 11:30 men came and set the clock back ninety minutes. At 12:50 they adjourned. Senator Scott objected to them turning the clock back, and was told to sit down. The Republican party claim that they have done nothing to embarrass them in the future. It is very hard to tell what has been passed and what rejected until the printed acts come out, which may be months hence.

THE Democratic party gave up the ghost of a chance it had of carrying the city of Philadelphia. Pattison, the man whose name is a synonym for victory, was beaten by probably the most overwhelming majority ever given in a municipial election. The Republicans seem to want the earth.

THE RAILROAD!

NO FAKE THIS TIME! HUNTERSVILLE THE LUCKY TOWN!

Marlinton Only Six Miles from the Depot!

Our people were electrified by the report in the Philadelphia papers that Henry G. Davis would commence to extend his road southward at once, without waiting to complete his Hagerstown extension. Huntersville is the fortunate town chosen to be developed by this road. The grading as far as Huntersville will be completed this season.

Pocahontas Mutton.

This county has a distinction that few of its inhabitants know of. On the wool and stock markets Pocahontas mutton ranks as the highest quality. A prominent West Virginian asked a city dealer what was meant by that term. He was told that it applied to all the best flocks of sheep from New Mexico to Maine, and that the name came from a county in West Virginia.

He explained that this county was on the very apex of the mountains of the Atlantic coast, and that sheep raised at a high altitude are much to be desired for their fine wool and the superiority of the mutton they make. So we have made a name for the best of sheep, and while many flocks are superior to any raised in this county, they are proud to be classed as Pocahontas mutton.

How's This?

Think carefully before you read this, for it may be a question you cannot answer:

ACADEMY, W. VA., Feb. 26, 1895.
Editor Pocahontas Times:

I send you the following problem to be inserted in your paper:

How many acres of land must be enclosed with a rail fence so that one rail will fence a square acre? The fence is to be eight rails high, with the usual worm or sixteen rails to the rod. Send solution of problem with the proof.

Died.

MRS. JANE KENNISON.

At her home on Swago, February 19th, Mrs. Jane Kennison, aged about 68 years. For many months she has been a sufferer from a painful and emaciating complication of diseases. She was a daughter of Squire John McNeil. Her husband was the late William Kennison. She was a kind, self-sacrificing neighbor, a member of the Methodist Episcopal church from childhood, and never fed upon the bread of idleness. It was her custom morning and evening to gather her family to read and pray with them at the family alter. The Heavenly Father has called his faithful daughter home. Her toils, cares, and sufferings have come to a restful end.

A MYSTERIOUS

DISAPPEARANCE BROUGHT TO AN UNTIMELY END!

A Missing Englishman Returns Unscathed!

Special to The Times.

MINGO, W. VA., Feb. 23, 1895—For three months the friends of Mr. Arthur Lawson, of Duffryn, had been much concerned on account of his mysterious disappearance. He is the owner of a fine, well-stocked grazing estate near here, called Duffryn. He is the leader in all the sports of the British Colony. Last November he left on a business trip to Grafton, and for three months not a word was heard from him. The constant and steady arrival of letters from England left no room for the inference that he had gone home. Presently anxious inquiries came from England concerning him. Dark and bloody visions rose before the eyes of those he had left behind him. The most popular surmise was that he had been decoyed into some dark hole and been sand-bagged and robbed. His cattle, sheep, and property generally was kept intact, but there was little hope of his return.

Last week, however, the missing men appeared suddenly in our midst, followed by a most enormous Irish wolf-hound. This dog weighs 120 pounds. In this effective style he returned and soon convinced the most sceptical that he was still in flesh and blood, and that it was not his wraith which stood before them. He found barrels of mail matter awaiting him. He had simply been taking a tour, and during the time and visited nearly all of the principle cities of United States and Canada, and had refrained from writing letters.

As to his tour, he says that "A man should hustle around and see the world a bit," adding from the "Imprisoned Huntsman:"

"I hate to learn the ebb of time
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark the shadows as they crawl,
Inch after inch along the wall!"

Mr. Lawson is hard at work at the present getting his forces ready for the field day at Marlinton this month.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loudermilk and Susan J. Loudermilk, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless Withrow McClintic as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of $167.46, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Ronceverte, Ronceverte, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 297, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loudermilk, and said Withrow McClintic having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Withrow McClintic, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the

5th Day of March, 1895,

(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder,

for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to-wit:

One brown horse, one two-horse wagon, one set double harness, one-third interest in a threshing machine, and one-third interest in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loudermilk. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to G. W. Beverage and Fant Armstrong.

Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing eighteen acres situate in Pocahontas county, west Virginia, on Spruce Flat, being the same land conveyed by G. w. Beverage and wife to said Susan J. Loudermilk by deed dated 16th day of April, 1891, of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, in Deed Book No. 21, page 490, to which deed reference is here made for a full and complete description of said land.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Trustee.

Jan. 25, 1895.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands, Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited Reference furnished.

Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

FOR RENT! My store-house at Edray lately occupied by P. Golden.

J. R. POAGE, Edray, W. Va.

The Washington Post
AND THE
Pocahontas Times,
ARE OFFERED TO SUBSCRIBERS AT THE CLUBBING RATE
OF $1.30 FOR BOTH.

We cannot let the opportunity pass without offering our subscribers this famous independent weekly for 30 cents additional to the price you are paying for your county paper. This gives you a large city paper and your home paper at anominal sum. This offer is to subscribers who are strictly paid up in advance.

Bargains! Bargains!
ON FEBRUARY 1ST
I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF
WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS
Must Be Closed Out
BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.
—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS
MARLINTON, W. VA. S. W. HOLT

Looking Backward
—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON POCKET HEALTH

West End of Bridge.

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases. Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Alleghany, W Va

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1 25 6m

Special Offer.

We have made arrangements with the *Confederate Veteran* published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the POCAHONTAS TIMES and the *Veteran* at the exceedingly low rate of $1.65 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated magazine at so low a price. The *Veteran* has an immense circulation, and is the official organ of 500 camps.

HOME NEWS

—The last meeting of the Edray Literary Society will be held next Wednesday night, March 6th.

—W. McClintic drove thirty-seven fat cattle to Clifton Forge this week to market.

—R. M. Beard and Harry Beard of Locust, returned from Randolph with a flock of sheep.

—About 20 hands were employed for three days last week, opening out the road between Academy and Locust.

—Mr. Woolcott (col.) is teaching the school at Macedonia. He comes from Ronceverte, or according to Joe Wilson's pronunciation, "Ransburg."

—Wild geese passed over Marlinton going north last Monday. At least so a gentleman told us, who had heard a fellow say that his father had been told by the man who saw them.

—The stream that rises in the Warm Springs has been frozen over with ice three inches thick at McClintic's mill, a mile below the head. This is unprecedented, according to the *Bath News*.

—King Solomon thought there was "nothing new under the sun," but the roof over P. Golden's store conceals from his rays many "new things" in General Merchandise, and the prices prevailing are exceptionally low.

—The oldest inhabitant tells us that the south wind which has been blowing for a week or more, is the coldest south wind of his experience. He explains it as due to the snow which is all over the south, "between here and the South Pole."

—Dr. Will Kinsport, a son of Mr. Porter Kinsport, died at his home in Cherrytree, Penn., Monday, February 18th. His father is well known here as one of the lumber operators of the St. Lawrence Company, and the gentleman himself has visited the county on hunting expeditions. He was a young man of great promise.

—The air has been quite spring-like for a week. At least so it feels to people accustomed to the winter of 1894–5. The old-time winters have lost their prestige, and this winter will be remembered for twenty-five years as being the winter of them all. For over two months there has been good sledding.

—Inquiries as to how feed is holding out, made of the farmers visiting town the last few weeks, make them look very doleful. The smile disappears from the face, and they age before your eyes. They tell you that it is bound to be very scarce, and nearly all say that they are eking out the "roughness," by feeding grain. Corn is 50 cents per bushel, the cheapest ever known in Pocahontas at this time of year. If there is not a lot of hay left over this spring, it will be the first time since 1857, and so we think that all will come out right.

—The bursting of the principal bank of Lexington, Va., causes great distress in Rockbridge county. The principal losers are the stock holders. This stock was 50 per cent. above par up to the day of the closing of the bank. Public meetings have been held. As a member of some of the committees appointed, we notice the name of J. A. McNeel, formerly of this county, but now a citizen of Rockbridge. No trace of the whereabouts of the defaulting cashier has been discovered. His defalcation will amount to $150,000, not counting his private creditors and endorsers.

—Investigation as to whether polecats will eat up groundhogs as they lie hibernating in their burrows, seems to establish the fact beyond doubt. Numerous instances are cited by the hunting fraternity, all to the same effect, that the polecat has been tracked into the groundhog hole, and on being dug out is found close beside the unconscious animal, which is being devoured alive. It is during a severe winter that the skunk is driven to this length to sustain life, and it lies close beside the animal, three times as large as itself, and day after day nibbles at the sleeping leviathan, until it is consumed. Just when death comes would be hard to say.

—According to announcement, the Pocahontas Literary gave a public entertainment in the public school building last Friday evening. A large attendance graced the occasion, and the exercises were pronounced profitable and entertaining. Declamations were delivered by Messrs. Wysong, John Yeager, Lewis Yeager, and Emory Smith. Dialogues, Frank Anderson and J. D. Pullin. Resolved, that character is preferable to reputation, was sustained by H. Bird, J. Patterson, and H. Walton, while Ligon Marshall, P. Yeager, and Dennis McNeill argued well in the negative. Character is the foundation of useful reputation, and is all that is taken with us when we enter on our future state. The recent deplorable bank disaster in the Valley teaches an object lesson illustrating the merits of the question. For twenty-three years the cashier had the best of reputations, and was trusted as few persons are. As to character, he was a secret, genteel, and regular consumer of stimulants of the most popular brands, renounced all pretensions to personal piety, and yet regularly at church, had no use for the Golden Rule, and while plain in dress and appearance, economical in table expenses, left no sensual, nameless indulgences ungratified, so far as money and opportunities could avail,

—The Mingo Englismen will be at Marlinton on Saturday, March 15th. An attractive program has been arranged. It will be a sort of a field day, and England and America will struggle for supremacy. The principle attraction will be the annual game of football. The date is not quite assured, but next week the public announcement of the day will be made. Every body is expected as usual.

Personal.

Mr. Levi Gay is off on a trip to Rockbridge on business connected with his land purchase there. He bought the Dunlap farm at a sale under a decree.

Dr. Lockridge, of Driscol, was in town on Monday.

J. W. Oliver, a prominent Green Bank man, was in town this week.

Messrs. Godfrey Geiger and William Gay, of Clover Creek, dropped in to see us on Tuesday. They were in town on legal business.

Joseph Dean, Jr., of Lobelia, made his call most agreeable to the editor.

Dave McClure, Esq., of Edray, was in town on Monday.

Miss Mary Bell, who spent last winter in Marlinton, is spending the present winter at Owensboro, Florida.

Mr. C. K. Moore, of Dilley's Mill, was in town last Thursday in quest of the metaphorical dollars advertised by our business houses.

Mrs. C. A. Yeager has been quite unwell for some weeks from nervous prostration, but is now hopefully convalescent.

Mr. Quincy W. Poage was in town last Thursday on important business.

Capt. Hunter has placed a boom in the creek near Mr. Holt's to prevent the logs going out with the river ice. Several teams have been down the river fixing things for the coming flow.

Mr. George McCollum, our faithful constable, was in to see us, but not officially, we are happy to say as yet.

Special Notice.

For cash or good country produce, school draft or county order, you can buy your goods from E H Moore & Co., during the month of March, 1895, cheaper than you have ever bought them in the town of Hillsboro.

"WATCH AND SEE."

Pin this notice in your hat or bonnet, but don't ask for credit unless you merit it.

Respectfully,
E. H. MOORE & CO.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

Hillsboro.

We have had a few bright days, and the snow is slowly melting. Preparations are now being made for sugar making, and the season bids fair to be a good one.

ATTRACTIVE VIEW.

Many people have travelled the road from the top of what is known as the Vine Mountain to Hillsboro, unaware of its attractions. Shortly after leaving the top of the mountain one emerges from the deeply shaded timber to an eminence in the road from which the beautiful valley from Mill Point to the foot of the Droop Mountain, suddenly bursts upon the view with all its surpassing grandeur. No lover of the beautiful ever passed the place with halting, and contemplating in profound silence, the imposing scene outstretched before him. The village with its church spires pointing heavenward, farm houses dotted here and there, groves of timber, winding roads, and magnificient fields of waving grain bathed in the sunlight of a June morning, make up a scene of grandeur beyond the power of the pen to describe. Going perhaps three quarters of a mile from this place we find but a short distance from the road side what is known as the Moccasin Spring. Many years ago a hunter tired out with the day's sport, dropped down in this secluded spot to recuperate. While sitting there meditating upon the ups and downs of a hunter's life, and other things in general, he saw some water trickling from a large rock, being thirsty and no water near him, he cut with a hatchet, a neat little trough in the rock to catch the water. While waiting for the trough to fill he discovered a large moccasin snake lying near him, he dispatched it, and from that time, the place has gone by the name of the Moccasin Spring. Although the stream that supplies the spring is very weak, it never fails, and go there when you will you will find it slowly trickling, and the little trough in the rock full. The next and last place we shall mention on the road, is the Rattle-snake Den at the Tar Place near the foot of the mountain. Who is there in Hillsboro that does not know of the Rattle-snake Den? and havn't some of us been filled with a nameless-dread as we cautiously picked our way through the labyrinth of laurel that leads to the home of the deadly rattler. The Den is situated among some large rocks, surrounded by a heavy growth of laurel. No wilder, rougher, spot can be found in that section of country. There was a time when the Den was full of rattle-snakes, but of late years they are not so plentiful. They still can be found there, however, and the time to look for them is in the spring when the weather begins to warm up. About the first of May they crawl out of the rocks, and stretch out where the sun will shine on them. Hardly a spring passes but what some one goes to the Den to capture a rattle-snake, either for his hide which makes beautiful belts, or for the oil which is used for medicinal purposes.

WM. COCHRAN DEAD.

Mr. Wm. Cochran died at his home near the Droop Church, on the 17th, aged about 70 yrs.

CITY ORDINANCE.

At a meeting of the council recently, an ordinance was passed in regard to cleaning the snow off the side walks. After a snow falls, all persons not taking the snow off the walks in front of their premises, within ten hours after it has fallen will be fined not less than one nor more than two dollars.

ANIMALS FROZEN.

Mr. M. A. Dunlap found twenty rats in his granary frozen to death, and there have been 15 graysquirrels found between J. L. Kinnisons and the river, frozen to death; one of the squirrels had been digging in the ground for a nut it had buried, and succumbed to the cold with the nut almost in its grasp.

BEAR KILLED.

Last week Mr. S. J. Payne purchased a large bear of Mr. Henry Perry. Mr. Perry killed it on the east side of the Greenbrier River near Spice Run. It was the fattest we have ever seen. Old hunters say, for fat, they have never seen any thing like it. "JENKINS."

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay!

Lobelia.

Winter has broken up at last—groundhogs are out.

Quarterly meeting last Saturday and Sunday by Rev. R. B. Little.

Samuel Hill has a bad attack of pneumonia. Flossie Hill, who had bronchitas, is well again under treatment of Dr. McClintic.

Henry Waugh Louie Waugh, and John Eagle started to Webster to work in the logging camps.

Messrs. Peter Overholt and John Brock wear high hats all because of two young boys.

Thomas Taylor and wife were visiting on the creek this week.

T. A. Bruffey will close his school to-morrow.

W. B. Hill sold a bill of lumber to B. McCarty, who will build a house at Back Lick.

J. B. Grimes is preparing to build a barn this summer.

Henry Casebolt says he will have to browse one month.

Mrs. Serene Clark started to New York and New Haven to visit her son and brother. She will be gone several months.

E. Rogers is making some fine furniture. This is what we need—home factories.

A gentleman near Falling Springs is selling flour at $15 per thousand pounds.

The preachers are having a hard time to collect their quarterage.

ACCIDENT.

We learn of the sad death of Daniel Henry, of Montgomery County, Va., a brother of our neighbor, Mr. Patrick Henry. He was a fireman, and the boiler of the engine burst and killed him. He was a lineal descendant of Patrick Henry.

NEEDED LEGISLATION.

We hope Congress will pass a law to prevent postmasters from selling or handling such damnable things as comic valentines!

OBSERVER.

Deer Creek.

GREEN BANK, W. VA.
February 25, 1895.

We are still having cold weather up here, and the sleighing would be fine if it were not for the snow drifts.

Mr. Wash Oliver warmed his hands and shoveled the snow out of the road, between Capt. G. W. Siples' and the ford of the creek.

Stonewall Jackson was in this part one day last week.

Mr. O. D. Warwick, has returned from Cheat Bridge Lumber Camp, and reports the snow about three feet deep.

Mr. Jacob Hughes and sons, tracked a fine otter into the banks of the creek, but failed to get him.

Mrs. P. H. and Mrs. O. D. Warwick who have been on the sick list, are, we are glad to say, able to be out again.

Mr. W. Ratcliff passed through this part last Saturday, enroute for Mr. Hugh McLaughlin's, of Dunmore.

We understand that Mr. Peter Oliver expects to move soon, into what is known as the McClintic house.

We hear it whispered around that C. P. Kerr expects to start up a new store. We have not heard where, yet. OCTAVO.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, pronounced at the April term, 1894, in the chancery cause of John A. Gieger *vs.* Wm. R. Sutton, etc., I will, on Tuesday,

the 2d Day of April, 1895,

offer for sale by public auction, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River, in the First District of said county, and known as the John W. Logan place, containing 363 acres, more or less, being the entire interest of said Sutton in said land.

Terms: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in two equal payments, falling due in six and twelve months, respectively, from the day of sale, with interest from that day, the purchaser executing bond with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, and a lien being retained as ultimate security. CHARLES P. JONES, Commissioner.

I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed. J. H. PATTERSON,
ml 4t Clerk.

Dunmore.

The sun shines and the snow melts, and the lumbermen are thinking of giving their feet a bath.

Squire Taylor has a force of men at work building arks and flats for O'Connell and Dixon.

Mr. Withrow McClintic was in our neighborhood last week looking after cattle.

H. Nathan bought a fine lot of sheep of W. H. Hull.

Dr. Ligon and Samuel B. Hannah bought over 100 head of sheep on Knapp's Creek, last week.

Mr. J. A. Moore and Misses Myrtle Herold and Bertie Gibson, of Knapp's Creek, were all in town last week.

James Turner brought 2,500 lbs. from the Hot Springs, last week, on a sled.

Mr. John Beverage was in town yesterday. He contemplates building a dwelling house this summer.

Mr. Q. W. Peage was in town yesterday.

Quite a big hop took place near Oak Grove Monday night.

Mr. E. N. Moore has lost eight fine fat sheep, from cause unknown

GREAT RUN-OFF.

Mr. E. N. Moore's team ran off near Dunmore, and tore the sled all to thunder; dragged Wash Moore one hundred yards and done him up; threw Peter W. Carpenter out in a fence corner, and Peter got badly done up; Charley Nottingham was thrown out in the woods, and when he came in he said it was a sight.

TOM SAWYER.

Driftwood.

Still it continues a little cold.

Miss Sallie McLaughlin has finished a prosperous term at Burr Valley, and is now visiting her many friends and relatives at this place.

Rev. C. L. Potter will preach at this place on the the first Sunday in March at 4 p. m. Last time for this year.

Miss Lizzie Wilfong, and Mrs. Agnes Galford, of Back Mountain, were down on a visit last week.

Miss Maggie E. Wilfong, is visiting relatives on Back Mountain.

Mr. James Turner is off on a business trip to Hot Springs.

Our estimable teacher, Miss Lena McLaughlin, has not gotten able to return to her school.

Prof. Sutton passed through this place yesterday.

The girls of this neighborhood use the river for road, at present.

Mr. Nathan passed through this part with a valuable herd of improved stock of sheep.

Mrs. Jacob Sheets, of Green Bank, is visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Mr. Walter Bird, of Thomas's Creek, was hauling hay from this place last week.

Mrs. Geo. Tacy is still on the sick list. TILDEN.

Green Bank.

We are a having mild weather at this time, and the ground which has been covered in snow since the 26th of December is getting bare once more, and the creeks which have been frozen to the bottom are getting opened.

Mr. T. J. Williams, of Top Alleghany, was in our village last Tuesday.

Henry McCray, who has been carrying the mail from Wanless to Driftwood once a week thinks of putting in a bid for the contract, he carries it on his back.

Hay will be as scarce in this vicinity as hen teeth, this spring, people are browsing already.

Misses Myrtle Herold and Bertie Gibson, of Frost, were in our village last Friday.

Mr. P. D. Arbogast, of Traveler's Repose, was in our burg last Saturday.

Mr. H. Nathan, of Academy, was in this neighborhood last Monday, and bought W. H. Hull's sheep.

Mr. Harry Patterson, of Huntersville, and S. P. Patterson, of Glade Hill, passed through our town last Sunday.

Mr. C. B. Swecker, and C. E. Pritchard, of Dunmore, was in our burg one day last week.

Rev. C. L. Potter will preach his last sermon here on the 10th of March. C.

Billing and cooing flourishes during the honeymoon. Afterwards the billing sometimes stops the cooing.

Reap, O reap! gather and reap,
  Where golden ripples laugh and run,
For the hush of noontide, still and deep,
Lies on the ripened ears like sleep,
  Where cornlands greet the sun.

Lift up your weary eyes, behold
  The golden fields, the golden air;
The west wind flecks the swaying gold
With light and shadow manifold,
  And gold gleams everywhere.

Reap, O reap! while the sickles sing
  The harvest song of the world at rest;
Reap with a rhythmic sweep and swing
Till silence falls with evening,
  And peace is manifest.

Lift up your joyful eyes and see
  The silver night, with gliding feet
Move from the sunset glimmeringly,
And, priestess of God's ministry,
  Hallow the garnered wheat.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

A KIDNAPPED LORD.

BY ISABEL MC ELHENY.

"SADDLE the horses and scour the country at once," said the Duke of Devon, as the servant finished telling him the news. The Duke was in deep distress, and much agitated. The Duchess sat in the rocking chair, with her lace handkerchief at her eyes. The servants were running in all directions. They had already searched every corner of Devon castle for little St. Clair, the Duke's oldest son; but he was not in the attic, nor in the watch tower, nor had he been found in the waters of the moat, nor yet in the shrubbery about the castle. Nobody knew just how long he had been gone. Certain it was, however, that even the twenty guinea gold piece, which the Duke offered to the man who should find him, still lay on the table unclaimed.

And now it was discovered that Rolla, the big bull dog and inseparable companion of the little lord, was also nowhere to be found. Had they wandered beyond the walls and been lost in the immense woods that lay stretched many miles between them and London? That was what everybody now feared. It was even worse than this, for the Duke had scarcely ceased to explain this to the boy's mother when a servant entered the room breathlessly. "Please, your Honor," he exclaimed hastily, touching his hat, "the gypsies have been about here. Traces of them have been seen on the edge of the forest. Goeffrey and Thomas, the stable boys, found the ashes of a fire at the border of the small clearing. The knaves were all gone, but it would seem that they can't have been gone very long. I mistrust, your Honor, that they have the boy."

At these words the Duchess gave a cry of fright and horror. The gypsies of that time were a wild, wandering, lawless, predatory race. Outlaws to society, banished proscribed, they still moved in roving bands through the country, stealing poultry and horses, telling fortunes and not infrequently retaliating for some bit of malice or persecution by the abduction of a child.

Unhappy was the fate of such a child. Either it grew up a wild and fierce Ishmaelite, like its captors, or, what was more common, was conveyed secretly to the city and sold for so much gold to a stranger. For in those days there was constant need of children to sweep the chimneys, and the numbers were often recruited by kidnapping and cruelty. The life was hard and short. Some fell victims to the harshness of their masters: while others in climbing up the chimneys, lost their hold and fell, sometimes breaking their bones, and sometimes meeting an awful death in the flames that were burning in the fireplaces below.

It was the thought of the wretchedness that might befall her child in such a life that made the Duchess cover her face with her hands and sob bitterly. It was this thought too, which made the Duke, mounted on a magnificent horse, ride forth from the castle at the head of his servants to beat up the country and find the child if possible before it should be too late. Hope, vengeance, determination displayed themselves in his countenance and bearing.

The Duke's utmost efforts, however, were of no avail. All day they searched through the forest, asking among the charcoal burners, inquiring of the gamekeepers and seeking a trace, but they found none, and at night returned to the castle full of despondency and tired out by their long and unsuccessful hunt. The *Duchess* gathered her other children more closely about her and sat weeping with red eyes and heavy heart. The search was renewed the next day and the next. The case was laid before the neighboring magistrates. It was all further hope of finding the little lord vanished completely, while the twenty-guinea gold piece lay on the table covered with dust, a painful reminder of the lost child.

Meanwhile little St. Clair, who had been decoyed by the gypsies out of the castle grounds to the edge of the woods, was seized and hurriedly carried away. When the boy first found himself out of sight of the castle in the power of rough captors he was seized with fear, not unmixed with wonder, at their strange dress and manners. But, like a true little Englishman, he did not falter nor cry. He expected soon to see the servants and the officers come to his rescue. Time passed, however, and he began to recognize that he was helpless and alone. Only Rolla, the faithful old bull dog, was with him, of all the favorites and pets that he had known. The journey was made a-foot through the thickest and darkest parts of the woods, and as he saw himself dragged a prisoner through his father's domains, faint with hunger and weary with the long tramp, the tears at last welled into his eyes, but by a strong effort he kept them from overflowing.

It was long past noon when they reached the hut of the old gypsy crone where he was to stop. She was a tall, skinny, very black old woman. Her long arms bare and lean, her eyes piercing and sharp, while a gay-colored 'kerchief wound about her head made her look like the picture of some old dusky Egyptian queen.

As Bill and Foxy, the two kidnappers, drew near with their charge, she stood in the hut door, a sparkle of joy in her dark eyes, but did not utter a word until they stopped quite close beside her.

"Well, here we are," said Bill, "and the young 'un with us."

"The Duke will want to be makin' some new laws against us now, that's certain," said the crone, with a malicious laugh. "Perhaps somebody else will have as hard a time as we do. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. How did you manage to steal him?"

"Oh, the easiest in the world," replied Foxy. "We just lay down in the bushes behind the castle wall and when the little chap came out to play and ramble about with his dog I squealed like a pig. The dog came tearing into the bushes and the boy followed him to see what was the matter. Bill then reached to ketch him and shut him up so we wouldn't hev all the castle after us. That's the way he hurt his arm, there. As soon as he took hold of the boy that beastly dog made a spring and nipped him with his teeth. Bill still held on to the young 'un and I grabbed the dog by the collar and pulled him off. Everything was done in a minute. Bill got a pretty good pinch in the arm and I clapped a gag on the boy and the muzzle on the dog. He's a good 'un and we need a watchdog.

The old hag cast a glance on Rolla, who sat beside his little master placidly surveying the situation. Then turning to Bill: "Let me see your arm," she said. He drew up the sleeve of his jacket and showed a considerable wound. The old woman muttered something and went into the hut, from which after a few minutes she came out with a poultice of herbs that she bound about the hurt.

While this was going on Foxy had gone into the hut, and was cutting slices off a haunch of roast venison and sticking them greedily into his mouth. St. Clair and Rolla were still outside. When Bill's arm was dressed they all went within and began to eat. Presently Foxy spoke up: "We shall have to jog. We can't stay here. They will be after us. It is neck or nothing. We will be back in a few days and get the young 'un."

"And what will granny do with the little chap if the officers come?" asked Bill.

The eyes of the old beldame glittered like steel as she answered, "Look to yerselves,

Lead will swim in the river,
Corn grow on the rocks,
When the knaves of the Devon
Catch the sly gypsy fox."

"That's right, granny. You're a cute one," said Bill. "Those that read the stars needn't fear men."

"It seems to me," said Foxy, holding a long, sharp knife he had in his hand end up on the table, "it would be as well to cut the young chicken's head off and have done with it. Dead folks don't tell tales." The old woman gave a sort of grunt, Rolla a low growl and St. Clair turned a little pale. Then the steely shine flashed again in the beldame's eyes.

"Not that. We will do more; we will sell him—sell him for a chimney sweep! The Duke's son! The Duke of Devon's son sweeping soot out of chimneys! His face as black as the bottom of a kettle. He! he! he! Boy, hold out that pretty white hand!" She grasped the little, white, timidly extended fingers harshly in her long swart talons, and, opening the hand, *gazed earnestly on the palm.* "Humph," she muttered, and her face clouded. "Accidents, privations, hardships suffered—they are overcome—humph! Joy, wealth, friends, and yet—perhaps not—one line is not clear."

[illegible] the palm and said:

sweep. The price of the Duke's chicken shall boil the gypsy's pot. The son of the great Duke of Devon, who tried to hang the gypsies, shall be a sweep meaner than any scullion in England," And a smile of gratified revenge flitted across the dark face.

So it was settled, and so in time little Lord St. Clair was taken up to London and sold to old Grimes, the master of the chimney sweeps. After the purchase he was taken to his new home, a great, coarse hovel in the lowest district of the city, where there were thirty or forty boys of nearly his own own age, grimy, hungry and cowed.

When St. Clair was brought in they were taking a wretched supper in a squalid and cheerless basement. As he entered they began to shout and ridicule his white face and hands, but the moment the stern face of the master was seen every voice was hushed and they scarcely dared to raise their eyes from their food.

"Move up there," said Grimes as he thrust the little lord on a bench between two dirty sweeps, but it was in vain that St. Clair attempted to eat. The tears rushed to his eyes and fell on the crust that was all his supper. He could not help remembering the dining hall at Devon.

Even old Rolla used to have a nice dinner, a good chunk of bread and a piece of meat from the big roast and a bone, all laid together in the pewter platter on the floor, where he dined almost in the style of a gentleman. And now even Rolla, his faithful friend was separated from him. The good old dog had followed him all the way to London, but to-day he had been lost. When the little lord thought of all this he began to cry outright.

"Cry baby," whispered a bigger boy, who sat near him, but a cuff on the side of the head proved that the white-handed little stranger gentleman was expert with the use of his fist and no coward. Ever afterward these two were the best of friends. So the days dragged along dark and wearily enough, and St. Clair, who used to be praised by the chaplain, because he was so bright, and by the coachman because he was so strong, and by the ladies because he was so pretty, became a miserable, grimy little sweep, who had to get up before daylight and crawl up and down sooty chimneys all day long.

Almost a year had passed when one day little St. Clair, now an accomplished chimney sweep, set out with Master Grimes to clean chimneys in the house of a great Lord who had just returned to town for the opening of Parliament.

All the chimneys had been thoroughly cleaned except that of the hall, where the family sat at dinner, and St. Clair was hurrying up, as Grimes had told him he should have nothing to eat until the job was finished. Suddenly a brick in the chimney on which his foot rested gave way, and scrabbling, scraping, scratching, black with soot, and looking more like an imp than anything human, little St. Clair found himself at the bottom of the chimney in a battered but not badly damaged condition.

"Oh!" cried the Duchess turning her head.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the Duke, and all dropping their knives and forks sprang from their seats in agitation and alarm.

"What's the dirty little fellow doing here?" said the Duke.

"Don't be too hasty," cried the Duchess. "Perhaps the child may be hurt."

The little black sweep was already standing on his feet in the huge fireplace, looking around him, astonishment in wide open eyes. There sat his father, and there sat his mother, and there in the corner was old Rolla, who, alarmed at the occurrence, had half risen to growl at the intruder. In an instant the young sweep was at the knee of the Duchess, who, fearful of the contact of the dirty sweep, was screaming lustily for him to keep back.

"Take him away!" cried the Duke to the butler.

"Give him to me," cried old Grimes at the door, and, catching him by the shoulder, he shook him roughly. "I'll teach yer how to hact before the haristocracy. Wot do you mean?" and he was about to drag the boy away, when Rolla, barking furiously, began to lick the boy's face. St. Clair by this time having overcome his fright, found his voice and began to shout, "Papa—Mamma! Don't you know me?"

"Lady Amelia," cried the Duke, "it is Lord St. Clair, our lost son."—Mail and Express.

Voices Pitched to Order.

A foreign scientific journal gives the results of some recent experiments upon the vocal chords which will prove interesting to singers. A baritone who wished to become a tenor succeeded by taking a course of inhalations, *beginning with benzoin,* going on to cafeine and chloroform and ending with curacoa; while the voice was deepened by using volatilized Norwegian tar.—Louisville Post.

All Thibetan rivers flow into salt lakes, which are gradually drying up.

played on a man between Osage City and Topeka last week," said Clement F. Stone of Newton, Kansas. "Two men boarded the train at Osage City and took a seat in the smoker just in front of me. It was evident from their conversation, which was carried on in quite a loud tone, that they were both of them in hard luck and were going to Topeka in search of employment. One of them placed his ticket on the seat while he lit a very inferior cigar, and his companion quickly picked it up and put it in his pocket. A few minutes later the man missed his ticket, and went through the usual pantomime of turning out all his pockets and looking in hat lining. Knowing that the conductor would be around in a moment, and also that he had not enough money in his pocket to pay his fare again, he began asking the advice of his friend, who suggested gravely that he crawl under the seat and try to escape notice that way. There seemed no other alternative for the unfortunate man, who cramped himself under the seat as suggested. When the conductor came along the practical joker handed him two tickets, and was, of course, asked who the second one was for. He replied that it was for his friend, who preferred riding under the seat, whereupon the victim of the joke crawled out, and, amid general laughter, knocked the dust off his clothes and promised to break his friend's head on the first opportunity."

No Chance in That Profession.

Mr. Shollicks was very angry. Some one had broken his favorite meerschaum, and replaced it in its case. He questioned his wife and the servants about it, but they alike professed to be unaware that it had happened.

Presently his only son came in.

"George," said his excited parent, "do you know anything about his broken pipe?"

"Father," sobbed the lad, "I cannot tell a lie. Forgive me, father! It was I who did it. I cannot tell a lie. Forgive me, father! It was I who did it. I cannot tell a lie!

Mr. Shollicks patted the boy's head, in intimation that the offense was forgiven, and then rushed from the house to melt into an agony of tears.

But it was not the shattering of his meerschaum that distressed him now. He had quite forgotten it. A worse thing had befallen him.

"Heaven help me!" he moaned. "Ever since my son was born it has been my ambition, my dearest wish, to rear him for my own profession; and now—and now—! Oh, it is a cruel blow!"

For M. Shollicks was a lawyer!

A BOY never believes that work develops his muscles.

Never Too Late or Too Soon.

There is more lost in life from putting off from to-day till to-morrow what might be done on the instant than from any other cause. Fortune and fame have been thus wrecked, and in minor things it will not do to delay or trifle. A man hobbling on crutches for the rest of his life, caused by sprain, would have been a well, sound man, out of misery, if he had used St. Jacobs Oil when the mishap occurred. It is never too soon to get it; never too late to use it. The great remedy for pain never tarries; it will do its work in ten minutes if it is allowed to do so. Treat pain as you would a mosquito—knock it out as soon as it bites.

Success in Life

depends on the little things. A Ripans Tabule is a little thing, but taking one occasionally gives good digestion, and that means good blood, and that means good brain and brawn, and that means success.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Religious tolerance is making rapid strides in Hungary.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures
all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Labratory Binghampton, N. Y.

There are 100 women sugar planters in Louisiana.

man with his face to the [illegible] is perfectly formed his chest will touch it, his nose will be four inches away, his thighs five, the tips of his toes three.

Marvelous Industry.

South American ants have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length, a labor for them proportionate to that which would be required for men to tunnel under the Atlantic from New York to London.

WE know plenty of people who are too nice.

MOTHERS

and those about to become mothers, should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its torture, terrors and dangers to both mother and child, by aiding Nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and also the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child. During pregnancy, it prevents "morning sickness" and those distressing nervous symptoms from which so many suffer.

Tanks, Collie Co., Texas.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I took your "Favorite Prescription" previous to confinement and never did so well in my life. It is only two weeks since my confinement and I am able to do my work. I feel stronger than I ever did in six weeks before.

Yours truly,

Corda Culpepper

A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE.

South Bend, Pacific Co., Wash.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I began taking your "Favorite Prescription" the first month of pregnancy, and have continued taking it since confinement. I did not experience the nausea or any of the ailments due to pregnancy, after I began taking your "Prescription." I was only in labor a short time, and the physician said I got along unusually well.

MRS. BAKER.

We think it saved me a great deal of suffering. I was troubled a great deal with leucorrhea also, and it has done a world of good for me.

Yours truly,

MRS. W. C. BAKER.

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25 CTS
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
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Consumption

was formerly pronounced incurable. Now it is not. In all of the early stages of the disease

Scott's Emulsion

will effect a cure quicker than any other known specific. Scott's Emulsion promotes the making of healthy lung-tissue, relieves inflammation, overcomes the excessive waste of the disease and gives vital strength.

For Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Buy only the genuine with our trademark on *salmon-colored wrapper.*

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

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PHYSICIANS.

The Story of a Woman Who Suffered for Nine Years—How She Was Cured.

(From the Newark, N. J., Evening News.)

On the summit of a pretty little knoll in the heart of the village of Clifton, N. J., stands a handsome residence about which cluster the elements of what is regarded by the country people round about as little short of a miracle. The house is occupied by the family of Mr. Geo. Archer, a former attache of the police department of New York City, but who now holds a responsible position with the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Archer's family consists of his wife, a sprightly little woman, who presents a picture of perfect health, and a son, twenty-seven years of age. No one would suppose to look at Mrs. Archer now that she was for nearly nine years, and less than two months ago, an invalid so debilitated that life was a burden. Yet such was the case, according to the statements made by Mrs. Archer and her relatives to a reporter who visited her pretty home recently.

In [illegible] she strained herself in running to catch a boat. Then ensued a long spell of illness, resulting from the tax upon her strength. Doctor after doctor was consulted and while all agreed that the patient was suffering from a valvular trouble of the heart, none could afford her the slightest relief.

"Oh, the agony I have suffered," said Mrs. Archer, in speaking of her illness. "I could not walk across the floor; neither could I go upstairs without stopping to let the pain in my chest and left arm cease. I felt an awful constriction about my arms and chest as though I were tied with ropes. Then there was a terrible noise at my right ear, like the labored breathing of some great animal. I have often turned expecting to see some creature at my side. The only relief I obtained was when I visited Florida and spent several months there. On my return, however, the pain came back with renewed force.

"Last July," continued Mrs. Archer, "I was at Springfield, Mass., visiting, and my mother showed me an account in the *Springfield Examiner*, telling of the wonderful cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My mother urged me to try the pills, and on November 8th last I bought a box and began taking them, and I have taken them ever since, except for a short interval. The first box did not seem to benefit me, but I persevered, encouraged by the requests of my relatives. After beginning on the second box, to my wonder, the noise at my right ear ceased entirely. I kept right on and the distress that I used to feel in my chest and arm gradually disappeared. The blood has returned to my face, lips and ears, which were entirely devoid of color, and I feel well and strong again.

"My son, too, had been troubled with gastritis and I induced him to try the Pink Pills, with great benefit. I feel that everybody ought to know of my wonderful cure and I bless God that I have found something that has given me this great relief."

Mr. Archer confirmed his wife's statement and said that a year ago Mrs. Archer could not walk one hundred feet without sitting down to rest.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams's Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

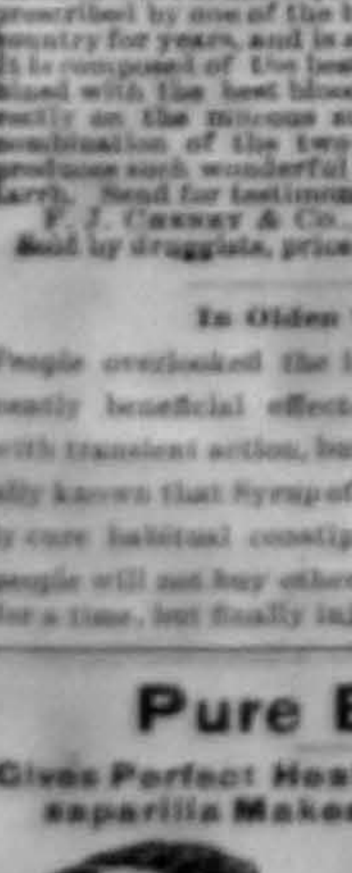
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Pure Blood

Gives Perfect Health—Hood's Sarsaparilla Makes Pure Blood.



"I became troubled with sores which broke out on me from the lower part of my body down to my ankles, dark, flat and

Very Painful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cleared my system and healed the sores in a short time. It also improved my

Appetite

and benefited my general health. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all." L. F. Bowman, Postmaster, Burton's Creek, Va.

Hood's [illegible] Cures

THE PROBLEM OF MECHANICALLY PROPELLED CARRIAGES.

Engineers Think Its Solution Is to Be Found in Some Form of Electrical Storage Battery.

WHEN steam became a recognized means of obtaining power it was naturally suggested that its application for driving vehicles on common roads was feasible. The idea was first made practical use of, according to some authorities, by Cugnot, a Frenchman, who built in 1769 a steam carriage that ran at an average speed of three miles an hour as long as the steam lasted. The engine is still preserved in Paris. It has a pair of thirteen-inch single-acting cylinders operating a crank that drove a single driving wheel with a roughened periphery.

James Watt, in the patent that he took out in that year, included the employment of his steam engine in the propulsion of carriages on land. He never put his idea into effect. Hornblower, an Englishman, is also credited with having invented a steam carriage at about the same date.

Marked progress in mechanical propulsion was noticed when James Murdock, in 1784, tried a steam carriage of his invention with striking success. He, in his model, applied his heat by a lamp. A modest man, he decided first to test his locomotive on a dark night. When all was in order he connected the working parts and away the machine went at full speed along the road. He lost control entirely. Rumor says that the weird object, puffing and snorting and blazing, met the clergyman of the parish, who was frightened into believing that he had encountered the evil one.

In America Oliver Evans, as early as 1772, suggested plans for a road carriage that were never made use of. He obtained a patent on his idea in 1787, and in 1801 built a floating dredging machine, operated by the first successful double-acting high pressure engine ever made. By putting wheels in his boat and connecting them with his engine he propelled this strange craft one and a half miles overland to the point of launching.

Those early attempts at building steam engines for use upon common highways did not develop anything of real service. The bad condition of the roads was the great obstacle. This trouble was augmented by the behavior of the managers of the turnpikes, who were afraid that the heavy vehicles would injure their road beds and eventually interfere with the use of horses and thus cut off their tolls.

Every obstruction possible was put upon the roads to prevent the running of the engines. In many places they were piled with rough stones; extra rates of toll were charged. This state of affairs continued as late as 1831, when steam highway traction had reached a much more thriving condition than in Murdock's days.

When in 1802 Trethwick and Vivian demonstrated that it was possible to run steam engines upon smooth lines of rails, the attention of inventors was turned in a new direction, and until 1820 the great minds that so long had devoted their time to steam carriages were busy solving the problem of railway traction. In 1828, the railway craze then prevailing, the road carriage subject came forward somewhat prominently again.

Steam stages were built and run for profit for a short time. Sir G. Gurney in 1831 ran his steam coach a distance of nine miles, from Cheltenham to Gloucester, carrying from ten to twelve passengers, and made the trip in forty minutes. Later he attached a coach to his motor and carried thirty-three passengers in fifty minutes. He ran his coach for four months, carrying in that time 3000 passengers.

Julius Griffiths, Messrs. Burstall, Hill, Bramah, Seward, Dance, Hancock, Ogle and Summers in England, and Harrison, Dyar, Joseph Dixon and Rufus Porter in America, all worked on the steam carriage with more or less success at about this period. So important was the subject held that in 1831 a committee was appointed in the House of Commons to investigate it.

The development of the railway engaged the attention of the engineers and inventors so completely from this time on that the steam carriage problem sank into oblivion. Within the last decade, the railway problem solved, it has again come to the front. France, in particular, has been interested in the improvement of mechanical methods of traversing highways.

Thus far the motor operated by gas has proved the most adaptable. The odor arising from leakage, however, is found to be a serious drawback to this method. Then come the steam and compressed air motors. Both of these methods are found to be faulty, owing to the weight of the mechanism and the insufficient power storage capacity.

To electricity, then, engineers are looking for the solution. Here, too, the weight enters in. One electric carriage entered at the recent French trials had a total weight of 1900

liable to flake the paste off the lead grids, a trouble present even when the carriage runs on rails. There is also difficulty in reducing the speed of a motor to a speed suitable for driving, and to a variation in speed that such a vehicle must possess.

The possibilities of these objections being eliminated are great, and it is probable that in a few years the propelling power for the long-looked-for road carriage will be economically and efficiently applied to the axle by means of an electric motor, with an accumulator beneath the carriage seats.—New York Sun.

WISE WORDS.

Self-confidence is rock bottom.

Luck is the encouragement of pluck.

A woman's love is as blind as it is beautiful.

The sun can't shine through a torpid liver.

The hardest worker isn't the greatest gainer.

When you have nothing to say don't try to say it.

If we improve our circumstances they will improve us.

You know what a man is when you know what he will oppose.

We can readily see how easy it is for other people to do right.

Nothing itches like an empty palm unless it be an overfull one.

Every civilization bears in it seeds of the civilizations to follow.

Much mischief has been done by making virtue seem a nuisance.

A dock-tailed horse illustrates that the end does not always justify the means.

No man who doubts the worthiness of his principles can be brave in their defense.

It is hard to believe that a sin will bite when it comes along with gold in its teeth.

What are you doing to make it easier to do right and harder to do wrong in your own town?

It is a good maxim to forgive many offenses of others before you fully exculpate yourself.

The man who is so straight that he leans backwards looks worse than the fellow who stoops.

If you really love what you believe to be your duty, opposition only makes you stronger.

It is worth remembering that Governments as well as individuals have rights of self-defense.

The "middle-class mind," unknown in Greece or Rome, is the directing force in society to-day.

Is there any one who thinks it is as easy for him to take other people's advise as it is for them to take his?

A Rice Table in Java.

In Java, as in most really warm countries, it is customary to rise early and to take a cup of tea or coffee, together with a biscuit and some fruit, immediately on leaving one's bed. This is followed by a more substantial breakfast, but the first really serious meal is served at 12.30, and is equivalent of the French "dejeuner a la fourchette," or the Anglo-Indian tiffin. This meal is called rice table ("rystafel"), from the principal dish—a very elaborate curry, in the preparation of which the Malay cooks are especially skillful. The peculiarity of the rice table consists in the number and variety of dishes presented. From these dishes the guest has to select the materials which, together with the rice upon the soup-plate before him, are to constitute his curry. It is also as well to know beforehand that one is not required to lunch solely on curry, but that the rice table is succeeded by courses of ordinary luncheon dishes. It is a case, therefore, of "embarras de richeses." There are two dangers to be avoided. In the first place, it is quite possible, in spite of the number of dishes presented singly, to say nothing of an actagonal tray containing a separate chutney in each of its nine compartments, to get no lunch at all. For nothing is easier than, after saying "Nein" to a succession of frivolous compounds, to dismiss the one solid and palatable dish capable of sustaining an Englishman until dinner time. The second danger is that of making up one's curry "not wisely, but too well," and leaving neither appetite nor capacity for the beefsteak, or for any of the other solid dishes which subsequently appear, and which, under these circumstances, only produce a feeling of mingled horror and consternation. It is then that one suddenly realizes that the rice table is merely a sort of tremendous "hors d'oeuvre."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

General Exhibition of Sports.

France proposes to have a general exhibition of sports in connection with the exposition of 1900. The Bois de Vincennes will be set aside for them. The Minister of Commerce has appointed a commission to draw up a general programme, which is to include fencing, shooting, gymnastics, military exercises, boating, athletics,

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the Royal.

Cyrus Edson

Com'r of Health, New-York City.

She Proved Her Love.

Don Massimo, Duke of Antikoli, whose engagement to Princess Eugenie Bonaparte was recently announced, some years ago fell in love with a beautiful Roman girl of humble birth, but, in spite of their mutual supplications, her parents refused in the most emphatic manner to give their consent to the union. After a great deal of persuasion, however, the girl appeared to waive her objections to a secret marriage. The day of the ceremony came at last, and it was while they were standing together and taking their vows, that the Roman maiden suddenly threw herself into her lover's arms and sobbed out: "You shall see now how great is the love I bear you. I will not consent to this marriage. The world says that I want your title and your money. I don't, but I could never make you happy," and in spite of the Duke's urgent, heartbroken entreaties, she obstinately refused to go through the remainder of the ceremony.

SOME men seem to have been made out of dust that had gravel in it.

What He Would Do.

Lord Aberdeen once left London at midnight in a sleeping-car for the north. In the morning, he saw a stranger opposite him. "Excuse me," said the stranger, "may I ask if you are rich?" Somewhat surprised, his lordship replied that he was tolerably well to do. "May I ask," continued the stranger, "how rich you are?" "Well, if it will do you any good to know," was the reply, "I suppose I have several hundred thousand pounds." "Well," went on the stranger, "if I were as rich as you and snored as loud as you, I should take a whole car, so as not to interrupt the sleep of others."

Large Collection of Small Books.

The largest collection in existence of the smallest books in the world is said to be that owned by M. Georges Salomon, a Parisian amateur, of whose 700 little volumes none is larger than 1 inch wide by 2 high.

Not Enough.

There are seventy-six homeopathic hospitals in this country.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness
dyspepsia
sick headache
bilious headache
indigestion
bad taste in the mouth
foul breath
loss of appetite
sallow skin
pimples
torpid liver
depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

Bear in Mind That "God Helps Those Who Help Themselves." Self Help Should Teach You to Use

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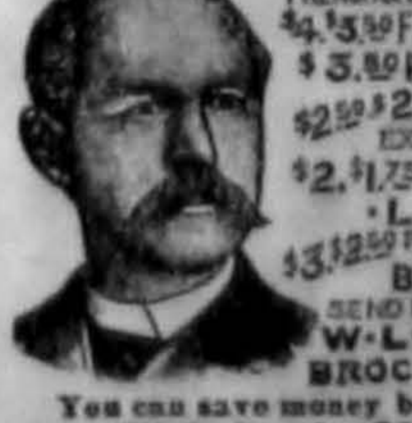

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Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for Inventors Guide, or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"I wish I had not eaten that salad."
"Why? I thought it excellent."
"So it was, but it has given me indigestion. It distresses me fearfully."
"Oh, that's nonsense. Swallow this. You'll be all right in ten minutes."
"What is it?"

"A • Ripans • Tabule!"

"Do you carry them around with you?"
"I do, indeed! Ever since I heard about them I keep one of the little vials in my vest pocket."

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SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

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All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses brokec to ride or work.

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Marlinton w. Va

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WHEELING, W. Va.

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Cash Capital $100,000.00.

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BLACKSMITHING
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lodging - - 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

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NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Renick's Valley. Four miles from turnpike, and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town.

Lobelia, W. Va. W. B. HILL.

FOR RENT! My store-house at Edray lately occupied by F. Golden.

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In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia,	Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia,	Troubles,
Constipation,	Bad Blood
Malaria,	Nervous ailments

Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

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The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

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Something that has been needed in this county for years.

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HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

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Wheeling, W. Va.

State and General News Items.

ONE of the most sensational events that ever transpired in Southern banking affairs has recently occurred in Lexington, Va. The report is that C. M. Figgatt, the defaulting cashier of the Lexington Bank, is short about $150,000. About $80,000 in stock and $70,000 belonging to depositors. He has been at this kind of crooked financiering for twenty-three years. The bank was left with but $6,000 of ready money, and so business is paralyzed for the time being. The Military Institute had $20,000 on deposit, and the County Treasurer kept his accounts there. In reference to bondsmen, the situation is so complicated there is no fair prospect of recovering anything from them, he has had so many bondsmen during his term of service. In a note he says that he would not carry a cent with him, but eight thousnnd dollars deposited the day before he left cannot be found. When he left town he was seen to have two large valises with him, as he took a west-bound train. He comes of a highly respectable family, and possessed the entire confidance of the patrons of the bank. Much feeling prevails, and all the banks over the State will be looked into very closely. It is hardly possible for him to make good his escape.

SOME active minds in Randolph county thought out a division of that county, one part of which would have Womelsdorf for its county-seat, and the other, Huttonsville. In the scheme the upper part of Pocahontas was to form part of one of the new counties.

THE Italians lately in the employ of the Roaring Creek Railroad Company in Randolph are inclined to raise a disturbance over the lack of money to settle their claims. A good many are selling out at 50cts on the dollar.

OIL bearing sand has been found at the depth of 1600 feet, at Grafton.

CHARLESTON is having a hard time to get its new city government in working order.

Mathematics.

How many of each animal, can a man buy for $100, and have 100 head of all, buying hogs at 50 cts., sheep at $3, and cows at $10?

An example in alligation.

Solution by Prof. J. E. Wise, of Huttonsville, W. Va:

$1	.50	1-50	1-50	90	4	94	= $47
	$3.		1-200		1	1	= 3
	10.	1-900		5		5	= 50
					Head	100	$100

Make the average price $1. In comparing one less with one greater than the average price, we have columns 1 and 2 indicating the gain or lost on one.

Columns 3 and 4 indicate proportional parts of 1 and 2.

Column 5 is the sum of the proportional parts or shows the number of each—94 hogs; 1 sheep; and 5 cows.

1. How much square-edged inch lumber can be cut from a log 40 inches in diameter, and 14 feet long?

2. How many bushels of shelled corn, or corn on the cob, or corn not shucked, will a wagon-bed hold that is 10½ feet long, 3½ feet wide, and 2 feet deep?

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 18th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, $2.25 to $2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

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What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

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Are the Highest of All High Grades

Warranted Superior to Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN—The Waverly Scorcher and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for $85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & C.

High Frame, Wood Rim, Detachable Tire, Scorcher, weight 22 lbs . . $85.

Steel Rims, Waverly Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs $85

Regular Frame, same weights $85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires . . $75

26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs . . $74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business awaits the right man. Get our Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

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CURES
Colic,
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Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS
Cuts,
Burns,
Bruises,
Scratches,
Bites of Animals and Bugs, etc.

Tastes Good.
Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25C AND 50C PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

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The Confederate Veteran
and the
Pocahontas Times, $1.65.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 32. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,..................J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,............R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court,.......S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court,....J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,..................C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor.......George Baxter.
Coroner,..............George P. Moore
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, [illegible]; H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
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Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

THE writer received the following items of history from the late Squire William McClintic, of Bath County. This gentleman was a prominent citizen, and accepted most of the important offices in the gift of his fellow citizens, and he had a passion for history. He has a grandson living in our county who ranks high as a physician. Mr. McClintic says that when the Indians gained their victory near the mouth of Falling Spring Run, in Alleghany, in 1768, they were so elated that one hundred and eighty warriors pressed on as far as Kerr's Creek, where some persons were slain, and others taken prisoners. On their return they crossed the Warm Springs Mountain, near the springs, and camped close by the springs. The next day they went into camp on Back Creek, near the place where Mr. John Gwin resided a few years since, eight or ten miles above Mt. Grove. As soon as possible, three companies under Captains Lewis, Dickinson, and Christie started in pursuit. Christie's company was from near Waynesboro. The Indians were followed to the North Fork of the South Branch of the Potomac. The scouts discovered the encampment not far from Harper's Mill. Strange to say, the Indians seemed to be heedless of danger. Some were dressing deerskins, mending or making moccasins, some cooking and hunting and fishing. The scouts having made their report, the officers held a consultation. It was debated whether the attack be made at once or wait until night. It seeming most likely that the Indian scouts might get on the trail of the whites before night and hence be warned of their danger, it was concluded best to attack them without delay. The three companies were to be deployed in such a manner as to invest the camp and to begin the attack simultaneously. Major Vance was sent forward to a point overlooking the encampment, with instructions that if the Indians showed any signs of having discovered the approach of the whites to signify it by firing a gun. Lewis and Dickinson had nearly reached the points they wished in order to open the attack, but Christie had not quite reached his position, when the signal was heard. Lewis and Dickinson rushed in. Unfortunately, Christie's men set up a tremendous yelling, and began to rush toward the scene of action. The Indians, with much presence of mind, retreated in the direction where there was no noise, and what happened to be the course most favorable for their escape, so they succeeded in making good their retreat with but a slight loss of life. One warrior came into camp, after a short lull, and dodged from tree to tree, escaping the shots discharged and the tomahaws and stones thrown at him until he reached his gun, and then he darted off, apparently unharmed. Blame was attached to Major Vance for being in too much of a hurry in giving the signal for the attack, but he and his companion made what was decided to be a good excuse. Major Vance said they happened on two Indians, one leading a horse the other holding a buck upon it, and they were coming in a direction by which they would unavoidably be discovered. So it was thought better to shoot them than be discovered, and the Indians in camp have timely warning of the approach of the pursuers. All the plunder of any value found in camp; horses, blankets, guns, knives, pots, and kettles, was taken to Wayesboro, and about twelve hundred dollars realized by their sale.

POETRY.

Virginia Prisoner at Fort Delaware.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES McNEIL.

[Written while in prison. The last verse in anticipation of release by exchange, in which he was disappointed. This poem has never been published heretofore.]

Prison life from Dixie fair,
In God-forsaken Delaware,
Is chilled with every wind that blows,
Is cursed with more than language knows
Is scourged with all of human woes.

Wandering thoughts turn home again,
To view our native war-worn plain;
She marshal's at the bugle's sound,
One hundred thousand on the ground,
To their homes in honor bound.

Inscribed her banner victory,
Her watch-word, death or liberty!
Her green hills shake from shore to shore
Her plains are drenched with human gore
Her veterans fall to rise no more.

She points to fiend atrocity,
And justice sues for liberty.
Peace has fled and sorrows reign,
Widows weep for husbands slain,
Orphans cry for food in vain.

There comes a wail from carnage dread,
A sorrow o'er our gallant dead,
They met the foe with daring pride,
And braved the battle's angry tide,
And on the altar nobly died.

Thy captives doomed to monarch's reign
How long have we to wear the chain,
We've periled fortune's fearful tide,
We've bowed to despots haughty pride,
Are duty's claims not satisfied?

Though sundered far from South-land [fair,
Enthralled in Godless Delaware,
Yet we love thy sacred plain,
And proudly boast immortal fame,
And glory in Virginia's name.

'Mid fearful woes arose a star,
Turnkey to our prison bars,
Its feeble rays grew bright and fair,
Unlocked the bars of deep despair,
Dispersed the woes of Delaware.

The Edray Literary.

The Society wishes to have the exercises of Friday, February 22d, in celebration of the national holiday, chronicled. A fine audience graced the halls on that night and listened with respectful attention,

PROGRAMME.

ORATION

Life and Character of George Washington

PROF. D. L. BARLOW,

RECITATIONS

MISS ANN SMITH, MISS LULU WAUGH.

ESSAY

The Crazy Quilt of the Edray Literary Society,

MISS ALLIE BAXTER,

THE QUERY BOX

Under the Query Box head many amusing and instructive questions were discussed and answered. This society has been the source of much good to the neighborhood the past year and the time has been well spent. It adjourned sine die on the 6th inst.

Mathematics.

1. How much square-edged inch lumber can be cut from a log 40 inches in diameter, and 14 feet long?

DOYLE'S RULE: *From the diameter in inches subtract 4; the square of the remaiuder wil be the number of square feet yielded by a log sixteen feet long.*

SOLUTION: 40 inches — 4 = 36. The square of 36 is 1296, the number of feet in log 16 feet long. Less one-eighth equals 1134, the number of feet in a log 14 ft. long.

2. How many bushels of shelled corn, or corn on the cob, or corn not shucked, will a wagon-bed hold that is 10½ feet long, 3½ feet wide, and 2 feet deep?

RULE: *Multiply the contents in cubic feet by eight-tenths. If it be corn on cob, deduct one-half; if in shuck, deduct two-thirds.*

SOLUTION: 10½ multiplied by 3½ multiplied by 2, and the result multiplied by .8, equals 58.8 bu.; 29.4 bu.; or 19.6 bu. Ans.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay!

The Washington Post
AND THE
Pocahontas Times,
ARE OFFERED TO SUBSCRIBERS AT THE CLUBBING RATE
OF $1.30 FOR BOTH.

We cannot let the opportunity pass without offering our subscribers this famous independent weekly for 30 cents additional to the price you are paying for your county paper. This gives you a large city paper and your home paper at a nominal sum. This offer is to subscribers who are strictly paid up in advance.

Bargains! Bargains!
ON FEBRUARY 1ST
I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF
WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.
Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.
THESE GOODS
Must Be Closed Out
BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.
—I MEAN BUSINESS—
And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.
VERY TRULY YOURS
MARLINTON, W. VA. S. W. HOLT.

Looking Backward
—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—
But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.
Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.
—YOU MUST EAT!—
Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of
GENERAL GROCERIES.
CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES
—APPEAL TO YOUR—
REASON POCKET HEALTH
{ West End of Bridge. }
P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Important to You.
Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases. Address,
T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Alleghany, W Va

Peerless Feed Grinder.
It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J H McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to
R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1 26m

THE HARVESTERS.

Hurrah, as afield we go!
We walk and reap as the hours drift on,
We rake and bind and our plumy sheaves
Are fair to look upon.
For the hours of coming winter even
We are gathering comfort and mirth;
Her bins o'erflowing with ripened grain
Are the joy of all the earth.

Oh! Earth is a goodly sight,
With its billowy fields of gold,
The furrow that last year's plowshare turned
Brings riches a hundred fold.
The sower who cast the seed,
How he sings in his inmost heart,
For joy that in this harvest wealth
His hand bore goodly part.

Then hurrah, as afield we go,
For the prize that awaits our hands!
And we'll sing, as our scythes flash in and out,
Old songs of the harvest lands;
Old songs whose rhythm holds
The wedded music of stone and blade
And the psalm of the winds, from seas of grain,
As they fly over hill and glade.
—Harriet Smead, in Inter-Ocean.

OUT OF A TRUNK.

BY BRET HARTE.

IT was a slightly cynical but fairly good humored crowd that had gathered before a warehouse on Long Wharf in San Francisco, one afternoon in the summer of '51. Although the occasion was an auction, the bidders' chances more than usually hazardous, and the season and locality famous for reckless speculation, there was scarcely any excitement among the bystanders, and a lazy, half-humorous curiosity seemed to have taken the place of any zeal for gain.

It was an auction of unclaimed trunks and boxes—the personal luggage of early emigrants—which had been left on storage in bulk or warehouse in San Francisco, while the owner was seeking his fortune in the mines. The difficulty and expense of transport, often obliging the gold seeker to make part of his journey on foot, restricted him to the smallest impediments, and that of a kind not often found in the luggage of ordinary civilization. As a consequence, during the emigration of '49, he was apt on landing to avail himself of the invitation usually displayed on some of the doors of the rude hostelries on the shore, "Rest for the Weary and Storage for Trunks." In a majority of cases he never returned to reclaim his stored property. Enforced absence, protracted equally by good or evil fortune, accumulated the high storage charges until they usually far exceeded the actual value of the goods; sickness, further emigration or death also reduced the number of possible claimants, and that more wonderful human frailty—absolute forgetfulness of deposited possessions—combined together to leave the bulk of the property in the custodian's hands. Under an understood agreement they were always sold at public auction after a given time. Although the contents of some of the trunks were exposed, it was found more in keeping with public sentiment to sell trunks locked and unopened. The element of curiosity was kept up from time to time by the incautious disclosures of the lucky or unlucky purchaser, and general bidding thus encouraged—except when the speculator, with the true gambling instinct, gave no indication in his face of what was drawn in this lottery. Generally, however, some suggestion on the exterior of the trunk, a label or initials; some conjectural knowledge of its former owner, or the idea that he might be secretly present in the hope of getting his property back for less than the accumulated dues, kept up the bidding and interest.

A modest-looking, well worn portmanteau had been just put up at a small opening bid, when Harry Flint joined the crowd. The young man had arrived a week before at San Francisco friendless and penniless and had been forced to part with his own effects to procure necessary food and lodging while looking for employment. In the irony of fate that morning the proprietors of a dry goods store, struck with his good looks and manners, had offered him a situation if he could make himself more presentable to their clients. Harry Flint was gazing half abstractedly, half hopelessly, at the portmanteau without noticing the auctioneer's persuasive challenge. In his abstraction he was not aware that the auctioneer's assistant was also looking at him curiously, and that possibly his dejected and half-clad appearance had attracted the attention of one of the cynical bystanders, who was exchanging a few words with the assistant. He was, however, recalled to himself a moment later when the portmanteau was knocked down for $15, and considerably startled when the assistant placed it at his feet with a smile. "That's your property, Fowler, and I reckon you look as if you wanted it back bad."

"But—there's some mistake," stammered Flint. "I didn't bid."

"No, but Tom Flynn did for you. You see, I spotted you from the first, and told Flynn I reckoned you were one of those chaps who came back from the mines dead broke. And he up and bought your things for you—like a square man. That's Flynn's style, if he is a gambler."

"But," persisted Flint, "this never was my property. My name isn't Fowler, and I never left anything here."

The assistant looked at him with a grim, half credulous, half scornful smile. "Have it your own way," he said, "but I oughter tell ye, old man, that I'm the warehouse clerk, and I remember you. I'm here for that purpose. But as that thar valise is bought and paid for by somebody else and given to you, it's nothing more to me. Take or leave it."

The ridiculousness of quarreling over the mere form of his good fortune here struck Flint, and as his abrupt benefactor had as abruptly disappeared, he hurried off with his prize. Reaching his cheap lodging house he examined its contents. As he had surmised it contained a full suit of clothing of the better sort, and suitable to his urban needs. There were a few articles of jewelry, which he put religiously aside. There were some letters, which seemed to be of a purely business character. There were a few daguerrotypes of pretty faces, one of which was singularly fascinating to him. But there was another of a young man which startled him with its marvelous resemblance to himself! In a flash of intelligence he understood it all now. It was the likeness of the former owner of the trunk, for whom the assistant had actually mistaken him! He glanced hurriedly at the envelopes of the letters. They were addressed to Shelby Fowler, the name by which the assistant had just called him. The mystery was plain now. And for the present he could fairly accept his good luck, and trust to later fortune to justify himself.

Transformed in his new garb, he left his lodgings to present himself once more to his possible employer. His way led past one of the large gambling saloons. It was yet too early to find the dry goods trader disengaged; perhaps the consciousness of more recent, civilized garb emboldened him to mingle more freely with strangers, and he entered the saloon. He was scarcely abreast of one of the faro tables when a man suddenly leaped up with an oath and discharged a revolver in his face. The shot missed. Before his unknown assailant could fire again the astonished Flint had closed upon him and instinctievly clutched the weapon. A brief but violent struggle ensued. Flint felt his strength failing him, when suddenly a look of astonishment came into the furious eyes of his adversary, and the man's grasp mechanically relaxed. The half-freed pistol, thrown upwards by this movement, was accidently discharged point blank into his temples, and he fell dead. No one in the crowd had stirred or interfered.

"You've done for French Pete this time, Mr. Fowler," said a voice at his elbow. He turned gaspingly, and recognized his strange benefactor, Flynn. "I call you to witness, gentlemen," continued the gambler, turning dictatorially to the crowd, "that this man was first attacked and was unarmed." He lifted Flint's limp and empty hands and then pointed to the dead man, who was still grasping the weapon. "Come!" He caught the half-paralyzed arm of Flint and dragged him into the street.

"But," stammered the horrified Flint, as he was borne along, "what does it all mean! What made that man attack me?"

"I reckon it was a case of shooting on sight, Mr. Fowler; but he missed it by not waiting to see if you were armed. It wasn't the square thing, and you're all right with the crowd now, whatever he might have had agin you."

"But," protested the unhappy Flint, "I never laid eyes on the man before, and my name isn't Fowler."

Flynn halted and dragged him in a doorway. "Who are you?" he asked roughly.

Briefly, passionately, almost hysterically, Flint told him his scant story. An odd expression came over the gambler's face.

"Look here," he said abruptly. "I have passed my word to the crowd yonder that you are a dead broke miner called Fowler. I allowed that you might have had some row with that Sydney duck, Australian Pete, in the mines. That satisfied them. If I go back now, and say it's a lie, that your name ain't Fowler, and you never knew who Pete was, they'll jest pass you over to the police to deal with you, and wash their hands of it altogether. You may prove to the police who you are, and how that clerk mistook you, but it will give you trouble. And who is there here who knows who you really are?"

"No one," said Flint, with sudden hopelessness.

"And you say you are an orphan, and ain't got any relations livin' that you're beholden to?"

"No one."

"Then take my advice, and be Fowler, and stick to it! Be Fowler until Fowler turns up and thanks you for it, for you've saved Fowler's life, as Pete would never have funked and lost his grit over Fowler as he did with you, and you've a right to his name."

He stopped, and the same odd, superstitious look came into his dark eyes.

"Don't you see what all that means? Well, I'll tell you. You're in the biggest streak of luck a man ever had. You've got the cards in your own hands! They spell 'Fowler!' Play Fowler first, last, and all the time. Good-night, and good luck, Mr. Fowler."

The next morning's journal contained an account of the justifiable killing of the notorious desperado and ex-convict, Australian Pete, by a courageous young miner by the name of Fowler. "An act of firmness and daring," said the Pioneer, "which will go far to counteract the terrorism produced by those lawless ruffians."

In a new suit of clothes, and with this paper in his hand, Flint sought the dry goods proprietor—the latter was satisfied and convined. That morning Harry Flint began his career as salesman and as "Shelby Fowler."

From that day Shelby Fowler's career was one of uninterrupted prosperity. Within the year he became a partner. The same miraculous fortune followed other ventures later. He was mill owner, mine owner, bank director—a millionaire! He was popular, the reputation of his brief achievement over the desperado kept him secure from the attack of envy and rivalry. He never was confronted by the real Fowler. There was no danger of exposure by others—the one custodian of his secret, Tom Flynn, died in Nevada the year following.

His business a year later took him to Europe. He was entering a train at one of the great railway stations of London, when the porter, who had just deposited his portmanteau in a compartment, reappeared at the window, followed by a young lady in mourning.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I handed you the wrong portmanteau. That belongs to this young lady. This is yours."

Flint glanced at the portmanteau on the seat before him. It certainly was not his, although it bore the initials "S. F." He was mechanically handing it back to the porter, when his eyes rested on the young lady's face. For an instant he stood petrified. It was the face of the daguerreotype. "I beg pardon," he stammered, "but are these your intials?" She hesitated, perhaps it was the abruptness of the question, but he saw she looked confused.

"No. A friend's."

She disappeared into another carriage, but from that moment Harry Flint knew he had no other aim in life but to follow this clue and the beautiful girl who had dropped it. He bribed the guard at the next station and discovered she was going to New York. On their arrival he was ready on the platform to respectfully assist her. A few words disclosed the fact that she was a fellow countrywoman, although residing in England, and at present was on her way to join some friends at Harrogate. Her name was West. At the mention of his he again fancied she looked disturbed.

They met again and again; the informality of his introduction was overlooked by her friends, as his assumed name was already respectable and responsibly known beyond California. He thought no more of his future. He was in love. He even dared to think it might be returned; but he felt he had no right to seek that knowledge until he had told her his real name and how he came to assume another's. He did so alone—scarcely a month after their first meeting. To his alarm she burst into a flood of tears and showed an agitation that seemed far beyond any apparent cause. When she had recovered she said in a low, frightened voice:

"You are bearing my brother's name. But it was a name that the unhappy boy had so shamefully disgraced in Australia that he abandoned it, and, as he lay upon his death bed, the last act of his wasted life was to write an imploring letter begging me to change mine, too. For the infamous companion of his crime, who had first tempted, then betrayed him, had possession of all his papers and letters, many of them from me, and was threatening to bring them to our Virginia home and expose him to our neighbors. Maddened by desperation, the miserable boy twice attempted the life of the scoundrel, and might have added that blood guiltiness to his other sins had he lived. I did change my name to my mother's maiden one, left the country, and have lived here to escape the revelations of that desperado should he fulfill his threat."

In a flash of recollection Flint remembered the startled look that had come into his assailant's eye after they had clinched. It was the same man who had too late realized that his antagonist was not Fowler. "Thank God! you are forever safe from any exposure from that man," he said, gravely, "and the name of Fowler has never been known in San Francisco save in all respect and honor. It is for you to take back—fearlessly and alone!"

She did—but not alone, for she shared it with her husband.—New York Advertiser.

Flying frogs are common in Borneo.

MERRYMAKING IN

CHARACTERISTICS OF PEOPLE OF THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

Great Public Festivals That Had Their Origin in Religious and National Ceremonials.

THE Japanese are essentially a merrymaking people, courteous, kindly and intelligent, and their frequent festivals are observed in a happy, childlike and gorgeous manner. A Japanese crowd of holiday makers visit the fairs with a full determination to see and be seen, and if, as judged by our own standards, a few repulsive features of life do occasionally present themselves when least looked for and under almost startling circumstances, it is none the less a fact that the great mass of the people enjoy their mirthful seasons innocently and with hearty good will.

Public festivals in Japan, as a rule, have their origin in some religious or national ceremonial, says a correspondent of the Chicago Record, but they are now carried on quite apart from any religious observance, although the fairs are held and the booths and stalls are erected in the broad avenue approaches about the temples, and the priests, as a matter of course, come in for a fair share of the holiday money spent by old and young alike. The temples at these times are open almost the entire day and night, a few priests kneeling on either side the shrine chant their unending appeal to Buddha, and the front of the portal is open for the approach and homage of the faithful.

No long act of devotion is expected from holiday makers. The devotee gives a quick jerk of the rope, which rings the gong fixed above the shrine, to call the attention of the protecting god or goddess, bends his head and clasps his hands in a most devotional manner and approaches close to the image. A few muttered words, a money offering, a parting ring of the gong and the officiating priest hands to the worshiper a charm paper on which appears a representation of the deity of the temple; and, unconcerned and self-satisfied, the devotee passes out quickly to join the merry throng without turning to tea house or theatre.

Away from the beaten tracks of travel a Japanese tea house is a charming place for rest and refreshment. Simple rural fare, bright smiles and polite attention enhance the pleasant experiences, and especially is it so at a distance from the settlements, where the tea houses are built in peaceful valleys, or perched on the very banks of a roaring torrent among the many colored hills. But the case is very different in towns and villages during a festival season. A crowd of eager customers fills every room of the house, and no corner can be found wherein to rest. A constant stream of visitors flock in all day long seeking refreshments. Boisterous laughter and noisy merriment prevail, and the discord is heightened by the sharp twang of the banjo and the harsh notes of the singing girl. To the stranger, unfamiliar with language and surroundings the tune is bewildering in the extreme.

Certainly there is no lack of patronage, and the waiting girls, dressed gayly in summer attire, are hurried about everywhere and have troops of admiring swains to fling after them pretty compliments. But a smile and a soft word, or perhaps a witty repartee must suffice, as the busy damsels manage somehow to be in two places at the same time. The clamor is kept up on all sides for fish and rice, chopsticks, wine and everything else pleasing to the palate, and the swiftly moving attendants must show no preference, but attend with even temper and impartial kindness to the wants of every guest. One party rises and the vacant space is filled at once, and so amid the compliments, chattering, laughing and singing the feasting goes on from the early hours of morning to the latest in the evening.

Outside of the tea house, as the day advances, the scene is very striking, and as one can readily ascend a neighboring hillside the motley crowds of gayly-dressed holiday makers and the many attractions of the fair can be viewed to advantage. The avenues to the temples are flanked with giant trees which throw welcome and refreshing shade over the crowds below, and beneath the sheltering branches the tumblers, jugglers, the balladmongers and sweet-meat sellers, and all the varied types of itinerant merchants are surrounded by wondering rustics and admiring urchins.

In convenient places many larger booths have been erected, and from the crowds flocking toward the larger booth there can be no doubt but that something unusual must be about to take place. Near the opening on a separate platform stand several men of quite large stature for Japanese, and there is no mistaking their splendid physique. "Wrestlers," we are told in answer to inquiries, and it is said that several famous combatants will shortly test their powers. The Japanese are famous wrestlers, and the performance of two champions is accounted a great treat and thoroughly enjoyed.

The preparation of the pretty a few [illegible] raven-black locks must be washed, combed and greased till their heads shine like polished marble; the cheeks must be rouged to the proper tint; the throat and neck powdered—carefully leaving, however, on the nape of the neck three lines of the owner's brown skin, in accordance with the rules of Japanese cosmetic art; the eyebrows must be carefully rounded and touched with black, and finally the lips reddened with cherry paste with a patch of gilding in the center.

When all this has been done and the various layers of clothing adjusted, the obi, or huge sash of many colors, tied in the knot of prevailing fashion, the cleanest of white stockings and the newest lacquered pattens on the feet, the belle is ready, and, with the proper allowance of pocket handkerchief paper, her tobacco pouch, pipe and fan, she sails forth, turning her toes well in and playing demurely with her fan. Her mother is likewise painted, combed and adorned.

Hundreds of women similarly attired and bent on the pathways of pleasure are to be met at the fair, and no such merry meetings of friends and neighbors, bowing and laughing and paying of compliments could occur elsewhere at such a time and place as in a crowd of Japanese. Roguish eyes laugh from behind fans wafted with graceful motion, and, depend upon it, the damsel's many attractions will captivate some merry bachelor or bring to the point the declartion of a perhaps too long hesitating lover.

WISE WORDS.

Sorrow is healed by bathing it in tears.

Marrying for spite is doubling the trouble.

We love flowers most when we don't need bread.

When Time makes exchanges Time takes the boot.

A woman never loves a man for what he does for her.

Music is the chaste or voluptuous dance of sounds.

Hypocrites are the counterfeit coinage of mankind.

Imitation is the first attempt of the child at education.

One can counterfeit almost everything else but courage.

Unravel an illusion and the threads will never bear respinning.

Friendship is to love as the steady light is to the lightning's flash.

Even the homeliest human being finds some comfort looking in a mirror.

A man may imperil his immortal soul by not keeping his scales balanced.

Man's capacity for meanness when he sets his head in that direction is immense.

An ounce of solid home work is worth more than a pound of convention enthusiasm.

Dreams are broken bits of reality placed in the shifting kaleidoscope of the sleeping mind.

A gossip can do more with the tongue in one week than the victim can do with his entire body in a year.

If a star came down to earth, it wouldn't be there a day until somebody would say it was only a tallow candle.

To decry the healer and his art and then to ride post haste for the physician upon approaching qualms is typical of humanity.

When an idea once gets into the labyrinth of the brain there is no knowing what turn it may take or what developments may ensue.

A Big Tunnel.

The new double line railway tunnel made through the Standedge hills from Marsden to Diggle by the London and Northwestern Railway Company has been officially inspected and a certificate has been granted for its opening, says the Blackburn (England) Times. The first ordinary train to run through the tunnel was the 7.32 passenger train from Diggle. It was four years ago that the first sod of the new tunnel was cut. The tunnel is three miles and sixty yards long. The maximum number of men employed on the works has been 1800. The work of boring the tunnel was of a stupendous character, the geological formation being millstone grit and Yoredale shale, with coal in a few seams too thin almost throughout to be worth separating. The character of the work may be judged from the fact that 120 tons of gelignite were used in blasting operations. The walling of the tunnel is throughout of bricks, no fewer than 25,000,000 bricks being used.

Hosiery of Wood Pulp.

Wood pulp has been put to many uses, but the most extraordinary is in adulterating woolen yarn. A way of spinning the pulp has been discovered and the production can be combined with wool in making yarn, in the proportion of one part of wood to two parts of wool. Much of this composite yarn is said to have been made into hosiery.—New York Telegram.

Somebody's Good.

To make our own troubles the means of helping the troubles of others is a noble effort for good. A well illustrated instance of this kindly sympathy is shown in a letter from Mr. Enoch L. Hanscom, School Agent, Marshfield, Me., an old Union Soldier. He says: "It may do somebody some good to state, I am a man of 60 and when 49 had a bad knee and rheumatism set in. I was lame three years and very bad most of the time. I got St. Jacobs Oil and put it on three times and it made a cure. I am now in good health."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Physicians carriages have the right of way in Berlin.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures
all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Labratory Binghampton, N. Y.

The French Montpelier gave a name to the Vermont Montpelier.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Excelled by None

"For some years I have been a severe sufferer from Rheumatism. So much so that I could not attend to my business and was confined to the house for weeks at a time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and have constantly improved since I commenced to take the medicine. I am now well and strong again. Hood's Sarsaparilla is truly 'excelled by none.'" C. F. King, Verona, N. J.

Remember.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be Sure to get Hood's

Cures

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

P N U 42 '94

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Mailed free in exchange for 25 Large Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee Wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine Premiums.

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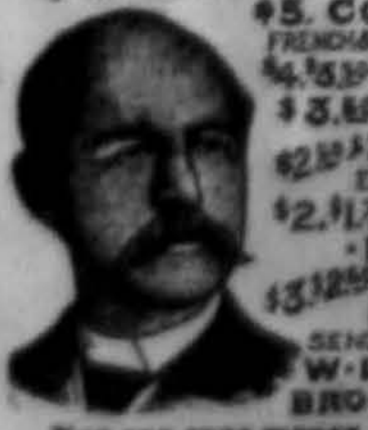
The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
SPECIAL AND HIGHEST
AWARDS
on all their Goods at the
CALIFORNIA
MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

Their BREAKFAST COCOA,
Which, unlike the Dutch Process, is made without the use of Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes, is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.



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$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
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$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2.$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
·LADIES·
$3.$2.50 $2.$1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W·L·DOUGLAS,
BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. *If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.*

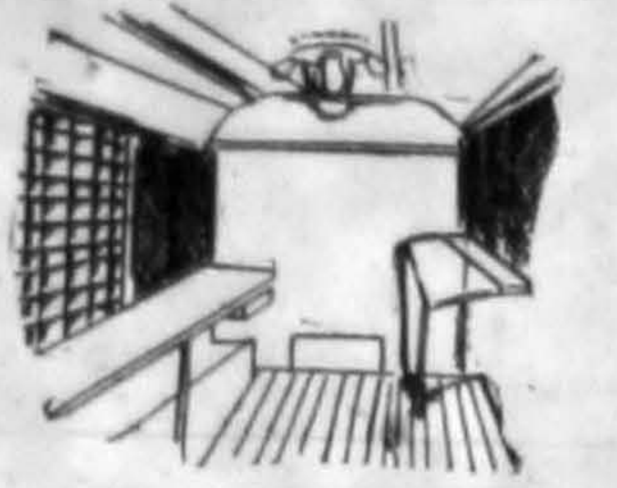
PATENTS TRADE-MARKS Examination and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for Inventors' Guide, or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D.C.

[illegible] Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. [illegible]

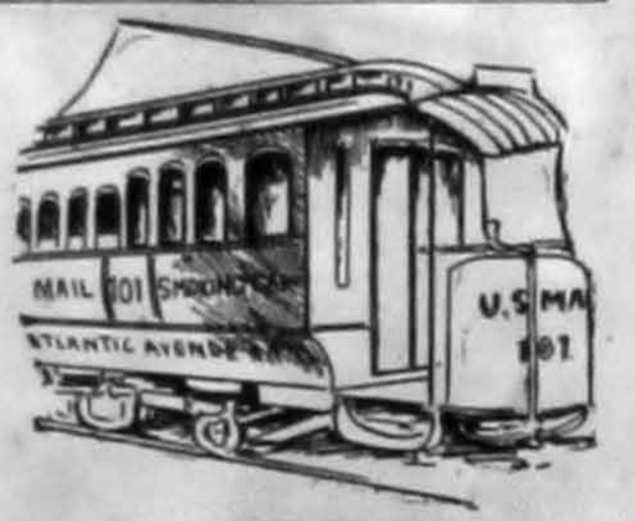
POSTAL TROLLEY CARS.

A Scheme Which Will Doubtless Be Adopted in All Parts of the Country.

A trial trip of the new postal trolley cars which have been designed to facilitate the free mail deliveries at Parkville, Bensonhurst, and other towns of New Utrecht and Gravesend recently annexed to Brooklyn, has been made. The trolley is now used to distribute mails in several cities of the Union, notably St. Louis and Lancaster, Pa. The trolley cars, while built on the same plan as a closed car, are painted white, with gold lettering and narrow red trimming. The postal car is twenty-eight feet long. The interior is divided into two compartments, each ten feet long. One section has been fitted up with side seats as a smoking room. The railroad postoffice section resembles the interior of a regulation postal car on a small scale. On one side are frames for the mail bags, and, on the opposite side, is a wide table and a case of forty pigeon holes. There is one postal clerk to each car. It is the duty of the postal clerk to distribute the mail into the pigeon holes, and then, after the car has started, to drop the mail matter into the bags of the different stations. Returning, the mail clerk has all the mail matter in the bags ready for transportation. The mail bags are received from the stations through an open window on each side of the car and deposited in the same manner. The mail clerk is as isolated as the postal clerk on the regulation railway postoffices, as there is no connection between the mail and the smoking compartments. The cars cost about $1,900 each. A patent electric heating apparatus warms the cars in winter. The cars are also lighted by electricity.



INTERIOR OF MAIL COMPARTMENT.



EXTERIOR OF POSTAL CAR.

The umbrella trust failed, it is said, because too much of the "immediate individual oversight" was eliminated from the factories. The elimination of "immediate individual oversight" is responsible for the failure of the average man to keep an umbrella through a season.

When angels see church pillars on their way to the parsonage with wormy hams and crooked wood, they are probably puzzled to understand why God holds the judgment back.

ASSIST NATURE a little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's service.

Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. **Once used, they are always in favor.** Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and their attendant discomfort and manifold derangements. The "Pellets" are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. No care is required while using them; they do not interfere with the diet, habits or occupation, and produce no pain, griping or shock to the system. They act in a mild, easy and *natural* way and there is no reaction afterward. Their help *lasts*.

The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. In proof of their superior excellence, it can be truthfully said, that they are always adopted as a household remedy after the first trial. Put up in sealed, glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, or to relieve distress from overeating, take one after dinner. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be *better for the dealer*, because of paying him a better profit, but *he* is not the one who *needs help*.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

By a new process wood is rendered fireproof.

Bacteria can exist in all fluids, acids and alkalies.

The electric light has been introduced into the large villages of far-off Afghanistan.

By a new process of electro-photography a person's internal organs may be photographed.

The male of the sea horse carries around the eggs laid by the female and hatches them, while the female wanders where she pleases.

An absolutely saw proof metal is made of three layers of iron, between which is placed alternately two layers of crucible steel, and the whole then welded together.

Dr. Waldo, a London health officer, has found thirteen different kinds of living microbes in a loaf of bread. It is said that the London underground bakehouses are proverbially dirty.

Scientists have determined that more than twenty terrestrial elements exist in the sun's atmosphere. Among these are calcium, manganese, nickel, sodium, magnesium, copper, zinc, cobalt, aluminum and hydrogen.

A vein of natural gas has been struck at a depth of 111 feet on the farm of Henry Mell, near Moweaque, Ill. The outflow of gas was so strong that the auger and derrick, weighing 400 pounds, were thrown twenty feet in the air.

Mr. Janssen recently exhibited to the French Academy of Sciences the clockwork that will register the observations of the instruments placed in the observatory on top of Mount Blanc, Switzerland. It requires winding up only once in eight mouths, and is lubricating with a material that has been exposed to a cold of eighty degrees below zero without freezing.

The aeration of the water of rivers in falling over dams and natural obstructions has been regarded by some as exerting an important influence in purification, but according to an experiment made by Professor Leeds upon the water above and below Niagara Falls, where natural aeration is carried on to the utmost extent possible, no chemical purification is effected during the process.

Izal is the name given to a new substance chemically prepared from certain forms of coal, which checks the development of microbes, although it is powerless to kill the bacilli of typhoid fever. That malady is best arrested be the suppression of milkmen like that one who caused in Montclair, N. J., lately, one hundred cases and many deaths by supplying his milk cans from a well infected by sickness in his family.

The Cold Bath.

The London Medical Journal combats the popular notion of the injurious effects of a cold bath taken when one is overheated by exercise—an idea falsified by the experience of athletes from the days of the Greeks and Romans even until now, who find in this procedure a refreshing and stimulating tonic after the exertion they have recently undergone. Physiologically speaking, too, according to this writer, a cold plunge or douche taken immediate after the physical effort, when the skin is acting freely and there is a sense of heat throughout the body, is as rational as in the experience of the athlete it is beneficial—is paralleled, in fact, by the tonic effect produced by the cold plunge when the skin is actively secreting after a Turkish bath, and finds its rationale doubtless in stimulating the nervous system, in the increase of internal circulation, and also in the renewal of activity to the cutaneous circulation after the momentary contraction of blood vessels due to the cold. The popular belief presumably rests on the injurious effects which may be induced by the bath in one who does not resort to it immediately, but allows time for the effects of fatigue to show themselves on the muscles and nerves and for the surface of the body to get cool; taken then, the bath is more likely to depress than to stimulate; there is less power of reaction and greater inability to internal inflammation—a warm bath rather than a cold one, at such a time, being more suitable and more safe.

A Telephone in Church.

Supporters of the telephone system in Birmingham can now be placed in communication with Christ Church in that city, and practically take part in the service. The telephone wire runs right into the pulpit, and the listeners at the other end of the system can hear the tolling of the bell, the prayers, the responses, the singing and the sermon. Even casual coughing among the congregation can be distinguished. There are many classes of persons on whom this new departure confers a great boon. The sick and bedridden, who have long been prevented from attending any place of worship, can now be present, if not in the flesh, in the hearing.—New York Telegram.

Few people see things as they are. Most mortals see them as they want them.—Galveston News.

ROYAL
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

Officially reported, after elaborate competitive tests made under authority of Congress by the Chief Chemist of the United States Agricultural Department, *Superior to all other Baking Powders in Leavening Strength.*

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

The most Careful Housewife will use no other.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Killing Field Mice.

An engenious method was recently employed in France of ridding the country of small rodents which had become so numerous and destructive that it was impossible to produce any crop. Every acre of land furnished a home for thousand of these pests. The method adopted was to dissolve some gelatine cultures of pathogenic bacteria capable of producing an infectious disease in mice, then soaking a great number of small cubes of bread in this solution, and placing the bread near the holes every day for three days in succession. Within two weeks from the time when this treatment was begun, scarcely a live mouse was to be found in the district. When the burrows were opened, their galleries were found to be filled with dead mice.—Literary digest.

A fact is something that will keep going straight on forever.

Modern Marriages.

"Be fair; and own that if all girls weighed as well their chances of married happiness, there would be fewer of the fearful mistakes we see about us. But no! Most of them go to the altar, their heads dizzy with their own importance, with thoughts of their presents, bridesmaids, jewels, establishment, at the side of a lover who swears they are perfection. How many of these escape the hour of bewildered dismay when they realize the bond that makes them subject for life to a man they can have known only on the surface? I believe that if wedding-presents could be made into a pile, and the wife of a month could offer herself upon them in suttee, it would be a not uncommon event."—Mrs. Burton Harrison, in The Century.

P N U 42

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness	indigestion	sallow skin
dyspepsia	bad taste in the mouth	pimples
sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on Constipation (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

EASTMAN COLLEGE POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., offers both sexes the best educational advantages at the lowest cost. Thorough instruction in ARITHMETIC and other ENGLISH BRANCHES, BOOKKEEPING, BANKING, CORRESPONDENCE, COMMERCIAL LAW, etc.; PENMANSHIP, STENOGRAPHY, TYPEWRITING, etc. A live, practical school, teaching young people to earn a living and carefully fitting them for honorable employment. *Gold Medal and Diploma awarded at World's Fair, 1889, for best course of study and plan of operation.* Business houses supplied with satisfactory assistants. Situations furnished competent students. For catalogue, address CLEMENT C. GAINES, President, 30 Washington Street, Poughkeepsie, New York. . . . EASTMAN COLLEGE

It Was Before the Day of

SAPOLIO

They Used to Say "Woman's Work is Never Done."

For Twenty Years

Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by physicians of the whole world. There is no secret about its ingredients. Physicians prescribe

Scott's Emulsion

because they know what great nourishing and curative properties it contains. They know it is what it is represented to be; namely, a perfect emulsion of the best Norway Cod-liver Oil with the hypophosphites of lime and soda.

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Weak Babies, Thin Children, Rickets, Marasmus, Loss of Flesh, General Debility, and all conditions of Wasting.

The only genuine Scott's Emulsion is put in *salmon-colored wrapper.* Refuse inferior substitutes!

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

Marlinton, Friday, March 8, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

COURT begins Tuesday, the 2nd day of April.

CONGRESS adjourned last Monday. While it may be the last Democratic Congress to be seen at Washington for some time, we cannot deplore its ending or wish it back again.

OUR President always shows to a better advantage when he is reigning with a Republican Congress. He is so constituted that he can agree to nothing and with nobody, and when he differs from the Republicans we think he is doing right.

AT every recurring casualty, or tragedy, one is forced to think that we people of a thinly settled county lead a more eventful life than the common, crowded world outside. Some body is continually getting killed, robbed, or burned out, and altogether we whoop things up a good deal. It may be because we have room to spread, like trees in the open.

IT is refreshing to hear of spunky husbands like the following: A man and his wife were passing near some school-boys. A fugitive snow-ball hit the lady. He became furiously angry, and justly so, too, and turning on the boys and shaking his fist in a most threatening manner, exclaimed in stentorian tones: "Its lucky for you young rascals that you didn't hit me!"

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AFTER the Legislature adjourned, many thought that Governor MacCorkle would call a special session for the purpose of rearranging the judicial circuits. Others have suggested that two years hence a constitutional convention be called for this purpose. Evidently, the development of certain sections of the State makes changes necessary. One district composed of Preston, Taylor, Barbour, Tucker, and Randolph has more than enough business for two judges. Tucker County, alone, has over a thousand cases on its docket and it is impossible to try a case under one or two years. This makes it

beneficial bit of legislating performed by that body. In fact practically the only bill affecting in any considerable manner the business of the State. Under the new bill, a man in difficulties can borrow money on his real estate, and if it is a *bona fide* law may prefer that creditor to the extent of the loan. This will help many a good man to weather the storm, and will lead to capital coming into the State. Heretofore the lender though his money had been applied to the liquidation of the borrower's debts could only come in as a creditor at large.

THE *Gazette* states that Doctors Schoofield and Staunton have supplied themselves with anti-toxine, the new remedy and preventive for membranous croup and diphtheria, and offer to share the same with the other physicians in Charleston and Kanawha Valley. This seemes the first of this remedy that has come to Charleston, and its virtues will be anxiously observed. The results are reported as generally, very satisfactory in most instances when used elsewhere.

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Yours Truly
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Miss Dora Brownlee closed her school at this place last Friday. She has taught the best disciplined school that has been taught here since the war. She expects to teach a subscription school at Marlinton this summer. We congratulate the people who are so fortunate as to get her to teach their children.

We are a having real March weather at this writing, changing every hour.

Our vicinity was shocked on last Sunday morning by the news of the fatal shooting of Ham Collins by Charles Slavin, in an altercation which resulted in the death of Mr. Collins.

Hon. J. P. Mooman, M. D. has been sick since his return from Charleston, having contracted a bad cold, but is some better at this writing.

C.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from

Mr. S. B. Hannah and Dr. Ligon purchased 100 head of stock sheep on Knapp's Creek, and brought them here.

Mr. Sam'l Sheets, of Dunmore, was welcomed with a bright smile when he was calling on the Creek the other day.

Mr. Jake Hill is at Dr. Ligon's.

The hillsides are bare once more, and stock is grazing like summertime. Some lambs are to be seen.

A good many sheep were lost by their owners last winter, also a lot of chickens and geese froze.

Born: a child to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shineberry on the 27th of Feb.

We learn that Mrs. Geo. Tacy, of Driftwood, is worse again.

Some people have opened their sugar orchards, but no sugar has been made as yet.

A GENERAL MOVE.

The movers commenced last Monday. Woods Dilley moved to the Dudley place and Howard Showalter to the Woods Dilley house, just making an exchange. We had a jolly time moving. Johny Tracy helped in the moving.

Mr. Jacob Showalter talks of going to live with his son-in-law, Sam Gibson, on Elk.

LATER: It is snowing again.

PUMPKINHEAD.

ROOFING Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped everywhere.

PAINT red and black, for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

LADDERS that shorten or lengthen for tinners, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

PAPER heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

PRICES low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,

WM. A. LIST & CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

Special Offer.

We have made arrangements with the *Confederate Veteran* published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the POCAHONTAS TIMES and the *Veteran* at the exceedingly low rate of $1.65 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomly illustrated magazine at so low a price. The *Veteran* has an immense circulation, and is the official organ of 500 camps.

LEGAL ADVESTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for said county, on Monday, the 4th day of March, 1895.

W. A. Bratton, trustee,
vs.
W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway Company, a corporation under the laws of West Virginia, George F. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, and Q. W. Poage.

The object of this suit is to sell under a deed of trust in favor of the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railway Company, of date October 28, 1881, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, the land of said Ella M. Burr, (nee Poage) devised her by her father, Woods Poage, and to this end, to remove any clouds which may rest upon the title by reason of any claims of said Q. W. Poage to said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, George F. Burr, The that the W. Virginia Central & Pittsburg Railway Company, is a corpotion, chartered and existing under the laws of the State of West Virginia, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is orderd that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this the 5th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
W. A. BRATTON, p. q. Clerk.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.

ty, pronounced at the October term, 1894, in the chancery cause of

Levi Gay
vs.
John T. McGraw, John A. McNeel, and B. M. Yeager,

I will on

TUESDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1895,

Offer for sale by public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River and on the headwaters of Laurel Creek, a branch of Williams River, in said county, which was conveyed to said John T. McGraw by the said John A. McNeel, by deed of date 7th day of April, 1891, and of record in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No 22, page 13, and which is estimated to contain 1077 acres and 30 poles. This tract is very valuable for its grazing and timber qualities.

TERMS: Enough cash in hand to pay the sum of $3,479.50, with interest thereon from the 15th day of October, 1894, and the costs of suit and sale, and the residue in three equal installments, falling due in six, twelve, and eighteen months respectively from day of sale, bearing interest from that date, taking from the purchaser bonds with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, a lien being retained as ultimate security. W. A. BRATTON.
Special Commissioner,

I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed. J. H. PATTERSON,
m8 4t Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, pronounced at the April term, 1894, in the chancery cause of John A. Gieger *vs.* Wm. R. Sutton, etc., I will, on Tuesday,

the 2d Day of April, 1895,

offer for sale by public auction, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River, in the First District of said county, and known as the John W. Logan place, containing 363 acres, more or less, being the entire interest of said Sutton in said land.

Terms: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in two equal payments, falling due in six and twelve months, respectively, from the day of sale, with interest from that day, the purchaser executing bond with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, and a lien being retained as ultimate security. CHARLES P. JONES,
Commissioner.

I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed. J. H. PATTERSON,
m1 4t Clerk.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
POCAHONTAS COUNTY to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, March 1st, 1895.

Ott, Bros. & Co.
vs.
J. W. Bolton, W. H. Overholt, E. H. Moore, trustee, George W. Whiting, and J. S. Wickline.

The object of this suit is to enforce a judgment of Ott, Bros & Co. of $418.06 and $14.80 costs against J. W. Bolton, and subject the lands of the said J. W. Bolton to the lien of said judgment and the costs of this suit. And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant, J. S. Wickline, is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month from the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 4th day of march, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
L. M. MCCLINTIC, p. q. Clerk.
m8 4t.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BURNS,

tober, 1894, in the chancery
of Jacob Sheets, Administrato
Rachel E. A. Sheets and o
the undersigned special co
sioner will proceed to sell on

Tuesday, April 2d, 189

in front of the court house of
hontas County, at public aucti
the highest bidder, two
tracts of land, comprising the
estate of Jacob Sheets, dece
situated in Pocahontas Coun
Back Allegheny Mountain.
containing 135 acres of land,
veyed to said Jacob Sheets
H. Arbogast and wife, by
dated on the 28th day of
1877; the other tract conta
164 acres, conveyed to said S
by W. A. Gum and others, by
dated 27th day of June, 1878.
of the timber on said 164 acre
has been sold to the St. Law
Boom and Manufacturing Comp

Said land is partially impr
and has on it a comfortable
ing and out houses.

TERMS OF SALE: Sufficiant
in hand to pay the cost of thi
and expenses of sale, and u
credit as to the residue of the
chase money of 6, 12, and 18 m
in equal instalments, bearing
est from the day of sale, the
chaser giving bonds for said
red instalments, with good per
security, and retaining a lie
said land as ultimate security.

L. M. MCCLINTIC
Special Commission

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk o
Circuit Court of Pocahontas C
ty, do certify that the Commis
er above has executed bond a
quired by law. J. H. PATTERS
Cle

Commissioner's Sale Valuable Lands

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, W

BY VIRTUE of a decree ent
on the nineteenth day of Oct
1894, in the chancery cause of
liam Skeen's Administrator
John T. McGraw, and ot
pending in the Circuit Co
Pocahontas county, West Virg
the undersigned Special Co
sioner will proceed on

THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH,

In front of the court-house d
said county to sell publicly t
highest bidder, the following
estate situated in Pocahontas
ty, to-wit:

3900 ACRES OF LA

Lying on Knapp's Creek in
county, adjoining the lands o
liam Curry, and others, fo
belonging to the estate of W
Skeen, deceased. This land
ered with virgin forests of
oak, white pine, and other va
timbers, and is also reputed t
on it valuable iron ore.
along the bank of Knapp's
in such a way that the lumbe
be easily floated from it to m

TERMS OF SALE:—One
of the purchase money cash in
and for the residue bonds w
proven personal security will
quired, falling due in si
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with interest from date, a
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R. S. TUR
Special Commissi

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J. H. PATTERSON, C

G. C. AMLU
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEM
EDRAY, W. VA.
All work guaranteed as to w
ship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

C. B. SWECKE
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate
I sell Coal, Mineral and Timbe
Farms and Town Lots a speci
years in the business. Corres
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ROOFING Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped everywhere.

PAINT red and black, for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

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LEGAL ADVESTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for said county, on Monday, the 4th day of March, 1895.

W. A. Bratton, trustee,
vs.
W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway Company, a corporation under the laws of West Virginia, George F. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, and Q. W. Poage.

The object of this suit is to sell under a deed of trust in favor of the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railway Company, of date October 28, 1881, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, the land of said Ella M. Burr, (nee Poage) devised her by her father, Woods Poage, and to this end, to remove any clouds which may rest upon the title by reason of any claims of said Q. W. Poage to said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, Felix H.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, March 8, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

COURT begins Tuesday, the 2nd day of April.

CONGRESS adjourned last Monday. While it may be the last Democratic Congress to be seen at Washington for some time, we cannot deplore its ending or wish it back again.

OUR President always shows to a better advantage when he is reigning with a Republican Congress. He is so constituted that he can agree to nothing and with nobody, and when he differs from the Republicans we think he is doing right.

AT every recurring casualty, or tragedy, one is forced to think that we people of a thinly settled county lead a more eventful life than the common, crowded world outside. Some body is continually getting killed, robbed, or burned out, and altogether we whoop things up a good deal. It may be because we have room to spread, like trees in the open.

IT is refreshing to hear of spunky husbands like the following: A man and his wife were passing near some school-boys. A fugitive snow-ball hit the lady. He became furiously angry, and justly so, too, and turning on the boys and shaking his fist in a most threatening manner, exclaimed in stentorian tones: "Its lucky for you young rascals that you didn't hit me!"

IT is generally supposed that as soon as it was discovered that Figgatt, at Lexington, had stolen more from the bank of which he was cashier than the bank thought it possessed, that the other banks of Virginia looked into their "inwards" to see where they were at. Anyway, the First National Bank at Lynchburg arrested its teller, charging him with stealing $26,000 This sum seems insignificant beside Figgatt's steal, still it is enough to make it grand larceny.

REV. SAM SMALL, having joked others, now comes in for his turn to be joked. Several years since, while a student at a Virginia college, essays were put in the hands of a committee to decide which was most worthy of the prize. Prof. Holmes of the University of Virginia was on that committee. Sam Small presented a very able paper, and the committee returned it to him and endorsed it with these words: "The prize is awarded to Dr. Johnson, of London, for an essay to which is attached the name of Sam Small."

AFTER the Legislature adjourned, many thought that Governor MacCorkle would call a special session for the purpose of rearranging the judicial circuits. Others have suggested that two years hence a constitutional convention be called for this purpose. Evidently, the development of certain sections of the State makes changes necessary. One district composed of Preston, Taylor, Barbour, Tucker, and Randolph has more than enough business for two judges. Tucker County, alone, has over a thousand cases on its docket and it is impossible to try a case under one or two years. This makes it hard on the poor litigant, and enables the unscrupulous debtor to use the law as a shield.

THE preference of creditors bill passed by the last Legislature is, their most important and most beneficial bit of legislating performed by that body. In fact practically the only bill affecting in any considerable manner the business of the State. Under the new bill, a man in difficulties can borrow money on his real estate, and if it is a *bona fide* law may prefer that creditor to the extent of the loan. This will help many a good man to weather the storm, and will lead to capital coming into the State. Heretofore the lender though his money had been applied to the liquidation of the borrower's debts could only come in as a creditor at large.

THE *Gazette* states that Doctors Schoofield and Staunton have supplied themselves with anti-toxine, the new remedy and preventive for membranous croup and diphtheria, and offer to share the same with the other physicians in Charleston and Kanawha Valley. This seemes the first of this remedy that has come to Charleston, and its virtues will be anxiously observed. The results are reported as generally, very satisfactory in most instances when used elsewhere.

DR. MOOMAU on his return called and paid us a good old-fashioned visit. He cheerfully answers all questions, and voluntarily gives an account of his important stewardship.

A LAY OF THE HEN.

Jennie had a little hen,
With feathers white as snow,
Preacher and his wife came, then
The pullet had to go.

County Court.

The County Court was in session two days of this week. The regular routine of business was gone through. The bridge at Huntersville was ordered to be repaired. Bids are to be received for this and for the furniture of the new court-house. E. H. Smith was granted drug license. A number of road overseers were apointed. A detailed report next week.

Found Guilty and sentenced to be sold: a number of articles have been found guilty of occupying to much valuable space in my store. They have got to go! I am determined they must go at hard-time prices. P. GOLDEN.

EDRAY W. VA.
March, 5 1895.

Editor Pocahontas Times—Dear Sir: Please state in your issue of this week that I will preach at Marlinton, next Sunday the 10th, (D. V.) and oblige.

Yours Truly
W. A. SHARP.

Green Bank.

Mr. J. Moore, of Frost, was in our town last Tuesday.

Rev. C. L. Potter will hold a sacrimental service at this place on next Sunday, the 10th at 11 o'clock.

Miss Dora Brownlee closed her school at this place last Friday. She has taught the best disciplined school that has been taught here since the war. She expects to teach a subscription school at Marlinton this summer. We congratulate the people who are so fortunate as to get her to teach their children.

We are a having real March weather at this writing, changing every hour.

Our vicinity was shocked on last Sunday morning by the news of the fatal shooting of Ham Collins by Charles Slavin, in an altercation which resulted in the death of Mr. Collins.

Hon. J. P. Mooman, M. D. has been sick since his return from Charleston, having contracted a bad cold, but is some better at this writing.

C.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Renick's Valley. Four miles from turnpike, and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town.

Lobelia, W. Va. W. B. HILL

Clover Lick.

We are having fine weather just now.

Mr. S. B. Hannah and Dr. Ligon purchased 100 head of stock sheep on Knapp's Creek, and brought them here.

Mr. Sam'l Sheets, of Dunmore, was welcomed with a bright smile when he was calling on the Creek the other day.

Mr. Jake Hill is at Dr. Ligon's.

The hillsides are bare once more, and stock is grazing like summertime. Some lambs are to be seen.

A good many sheep were lost by their owners last winter, also a lot of chickens and geese froze.

Born: a child to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shineberry on the 27th of Feb.

We learn that Mrs. Geo. Tacy, of Driftwood, is worse again.

Some people have opened their sugar orchards, but no sugar has been made as yet.

A GENERAL MOVE.

The movers commenced last Monday. Woods Dilley moved to the Dudley place and Howard Showalter to the Woods Dilley house, just making an exchange. We had a jolly time moving. Johny Tracy helped in the moving.

Mr. Jacob Showalter talks of going to live with his son-in-law, Sam Gibson, on Elk.

LATER: It is snowing again.

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W. A. Bratton, trustee,
vs.
W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway Company, a corporation under the laws of West Virginia, George F. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, and Q. W. Poage.

The object of this suit is to sell under a deed of trust in favor of the West Virginia and Pittsburg Rail way Company, of date October 28, 1881, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, the land of said Ella M. Burr, (nee Poage) devised her by her father, Woods Poage, and to this end, to remove any clouds which may rest upon the title by reason of any claims of said Q. W. Poage to said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, George F. Burr, The that the W. Virginia Central & Pittsburg Railway Company, is a corpotion, chartered and existing under the laws of the State of West Virginia, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this the 5th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, W. A. BRATTON, p. q. Clerk.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay!

Commissioner's sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, pronounced at the October term, 1894, in the chancery cause of

Levi Gay
vs.
John T. McGraw, John A. McNeel, and B. M. Yeager,

I will on
TUESDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1895,
Offer for sale by public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River and on the headwaters of Laurel Creek, a branch of Williams River, in said county, which was conveyed to said John T. McGraw by the said John A. McNeel, by deed of date 7th day of April, 1891, and of record in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No 22, page 13, and which is estimated to contain 1077 acres and 30 poles. This tract is very valuable for its grazing and timber qualities.

TERMS: Enough cash in hand to pay the sum of $3,479.50, with interest thereon from the 15th day of October, 1894, and the costs of suit and sale, and the residue in three equal installments, falling due in six, twelve, and eighteen months respectively from day of sale, bearing interest from that date, taking from the purchaser bonds with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, a lien being retained as ultimate security.

W. A. BRATTON.
Special Commissioner,

I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed. J. H. PATTERSON,
m8 4t Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, pronounced at the April term, 1894, in the chancery cause of John A. Gieger *vs.* Wm. R. Sutton, etc., I will, on Tuesday,

the 2d Day of April, 1895,

offer for sale by public auction, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River, in the First District of said county, and known as the John W. Logan place, containing 363 acres, more or less, being the entire interest of said Sutton in said land.

Terms: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in two equal payments, falling due in six and twelve months, respectively, from the day of sale, with interest from that day, the purchaser executing bond with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, and a lien being retained as ultimate security.

CHARLES P. JONES,
Commissioner.

I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed. J. H. PATTERSON,
m1 4t Clerk.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
POCAHONTAS COUNTY to-wit:
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, March 1st, 1895.

Ott, Bros. & Co.
vs.
J. W. Bolton, W. H. Overholt, E. H. Moore, trustee, George W. Whiting, and J. S. Wickline.

The object of this suit is to enforce a judgment of Ott, Bros & Co. of $418.06 and $14.80 costs against J. W. Bolton, and subject the lands of the said J. W. Bolton to the lien of said judgment and the costs of this suit. And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant, J. S. Wickline, is a nonresident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month from the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 4th day of march, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
L. M. MCCLINTIC, p. q. Clerk.
m8 4t.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
B. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 24th day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of Jacob Sheets, Administrator, *vs.* Rachel E. A. Sheets and others, the undersigned special commissioner will proceed to sell on

Tuesday, April 2d, 1895,

in front of the court house of Pocahontas County, at public auction to the highest bidder, two certain tracts of land, comprising the real estate of Jacob Sheets, deceased, situated in Pocahontas County on Back Alleghany Mountain. One containing 135 acres of land, conveyed to said Jacob Sheets by J. H. Arbogast and wife, by deed dated on the 28th day of April, 1877; the other tract containing 164 acres, conveyed to said Sheets by W. A. Gum and others, by deed dated 27th day of June, 1878. All of the timber on said 164 acre tract has been sold to the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company.

Said land is partially improved, and has on it a comfortable dwelling and out houses.

TERMS OF SALE: Sufficient cash in hand to pay the cost of this suit and expenses of sale, and upon a credit as to the residue of the purchase money of 6, 12, and 18 months in equal instalments, bearing interest from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bonds for said deferred instalments, with good personal security, and retaining a lien on said land as ultimate security.

L. M. MCCLINTIC.
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law. J. H. PATTERSON,
Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale of Valuable Lands

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, W. VA.

BY VIRTUE of a decree entered on the nineteenth day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of William Skeen's Administrator *versus* John T. McGraw, and others, pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, the undersigned Special Commissioner will proceed on

THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1895,

In front of the court-house door of said county to sell publicly to the highest bidder, the following real estate situated in Pocahontas county, to-wit:

3900 ACRES OF LAND

Lying on Knapp's Creek in said county, adjoining the lands of William Curry, and others, formerly belonging to the estate of William Skeen, deceased. This land is covered with virgin forests of white oak, white pine, and other valuable timbers, and is also reputed to have on it valuable iron ore. It lies along the bank of Knapp's Creek in such a way that the lumber can be easily floated from it to market.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-fourth of the purchase money cash in hand, and for the residue bonds with approved personal security will be required, falling due in six and twelve months from day of sale, with interest from date, a lien to be retained as ultimate security.

R. S. TURK,
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
EDRAY, W. VA.
All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.
I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.
Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

HOME NEWS

—It is reported that several thousand logs were carried over the boom at Ronceverte by the ice.

—The Crummett building was knocked down to E. H. Smith, agent for his father, Capt Smith, at $750. The sale was by way of public auction under a deed of trust.

—Mr. James Auldridge and son, George, have recently completed neat and convenient improvements on their farm near Edray; a dwelling, granary, lumber-house, woodshed, and stable.

—When you come to Marlinton to buy goods, go straight to S. W. Holt's store. He will be expecting you, and has taken special pains to have everything in stock you want to buy at the right kind of prices.

—The apple trees first planted about the Drennan dwelling, near Edray, and on the river near Geo. Gibson's, were carried by Laurence Drinnin from the old fields in Hardy County, a few miles north of Moorefield.

—The Pine Grove school-house, now occupied by Superintendent Barlow's school, took fire a few days since. By prompt and effective application of snowballs and water the threatening flames were subdued before much damage was done.

—It is gratifying to observe the progress already made in opening a road from Levi Gay's to Pleasant Hill, in the Brushy Lick flatwoods. The grade is easy, and when widened will be much used by persons coming to Marlinton from Poage's Lane and beyond.

—The Circuit Clerk, Mr. J. H. Patterson, has completed the copying of the record in the case of Hugh McLaughlin v. Hugh McLaughlin's heirs, in which an appeal will be asked. The record contains over three hundred pages of legal-cap paper.

—An otter was seen near the bridge last Sunday, recklessly exhibiting a pelt worth from eight to ten dollars. Several men are hunting him. There is a theory among trappers that the fur of an otter will turn a bullet.

—At the junction of the Indian Draft and the western prong, the remains of a person were found some years since, supposed to have been those of a French officer who led the Indians in one of their raids into this region, and most probably about 1764. He paused to light his pipe by striking with flint and steel, and was shot by a scout who was watching the course the Indians were likely to take.

—Mrs. Mary Ruckman, on the Indian Draft, has a pillow case made of material woven about 1780. It was first used as a dress by old Mrs. Brown when a little girl. It is of cotton, picked, carded, and spun on the little wheel. The old people say that cotton just from the pod was more difficult to pick than wool full of burs. It must have been a tiresome task.

—There is an old outfit for making saltpetre in the cave from which Swago creek rises. It was used in the manufacture of gunpowder. Jonathan McNeil had a gunpowder factory in the old stone house near Withrow McClintic's mill. It was in operation during the war of 1812. As there was a blockade, powder became scarce, and as this was a hunting country, and a country infested with Indians, it was absolutely necessary to have powder.

—Mrs. Julia Sharp, at Edray, has an heirloom in her possession that is very interesting and is highly prized. It is a double bedspread, and was woven in colors and figures. The material is cotton and wool; picked, sheared, carded, and spun by hand, and then doubled and twisted. It has been in use about a hundred years, and shows but little sign of wearing out. It was woven by one Henry Jones, a professional weaver, who had the stone house at the Swago mill built to color and weave in. Either side of the fabric is the right side, and so it may be equivalent to two spreads in one. Mr. Jones died in Nicholas County, about 1862, at a very ad-

—In looking over our exchanges and reflecting upon the state of affairs over our country as presented in the journals, the writer feels that the people of this county are those whose lines have fallen in about as pleasant places as the earth affords at present. While we read of Legislatures appropriating hundreds of thousands to purchase seed grain for farmers, and food for hungry people, and how people in towns go to bed to keep warm for want of light and fuel, when so far as known to us our people have a plenty of the necessaries of life, many of its comforts, and not a few of its luxuries. Talking over hard times, and brooding over low prices, and short profits, all seem uncalled for. Our neighbors while seated before a blazing fire, with barn, granary, and meat-tub well supplied, are the most fortunate of people, in spite of sixty-cent-wheat, cheap corn, and two-dollar sheep with horses to throw in.

—Maple sugar is being made in those camps from which the snow has disappeared. There is very little to be made in the manufacture of maple-sugar at ten cents a pound, and it is only because thrifty people are used to making every edge cut that its manufacture is carried on at all. When the season is over they have perhaps fifty dollars worth of sugar and molasses, to say nothing of the beer, and are not behind with their other work. In fact they have that where they would have had nothing. The exposure attending the work causes a lot of sickness. The ground generally wet and sloppy; up late at night; frozen on one side and hot on the other by the fire; scalding yourself, or putting your eyes out with the smoke; these are some of the discomforts of the sugar-camp.

—There was a row on the street last Tuesday. Two young fellows got their fighting blood up, and after indulging in some highly seasoned personal remarks, came to blows. They fell in the mud, and the top man was pounding the under man. Quite a number of men got implicated and all of us bystanders seemed to have a dark suspicion that the nearest man was an adversary. A fight was nearly caused by one part wishing to seperate them and another who said to let them fight it out. R. K. Burns, Deputy-Sheriff, pulled them apart and dispelled the warlike appearance, and the majesty of the law was upheld. One man was covered with blood and glory. No harm was done, and the bruises will just loosen the skin and make the boys grow.

—One of the most aggravating things in a small way occurred to some of our town friends last week, in connection with their bank. The trouble must first be ascribed to the irregularities of the mail service which has plunged us in a hopeless state of despondency for the past week or so. This firm was notified that they had a note of forty-odd dollars in bank due Feb. 24—27. They sent the money in time, but it was delayed one day, and the bank received it on the 28th. The note had been protested and was sent back for collection, and on Saturday of that week process was served on the firm for the full amount of the note plus the protest fees. This made two sets of costs which will about knock the profits off the transaction for which the note was given.

—There was a six-foot raise in the river last week. The ice was well rotted before the flood, and so did not do any damage. Several rafts went by with their customary crew, and perhaps a horse or two to lighten the walk back. Captain Smith is down the river and has been driving no doubt.

—In front of the original Robert Moore dwelling, traces of which may be yet seen, are two Lombardy poplars, planted there nearly a century since, and perhaps the first of their kind west of the Alleghanies. Though from sunny Italy, these trees flourished luxuriently until a few years since.

—E. H. Moore & Co., of Academy, inform us that last Saturday, after a certain special advertisement was placed for the week in our paper that they did a very much increased business their cash sales alone amounting to over

KILLED!

HAM COLLINS KILLED BY CHAS. SLAVIN!

Violent Death of a Noted Character.

Ham. Collins, the hero of a thousand escapades, the fiddler, and noted for the number of scrapes through which he has come unharmed, came to his death from a shot from a Winchester rifle in the hands of Charles Slavin, on Cheat Mountain, in the upper part of Pocahontas County, last Saturday evening about dusk.

Green Bank district is without a magistrate, so Justice William H. Grose, of Huntersville, was sent for to hold an inquest, Slavin being arrested charged with the crime.

THE JURY.

A jury consisting of the following gentlemen was empaneled at the home of the dead man: G. D. Oliver, W. A. Gladwell, John H. Ralston, J. P. Wooddell, P. H. Hamilton, and C. C. Arbogast, with Dr. L. L. Little attending physician.

THE EVIDENCE.

The evidence given below is the substance of the testimony of Jasper Varner, Frank Houchin, Lee Collins, and Peter Kramer: It seems that Ham. Collins, Lee Collins, Jasper Varner, and Peter Kramer were coming from Cheat Bridge down the mountain to the Slavin Cabin, where Ham. lived. Ham, who had been drinking, stopped to talk to a man near Robert Kerr's place. Jasper Varner went back to join him, the crowd having passed on, and about the time they overtook their companions, Varner and Collins came to blows. Collins beat and abused Varner terribly; nearly biting his nose off, for one thing. This was about a quarter of a mile from Ham's house, and near Charles Slavin's home. Slavin heard the fuss and took his Winchester rifle and started for the scene, thinking that it was his brother that who was in a fight. He met Varner, who was coming away beaten and bruised, and who told him what was up. Slavin went on and talked to Ham in a friendly manner, until Kramer said, "Do you take up Collins' and Varner's fight?" Slavin said, "Don't know that I am!" and took his gun off his shoulder. It seems that the whole crowd, and Frank Houchin, who had come up with Slavin, joined in a struggle to disarm Slavin. In the effort, the struggling group went over the roadside, and the gun was discharged, the bullet entered the ground. Slavin then wrenched the gun away, and jumping aside a few steps, shot Ham, who was standing motionless a few yards away. Ham said "I'm killed," and fell, and as he fell, Slavin fired again. Both balls took effect in the left side and passed entirely through the body, one near the heart. Slavin went to Grat Slavin's, and Ham was carried home.

SLAVIN'S EVIDENCE.

The testimony of the prisoner varied in some particulars. He said that he took his gun down to throw it aside and fight Kramar with his fist, claiming he had insulted him by his words. That when they tried to disarm him he resisted, and that when he found himself free, he mechanically threw a ball in his Winchester, and that Ham started towards him with a drawn dirk. There was no knife of this kind found at the place of the tragedy.

THE VERDICT.

"We the jury find that the deceased Ham Collins comes to his death from two shots from a winchester rifle in the hands of Charles Slavin."

The dead man was buried at the Hoover graveyard on Tuesday. He was a man aged about fifty years, of immense frame, and has had a checkered career. It is said that he saved the life of Gen. C. C. Watts, of Charleston, at one time by catching on his arm a blow aimed at Gen. Watts' head. His arm was broken. He had a row in Randolph county, broke jail and came to Pocahontas. He went to Bath on a trip in 1893, had a big fight at the Hot Springs, was arrested and broke jail there. He came back and moved from Clover Creek to Cheat Mountain. He leaves several children.

Charles Slavin is a native of Pocahontas, and is quite a young man. He was tried a few years ago for cutting a man, but was cleared of the charge of felony on the grounds of self defense. He is in jail at Huntersville.

As usual in such cases there is much feeling aroused. Slavin is well connected and well liked and many who are in a position to judge All the country has said that there was sure to be blood spilt between Collins and the Slavin's, and Slavin was once held up by Collins. The evidence given to our readers this week is against Slavin but the public will do well to bear in mind that there are two sides to this case and the prisoner has much evidence in his favor not yet produced.

Public sentiment is with Slavin.

Personal.

Mrs. Dr. Patterson, of Huntersville, has been quite a sufferer much of the winter from rheumatic troubles; much relieved, however, at present.

Miss Jones closed her pleasant school at Mr. Rucker's, and returned to her eastern Virginia home last week.

Mr. Louis Yeager taught the public school at Huntersville quite acceptably to his patrons, and has finished his term. He is now canvassing for an interesting book.

Aunt Betsy McLaughlin is about well from her severe fall upon the icy ground at Mr. C. L. Moore's.

Mr. William Anderson from Pendleton County, passed through Marlinton last Thursday in search of Greenbrier cattle.

Miss Lucy Curry, of Huntersville, is visiting friends in Hillsboro and vicinity.

Wyllis McComb has sold his property on Cumming's Creek, and thinks of locating at Huntersville.

The concert of sacred music at Driscol was well attended, led by Professors Friel, Herold, and White.

A recent letter from Colonel Turk gives information of his conferring with parties with a view to a high school in the public buildings about to be vacated.

Calls were made at this office on court-day by Messrs. Isaac McNeel, William Gibson, George W. Callison, Robert Gibson, A. W. McNeel, and John R. Moore. All having an eye to the necessities of the editor.

Perry Buzzard was here on business last week.

W. A. Bratton, attorney, and E. I. Holt, Esq., returned from a business trip to Baltimore.

Capt. C. B. Swecker attended court, and auctioneered the sale of the Crummett building.

Mr. Crook, of Toledo, Ohio, was here to contract for furniture for the new court-house.

Mr. Manly met the court as usual.

Rev. Charles Fultz and wife were in Marlinton last Saturday.

Miss Mary Brown, of Green Bank, is visiting her brother, S. L. Brown, Esq., and her numerous friends in Marlinton.

Prize Sayings.

London *Tit-bits* offered a prize for "bulls." The first one here presented was deemed the best. The others were also selected for their excellence.

A certain politician, lately condemning the government for their recent policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

An Irishman, in the midst of a tirade against landlords and capitalists, declared that "If these men were landed on an uninhabited island, they wouldn't be there an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

Only a few weeks ago a lecturer gave utterence to the following: "All along the untrod paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen Hand."

"We persue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves the ashes in our hands!"

Dentistry: Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Valley Head March 15th, and remain 3 days. Mingo, 19th, 4 days. Edray, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Buckeye (Clark Kellisons,) 5th, 4 days. Mill Point, 10th, 4 days. Huntersville 15th, 3 days. Green Bank 19th, 3 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry. 4t.

—The road between this place and Ronceverte is muddy beyond

FOOTBALL

ANNUAL ASSOCIATION MATCH WITH MINGO.

To be Played Saturday March 16.

The long expected match with the English team from Mingo, Randolph County, will be played at Marlinton on March 16th. The public is invited to attend. Especial preparations will be made for ladies to see the game comfortably. The names, position, and weight of the players is here given.

THE TEAMS.

Mingo	*Marlinton*
FORWARD	
B. B. Earnshaw, 182,	J H G Wilson, 166,
RIGHT WINGS	
Arthur Lawson, 182,	A. Price, (C.) 150,
Earnest Hebden, 130,	N. R. Price, 143,
LEFT WINGS	
H. P. Earnshaw, 140,	L. Yeager, 152,
S. E. L. Grews, (C.) 141,	T. Rickets, 145,
HALF BACKS	
E. Brooke-Hunt, 165,	J. Smith, 186,
Richard C. Hales, 165,	J. Yeager, 166,
George Tompkins, 146,	F. Anderson, 170,
FULL BACKS	
O. K. Dakers, 142,	W. Yeager, 175,
Piatt Marshall, 170,	W. McLaughlin, 185
GOAL-KEEPERS	
R Tuke, 192,	H. Bird, 180.

[Umpire, A. N. Other, Esq.]

Marlinton reserve: Pat Simmons and Blake King.

Mingo sends the above weights as the fighting weight of each member, with the motto: "England expects every man to do his duty."

Armstrong and Cumberland.

Nothing has ever created deeper interest through the county generally than the arrest and incarceration of the negroes, Armstrong and Cumberland, charged with the robbery of Capt. Edgar. As usual the State's attorney is getting his evidence in shape before court. It is a little way that he has and he generally surprises those busy-bodies who claim to know more about such cases than any body else, when such a case is to be disposed of, and who come in with their officious and idiotic suggestions. There will be some strong evidence produced on the part of the State, but as it takes the strongest evidence to cause our juries to bring in a verdict of guilty, it is foolish to hazard opinion as to the likelihood, of their conviction or aquittal.

DEPOSITIONS

Some depositione were taken by County Clerk S. L. Brown, of Armstrong and Cumberland, last week to be read as evidence in case pending in Marietta, O.

It seems that a room had been rented to these two men and others, and that gaming was carried on in that room. The owner of the room being on trial for allowing gaming to be carried on in property owned by him is endeavering to prove that it was without his knowledge or consent. The testimony was that any gaming carried on in that room was kept fron such owner's knowledge.

ON THE DEFENSIVE.

The writer had an interview with Armstrong. He is undoubtedly a very intelligent man. He is a fluent speaker and he sets forth his innocence in a most convincing manner. He consents to the publication of the following points, as he relies on them as a part of his defense. There is other important evidence in his favor which he does not wish to be made public. The robbery was on the night of January 4th, 1894, at about 8 p. m., thirty-two miles from the railroad. He claims that the journey to Marietta, O., his home, could not be made in less than thirty-six hours. He has a letter from a female student of the colored college at Marietta, stating that she returned to school on the 5th, and saw him that day. She fixes the date by her school report. A barber states that he saw him on the 5th, fixing the date by the sale of his barber-shop. Armstrong's friends have examined the books of the American Express Company, and write him that he had signed the receipt of a package on January 5th at their office. They have also seen a Justice of the Peace who will testify that Armstrong paid him some money on a mortgage about the 5th or 6th.

Attorneys John W. Stephenson and H. S. Rucker are the defendants' counsel.

Notice.

All parties indebted to the undersigned, will please pay up by the 1st of April, as longer indulgence will not be given. Take heed and save cost.

Great Britain in steam navigation.

London has grown so great in area that it now involves a journey of thirty miles to go across the city.

Of the California fruit product twenty per cent. may be classed as green, fifteen as canned and sixty-five as dried.

Husband and wife as law partners is something unknown in Great Britain. There are no less than twenty-one such firms in the United States.

Signor Schiaparelli, the eminent astronomer of Italy, treats with great scorn the suggestion that the inhabitants of the planet Mars are signalling to the earth.

Where can you get a better picture to hang over your desk than an accurate map of your farm, with the fields numbered and correctly measured? asks the Rural New Yorker.

A high iron fence is to be erected about the campus of Yale University, with a lodge at the gate, and any student who wants to come in after a certain hour of the night will have to interview the janitor before he can gain admission.

The failure of the railway between Jaffa and Jerusalem seems to be complete, and, according to the Presbyterian, there is little prospect that it will ever be able to pay its running expenses. The road has passed into the hands of the Rothschilds, who made advances upon it, and are now owners.

It is a cast-iron rule that when the head of the Astor family arrives at a certain age his photograph is taken and inserted in a frame which contains also those of his predecessors. These framed photographs stand in the head office in New York City, where the business of handling the vast estate is carried on, and every day a bunch of flowers is placed in a vase in front of them.

A dentist in New York has given up laughing gas for mesmerism. A young woman who was put under the influence of the spell says that a few passes of the dentist's hands over her forehead sufficed to produce a dreamy feeling, which soon merged into insensibility. Can the dentist keep a person mesmerized during the few passes of the hand which follow the grasping of the forceps? If he can, the Rochester Post Express thinks his name should be written side by side with the discovarer of cocaine.

According to the Pittsburg Dispatch a prominent surgeon says that if children are taken in hand when quite young, their noses can be adapted to eyeglasses without danger or much pain, and he is willing to make the experiment if any mother will furnish the subject. He will charge nothing. His idea is to engraft a protuberance on each side of the nose as a sort of saddle for the glasses to rest on. They would be no disfigurement, as the glasses would cover them. When man was formed glasses were unknown, hence many noses were unprovided with the necessary hump to keep them on. It is highly important that this oversight should be remedied.

The New York Independent says: Emperor William made an address at a banquet at Konigsberg, at which nearly all the provincial authorities were present, in which he made it evident that he feels the necessity of preserving and fostering the peasantry as the real pillars of the monarchy. This has aroused very bitter feelings on the part of the Prussian nobles, and some of them have manifested so much opposition to the Emperor that he rebuked them very sharply, claiming they are bound to follow his lead on account of his imperial authority, and even canceled the names of three from the invitation to the banquet. This has aroused still more opposition and has created very sharp feeling, which manifested itself in not a little discourtesy at the time of the banquet.

Sing a song o' happy days—
Sing it all the time!
Roses bloomin' in the ways—
Bells that sweetly chime!
Right or wrong,
Still sing the song—
For happy singing pays!

Sing a song o' happy years—
Sing it day and night;
Let the rain shed all the tears—
Let the heart be light!
Right or wrong,
Still sing that song—
And keep the harps strings bright!

Sing a song o' happy lives—
Sing it loud and long!
Brothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives,
Join the thrilling song!
Right or wrong,
Still sing that song,
Till angels to the chorus throng!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

MY NEW FOUND COUSIN.

BY ARTHUR JONES.

TO begin with, no fellow was ever more fortunate than I in having a host of pretty girl cousins. And what's better, I am always discovering more. I seldom go anywhere without adding a new one to my list. In short, I am no longer surprised at anything in this direction.

Last year I was studying at the School of Fine Art, in Paris, adding the finishing touches to my education in art. I was thoroughly devoted to my work and took little share in the social affairs of the American colony. The few people I cultivated were of the bohemian world, mostly students at the Fine Arts or the University. The novelty of living in this free, outdoor atmosphere was so absorbing that I missed very little the society of the drawing-room.

Late one afternoon the postman brought me a letter, postmarked Paris and addressed in an interesting feminine hand: "Mr. Arthur Jones, Rue de Sevres, No. 163."

"Who can this be from?" I asked myself as I scanned the envelope and address. I tore it open without more ado. "Daisy Tillotson," I read, looking first at the end. "Who on earth is Daisy Tillotson?"

But here is the letter, copied from the original, which is still in my possession:

BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN, No. 72,
PARIS, April 17, 1893.

Mr. Arthur Jones:

I will explain at once who I am, and then you will understand why I write you. Your mother is a favorite cousin of my mother's, and Mamma made me promise when I left New York to hunt you up—which I am doing in the best way I know of.

I sincerely hope you are THE Mr. Jones, for I don't know your first name. I only knew you were studying art in Paris. They gave me your address at the Fine Arts.

I shall be here several weeks with my friends, the Paynes, of St Louis, and I hope I may see you soon. Yours sincerely,

DAISY TILLOTSON.

"Daisy Tillotson, Daisy Tillotson," I repeated to myself. "I don't remember of any Tillotsons in our family. However, she seems to know. That's the trouble with having so many relations. I suppose I'll have to look her up, or Mother will never forgive me. I'll call at once, to-night—I've nothing special on—and get it off my hands. She's probably one of those formal creatures, and I shan't have to call a second time."

So I added a few careless touches to my toilet—for my life among the students had made me affect the extreme neglige style of dress—walked to the Place Chatelet and took a seat on top of an Arc de Triomphe 'bus.

Ah! what a spectacle that is—to sit perched on the top of a great lumbering, careening, three horse 'bus and see the world of Paris, from one end to the other, pass in review before you! The lights along the Rue de Rivoli have just been lit. The shops are closed, but the cafes are bustling with pent-up expectancy, for Paris is just beginning to wake up for the night. But I must not tarry on the way.

Boulevard Haussman, No. 72. A very respectable apartment house. Mrs. Payne received me. "Oh, yes, you're Miss Tillotson's cousin. She's expecting you. I almost feel as if I knew you myself, Mr. Jones. I've heard Daisy rave so over your pictures." And she shook hands with me with regular Western cordiality.

There was a rustle in the next room. A girl appeared in the doorway. She was dressed in red, a warm red. My critical eye at once saw that it just suited her. I though then I had never seen a prettier girl, and certainly I have not changed my mind since.

"Daisy, this is your cousin, Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Payne. "Now, you can have a good visit together."

We got on from the very first. I am the easiest fellow in the world to get acquainted with, if you will give me half a chance, though I do close

of it. Strange thing, too, that in all my life I had never heard that the Tillotsons were relations of ours. And yet ours is such a large family, it was hardly to be wondered at.

But we didn't have to confine ourselves to talking over family matters. We found common ground enough that was more profitable. I had not been home for a year, and she told me all that had been going on in art and music meantime. She was thoroughly conversant and in sympathy with these subjects. She was herself a student of the piano. So there was enough to talk about.

I looked at my watch. I was after eleven o'clock. How the time had passed! Three hours had slipped away and I hadn't realized it. What better proof that I had found my newly-discovered cousin absorbing. It was a new sensation for me—me, who, with my surfeit of fair cousins, had always been inclined to take the society of women at a discount.

"Why, I do believe I am actually a little in love with this girl," I soliloquized on the way back to my lodgings. "But it will do no harm. She's my cousin." So interested was I in the subject, however, that at that late hour I sat down upon reaching home and wrote a letter to my mother in New York, telling her all about Daisy Tillotson. She was an acquisition to the family, I said.

I had arranged to take my cousin to the Luxembourg gallery the next day. Then we wou'd go to the opera in the evening. This was my plan. I called for her in the morning with a carriage. Think of me riding in a carriage! Why, like a true bohemian, I had always hated anything less plebeian than a public omnibus or a bicycle. But then, "she's my cousin," I argued to myself, "and I must make her stay in Paris memorable. It's all on her account."

Yes, she certainly did look pretty, that fresh, inspiring April morning. She must have studied to look her best. I took this to myself as a compliment. In turn, I had myself given unwonted attention to my toilet and had spent some little time trying to decide which cravat I should wear.

"What a romontic and unconventional situation fate has thrust us into, Miss Tillotson," I remarked as the carriage rolled off toward the Luxembourg. "Here are two young people who have never known and scarcely heard of each other before, cast suddenly together, far away from home and left to each other without sponsor or chaperon. It sounds too bookish to be a reality."

"Yes, I've been thinking of it," she answered, "but you know we're cousins, and that's different."

"After all," I persisted with the idea of teasing her—for I'm a confirmed tease—"are you perfectly sure of that? You never knew me. Jones is a common name. There may be half a dozen painters in Paris by the name of Jones. In fact, I know one myself. You picked me out at random. Perhaps I'm not your cousin at all. Maybe the other Jones is the fortunate one."

"Oh, you're just trying to tease me," she responded, "and I shan't be teased. I know you'd like pretext to get rid of me, but it's quite a privilege to have a cousin in Paris who knows everything, and I'm not going to let you go so easily, Mr. Jones.

"'Mr. Jones, indeed," said I in an injured tone. "If you call me 'Mr. Jones' I am no cousin of yours. My name is Arthur—to my cousins. And I'm going to call you Daisy. May I? 'Miss Tillotson' is so long, you know."

"I don't know why you shouldn't,' she said, a little coquettishly, "if you're my cousin."

It was a gala day for me. How I enjoyed telling her what I knew about the pictures. And in the evening, how I enjoyed hearing her talk of the opera—it was "Carmen." Music was as familiar ground to her as art was to me. And how often we found that a truth was as applicable to one art as to the other. We had both been progressing in the same field—art in the abstract—along different but parallel paths; and the comparisons of views were interesting and broadening to us both. Ponder the subject well and you will find that there are numerous essential analogies that run through pictorial, musical and literary art.

For two weeks I scarcely touched a brush. During that time the doors of the Fine Arts knew me not. My art had been temporarily eclipsed. "Oh, well, a fellow doesn't run across such a cousin every day," I urged to myself in excuse for my neglect of study. I was trying to persuade myself that I was interested in Daisy Tillotson simply because she was my cousin. But I knew better. I began to wish she were not my cousin.

We were very frank with each other. There was no reason to be otherwise. One afternoon we were out at St. Cloud—out under the budding horse chestnuts whose shade Napoleon so loved. I had been reading "Paul and Virginia" to her in French, I remember. "You have no right to be my cousin, Daisy," I said. "What a perversity of circumstance. Here you

"You have said often enough that you are not sure of it. Perhaps I am some adventuress who, counting on your brilliant future, has set a trap for you and baited it with this cousin pretext so as not to frighten you away. There's no telling. Aren't you a little suspicious?"

And so we kept up the sentimental skirmish. It would have been a real courtship if that cousinly barrier had not stood between us. And still I felt that it was that very cousinly barrier that made me so bold, and her too. Without it, I presume, we should never, under the conditions, have become more than casual acquaintances. With it we had been almost like brother and sister from the very first, and here at the end of two weeks it seemed as if we had known each other a lifetime.

One evening when I was at Mrs. Payne's there came a ring at the door, and the maid brought a card in to Daisy. It read: "Mr. Anthony Jones."

"Do you know him? Is he a relative of yours?" asked Daisy, handing the card to me. "Know him?" said I. Know Tony Jones? I ought to. He's an artist, too. He's the one I spoke of. We've been up into Normandy sketching together more than once. But he's been in Munich since Christmas. Perhaps he's the cousin you were looking for when you found me, Ha! ha!"

Just then Mr. Jones, the other Mr. Jones, entered. Daisy rose to meet him. "Why, how are you, Mr. Jones?" said he, seeing me; "I didn't expect to find you here." "Nor I you," I returned jocosely.

"Let me present you to my cousin, Miss Tillotson," I went on. "Miss Tillotson—Mr. Jones, Mr. Anthony Jones."

"Your cousin?" said he inquiringly. "Why, she's my cousin, too, then. I must explain, Miss Tillotson. My mother is a cousin of your mother's, I believe. She has written commanding me to call upon you and make myself known. Fortunately Arthur, here, has relieved me of the awkwardness of introducing myself."

"I'm sure I am very glad to see you, Mr. Jones," she mustered self-command enough to say. "I'm afraid I have made a terrible blunder, though, unless you are both my cousins."

I came to her rescue and explained the situation to the other Mr. Jones. "Why, it's very theatrical," said he, laughing; "it's very much like a comedy. But which of us is the real cousin, and which the impostor. Or, are we both her cousins, and so ourselves cousins of the tenth degree or thereabouts.

"I don't see any way to decide for the present," said I. "Miss Tillotson, I'm afraid, will have to remain in uncertainty until our credentials can be compared."

Jones, that is the other Jones, was an admirable fellow, and it was not long before we were all laughing and chatting freely over the humor of the situation. Daisy brought Mrs. Payne in and we all had a game of whist together. Whatever our relationship might prove to be, it was a jolly, conjenial party, that's certain.

The next day I received a letter from my mother in answer to the one I had written two weeks before. She had no cousin of the name of Tillotson, she said. There were no Tillotsons in the family that she had ever heard of.

"Well, well, what an amusing mistake! I'll go and explain it to Daisy—Miss Tillotson, I mean—at once," thought I. "It's due to her. I'll tease her about it. But it's no more than a good joke anyway, and no harm's done."

So I went and told her! What a good laugh we had over it all. "But we're not cousins any longer," said I, suddenly drawing myself up with make believe dignity. "So I suppose I must go back to my painting and leave you to your real cousin, the other Mr. Jones."

"You wouldddn't do that, Arthur," she said. "I found you, you know, and I claim you by right of discovery. A friend when once found is too valuable a thing to be thrown away, and I shan't be the one to disclaim our friendship, begun though it was purely by chance."

"Bless you," I said. "I'm glad, after all, that you're not my cousin, and I wouldn't change places with the other Mr. Jones if I had the chance, for now—"

So it was, you see, that Daisy Tillotson became Mrs. Arthur Jones, if you must know. Oftentimes her cousin Tony, the other Mr. Jones, comes to see us, and we have another laugh over the whole affair. If you should happen our way we'd be glad to see you. You can find the address easily enough. Only be sure not to get the wrong Mr. Jones.—The Pathfinder.

Amazons in the Civil War.

Late statistics in odd things in the history of the United States Army show that no less than 150 women disguised as men served as soldiers in the Army of the Potomac.—New York Mail and Express.

CLEANING DELICATE LACES.

Here is a recipe for cleaning delicate laces, which an old lacemaker, who has woven many a gossamer web for the great connoisseur and lover of laces, Mme. Modjeska, gave to her pupil and patron: Spread the lace out on paper, cover with calcined magnesia, place another paper over it and put it away between the leaves of a book for two or three days. Then all it needs is a skilful little shake to scatter the powder, and its delicate threads are as fresh and clean as when first woven. Mme. Modjeska is quite an adept at the art of lacemaking and fashions many dainty patterns with her deft fingers.—New York Telegram.

THE REMEDIAL USES OF APPLES.

In all temperate climates the apple grows freely, and might be obtained in practically unlimited quantities. That it is not more used than it is is probably due to the fact that, being so plenty, it is undervalued. Yet almost every one likes the fruit in some fashion, and it should form a part of at least two meals out of every three during the year round; for even when the fresh fruit is not in season, canned, dried or "evaporated" apples may always be had.

"Chemically," says a writer in the North American Practitioner, "the apple is composed of vegetable fibre, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyl, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter—lecithin—of the brain and spinal cord. It is perhaps for this reason—though but rudely understood—that the old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit to renew their powers of mind and body."

Not only the phosphorus, but the acids of the apple are of singular use for persons of sedentary habits, whose livers are apt to be too slow of action. These acids aid the liver in its work of eliminating from the body the noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or, in time, would cause rheumatism, jaundice, or skin eruptions, and other allied troubles.

The malic acid of apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat.

Ripe apples are probably the least fermentable of all fruits, except, possibly, the banana. For this reason ripe and sound apples may be eaten by most persons in even the hottest weather; but even the apple is safest when cooked.

We have the support of eminent medical authority in saying that the most healthful way to cook apples is to pare and core them, and bake in a moderate oven. If the apple is of a quite sour variety it may be necessary to add a little sugar, putting about a saltspoonful in the hollow whence the core was extracted. The next best way to cook them is stewing. Contrary to common belief, apples baked in their skins are the least healthful of cooked apples.—Harper's Bazar.

RECIPES.

A Cream of Chocolate—Take a pint of milk and three ounces of chocolate. Boil this with five tablespoonfuls of sugar until thoroughly mixed, then remove from the fire and add four eggs beaten light. Pour into a cold bowl to cool, and when cold, add a pint of cream beaten stiff, and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Potatoes a Maitre D'Hotel—Cut about a quart of potatoes in slices. Put one and one-half ounces of butter in a saucepan, and when melted add a small teaspoonful of flour, stir till turning yellow, then add a quart of milk and salt to taste. Let it boil up once, take from the fire and add the potatoes. Put it back over a slow fire for ten minutes, add a teaspoonful of minced parsley, the yolks of two eggs, and serve.

Cheesekins—Take three ounces of fine bread crumbs, four ounces of grated cheese, two ounces of butter melted, a teaspoonful each of flour and mustard, a saltspoon each of cayenne and white pepper and two eggs well beaten. Mix all these ingredients together and let them stand an hour. Knead and roll out as thin as possible; cut the paste into triangles, or roll it into thin sticks about three inches long and bake in a quick oven sixteen or eighteen minutes. Serve hot.

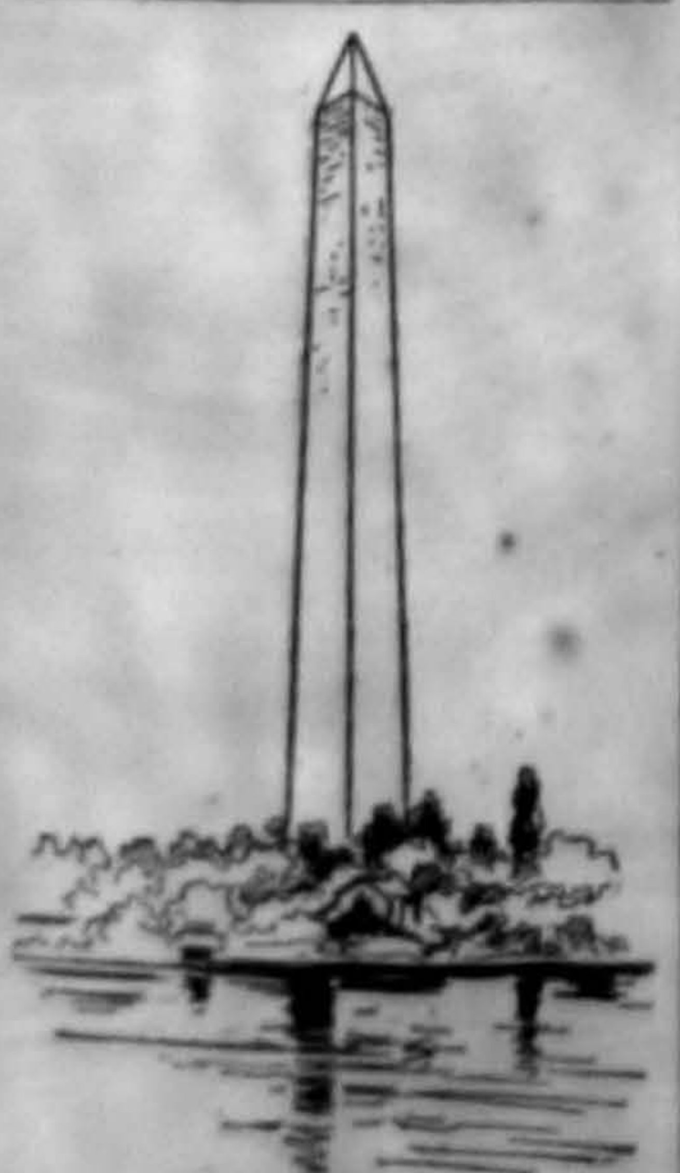
Omelet—Add to six eggs beaten very light a scant tablespoonful of flour, mixed smooth in two tablespoonfuls of milk, half an onion chopped very fine, a little ham, and a sprig of parsley, also chopped fine, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix these all well together. Put a piece of butter half the size of an egg into a frying pan, and when hot turn in the mixture, stirring all the time till

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT IS LOFTIEST OF ITS KIND.

Interesting Details of the Origin, Erection and Completion of a Great Obelisk—Wonderful View From the Top.

FEW people who have never seen the Washington monument can conceive of its strength, its majesty, and yet its grace and beauty of outline. Indeed, it may well be regarded as one of the architectural wonders of the world. It is the loftiest structure ever reared by man. From the base line, or, rather, sill of the door of the main entrance, to the apex of the cap-stone is exactly 555 feet and four inches. This makes the Washington monument the tallest edifice or structure in the world. The next highest is the famous old Cheops pyramid in Egypt, which is 543 feet, but as that is of immense area at its base and rises in easy slopes to the summit, old Cheops conveys little more impression upon the eye than would a lofty mountain from a plain. The great cathedral at Cologne has a spire which reaches into the heavens 524 feet, and there is a cathedral at Antwerp whose spire extends upward 476 feet. St. Peter's spire, or rather, dome, at Rome, is only 448 feet. When the big tower on the City Hall in Philadelphia is completed it will rival the Washington monument, but even then will not equal it, for it is only designed to run that up 535 feet. The great Washington obelisk, therefore, stands alone in the grandeur of its elevation, the symmetry of its outlines and the solidity of its construction. The world has never seen anything like it before, nor is it likely that the genius and patriotism of man will again attempt so ponderous a work. As there is never likely to be another Washington, so it may be safely said that there will never be another memorial built to commemorate him or any of his successors. The great Washington shaft will stand alone, as long as the Republic lasts.

Thousands have made the ascent on foot, but it is a dreadful task, and there is a certain something in the awful solitude—the sense of being shut in within four solid walls, with the dimmest of lights, that makes nervous people long for the end. But there seems to be no end. There are 900 iron steps to climb. True, the staircase is broad, but the faces of the steps are worn smooth with the tread of many feet, and the end—well, the the end is afar. Long before you get to the top you wish you had not started. The guide books will tell you that you can stop the elevator at any of the landings and get on, but that is a fiction. The elevator makes straight runs." Like some of the elevators in Chicago, it runs as a limited express, though not a very fast one, for it takes seven minutes to cover the 518 feet which lands one at the platform under the capstone. To the man who starts to walk up there is enough to interest him in the study of the memorial stones, the intaglios and other tablets which adorn every fifty-foot level as high as 200 feet, but above that everything is a dead blank. One sees nothing but the dim light of the incandescent lamps reflecting on the cold granite walls, the steel skeleton frame of the stairway and the endless wind and wind and wind upward.



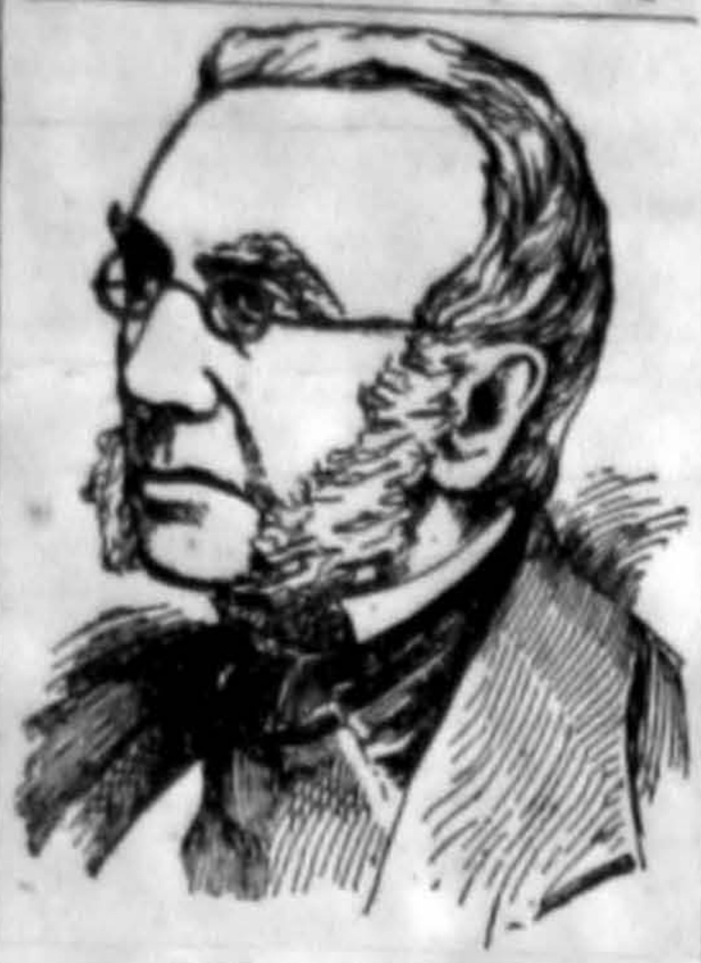
WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

They were a dear old lot of enthusiasts who conceived the monument, and right manfully did they prosecute the work. The movement began away back in 1829, when Gale & Seaton, then making enormous sums of money out of Government printing contracts, first mooted the project. They got associated with them old Peter Force, George Watterson, Librarian of Congress, and William Cranch, an old land owner, and formed a society, and they succeeded in getting Chief Jus-

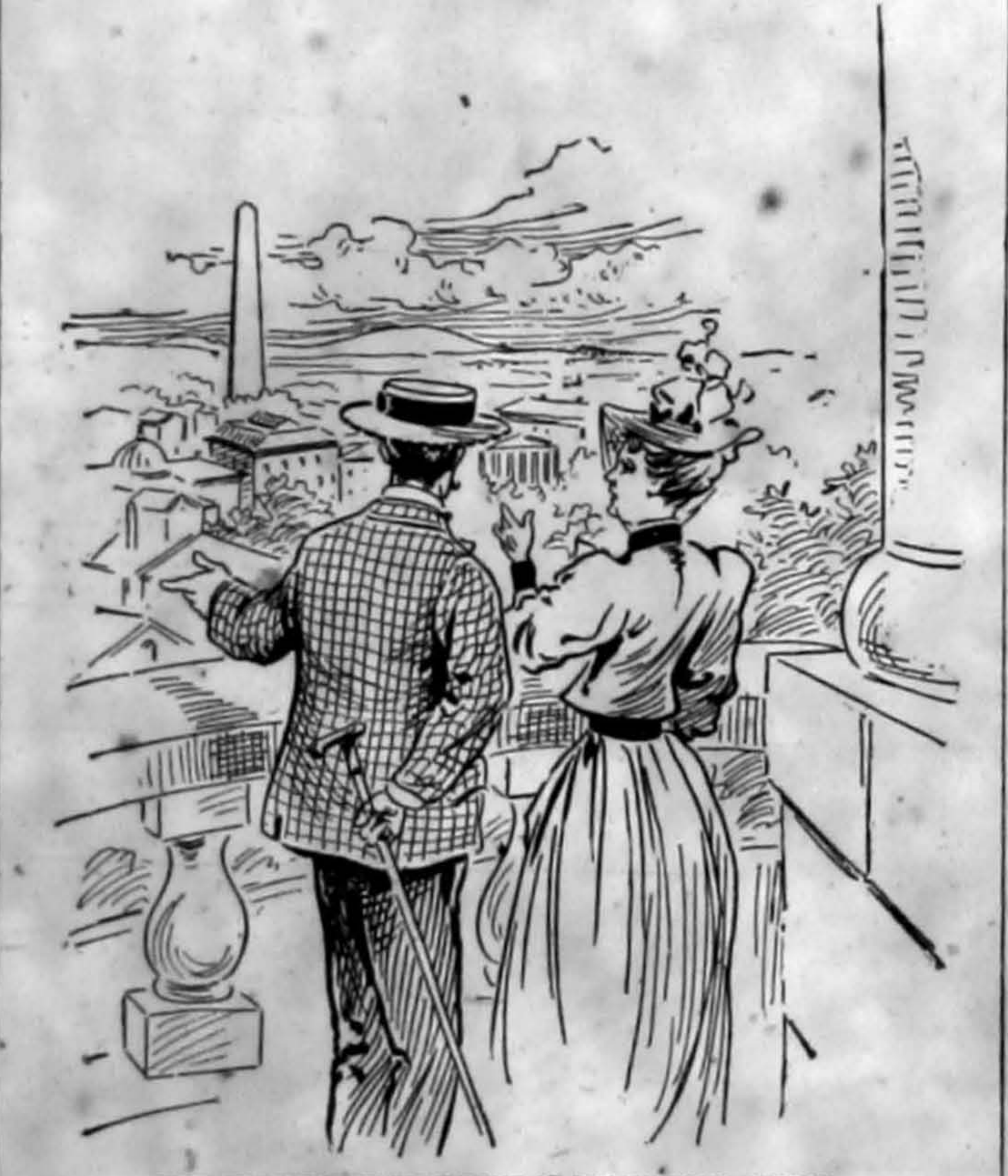
several years to raise $30,000. Then they raised the "ante," so to speak, and in a short while they had about $100,000—enough to begin on plans at least. Every man over forty years old remembers in his school books and current prints pictures of the "proposed monument to George Washington." When the committee was raising money they sent this print out broadcast and thousands of them are to-day stored away in the garrets of the country. This was the design of Robert Mills, at that time an architect of the Capitol. His design was a huge building in the form of a circular peristyle or colonnade 250 feet in diameter and 100 in height. At points equidistant on the roof of this structure were to be bronze equestrian statues of Washington, modeled from studies of various incidents in his career. From the middle of this circular colonnade was to rise an obelisk 500 feet high. This design was bold, but the society abandoned it because of the cost, and resolved upon the plain obelisk that we have to-day—a lucky change, many think, for most of the statuary of Washington which represents the father of his country is simply execrable in taste and horrible in drawing and execution.

It was a noted crowd that witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the present structure, July 4. 1848. Among them was the venerable Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, then ninety-one years old; George Washington Park Custis, then proprietor of the Arlington, and father-in-law of Robert E. Lee; Mrs. Dolly Paine Madison, widow of the ex-President; Mrs. John Quincy Adams, widow of another ex-President; Chief Justice Taney, Lewis Cass, of Michigan; ex-President Martin Van Buren, and Millard Fillmore, who had just been nominated for

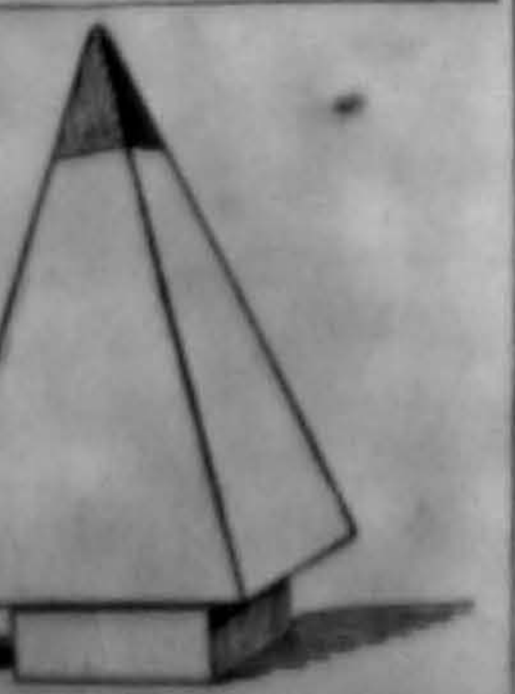
formal dedication, February 22, 1885, the then venerable Mr. Winthrop was again present, one of the most honored guests. But for many years after 1854 the project lagged. The association got to the end of its money (it had raised and spent $250,000) and then the thing stopped. The monument was up 165 feet, then it was housed over and so remained. Nor was it until twenty-two years later, in 1873, that Congress could be induced to do anything. The spirit engendered in the centennial year set the machinery in motion, and the press and people took the matter up in such vigorous shape that Congress made an appropriation to begin the work of completion. The result was that in eight years thereafter the work was complete. On December 6, 1854, the capstone was set and the work ended.



ROBERT C. WINTHROP.



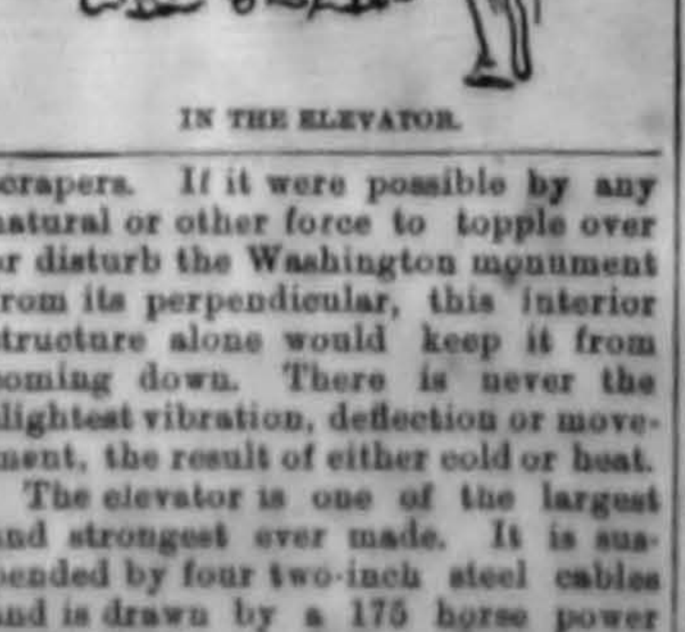
VIEW OF MONUMENT FROM DOME OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.



CAPSTONE OF THE MONUMENT, SHOWING THE ALUMINUM TIP.

It is a mistake to suppose that the great shaft is a "marble column." It is not. For the first 400 feet the main structure is of blue granite, the lower walls being fifteen feet thick. The thickness of the walls decreases until about the 450 feet level, when they cease, and the rest of the altitude is reached by solid blocks of marble, from two and one-half feet thick to eighteen inches. Inside this, however, is built an interior structure and arch, with a keystone which supports the capstone, that weighs just one and one-half tons.

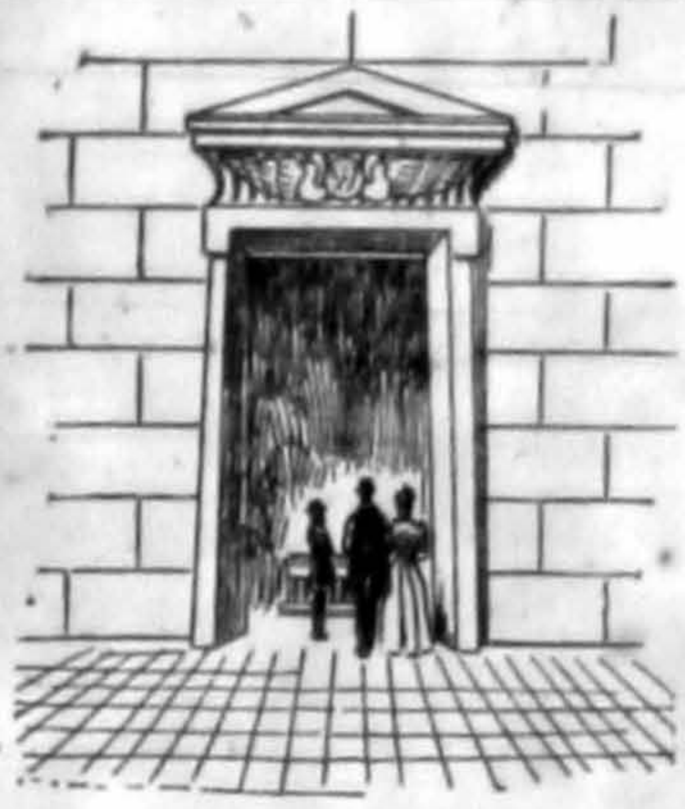
Inside this shaft rise four iron standards, which run from top to bottom of the opening. These are bolted to the inner walls and form the framework of the stairs and elevator shaft. They are marvels of strength. In fact the whole interior of the great shaft looks and is as strong as the steel frame of any of Chicago's sky scrapers. If it were possible by any natural or other force to topple over or disturb the Washington monument from its perpendicular, this interior structure alone would keep it from coming down. There is never the slightest vibration, deflection or movement, the result of either cold or heat.



IN THE ELEVATOR.

The elevator is one of the largest and strongest ever made. It is suspended by four two-inch steel cables and is drawn by a 175 horse power engine in the basement of the shaft. Everything about the elevator gives way to safety precautions. The safety clutches are double clutches. The frame of the elevator is light but made of the best of steel. The elevator is limited to thirty people, but it would carry weight three times that number. But it runs very slow—another measure—and no amount of persuasion will induce the elevator man to get a move on him. After looking at the shaft from a distance one is surprised to how much room there is in the platform from which a visitor looks out

but once up there there is room for ten people at each window. Fifty people can move about on the upper landing and never once get in each other's way. The view from this landing is one of the grandest ever spread before the human eye. It makes a nervous person shake a little, and not every one cares to glance downward to the base of the shaft, for the effect is disturbing. By the laws of perspective, parallel lines converge in the distance, and the effect of this is that the base of the monument, by convergence of its two visible corners, seems smaller at the bottom than at the top, and the sensation is that the whole shaft is just about to topple over. By the same laws of perspective objects not so far away look smaller, even though they be larger than those in the greater distance. Thus the Capitol looks a good deal smaller than the old ship house in the Navy Yard, a mile farther off. And the tower of the Soldiers' Home, two miles farther away, looks twice as big as the dome of the Capitol.



ENTRANCE TO THE MONUMENT.

An interesting study of the monument is the tablets—the memorial stones, which for more than a generation a patriotic people and an admiring world have been sending to adorn the interior of the structure. These tablets date from away back in 1849, and some of them are immensely funny viewed at this late day. All sorts and kinds of human impulse seem to have prompted these memorials. National patriotism, local pride, corporate vanity and rivalry, religious zeal, private greed and hope of gain, all these conditions are visible, and not only visible, but palpable. Some of the tablets are very elaborate and must have cost a great deal of money. Those, for instance, sent by the cities of New York and Philadelphia are splendid specimens of marble sculpture.

Virginia did not content herself with one tablet, but has a dozen, in which naturally references to the "Father of His Country" and "Virginia's Noblest Son" predominate. The Western States are but poorly represented. Some of the tablets which seem now odd and out of place are those, some of them very handsome, donated by the old volunteer fire departments of the various cities. There are others, too, by individual fire and hook and ladder companies. The chief aim of the fire laddies of the past seems to have been to get their individual names emblazoned upon the tablets of fame. Thus every memorial sent by an engine or hook and ladder company has the name of every member cut in the face. New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore seem to have got up a generous rivalry as to which should have the biggest representation in the monument. Some of the offerings are very elaborate sculptures in marble, and must have been costly. The favorite designs were representations of old hand engines, hydrants, with hose coiled about, firemen's hats and trumpets in vignette, and pictures of fire laddies rescuing women and children from burning buildings.

Of Sunday-school tablets there is no end. It looks as if during the ten years before the war every Sunday-school in the Eastern States had accomplished a memorial tablet for the Washington monument. And the same with the Odd Fellows and Masons, who have, altogether, over seventy-five offerings; some of them very handsome. Foreign countries are also represented by Brazil, Arabia, China (in native language), Greece and one from Switzerland inscribed, "This block of stone is from the original chapel built by William Tell in 1338, at the very spot, Lake Lucerne, where he escaped from Gessler."

Some of the lesser tablets are very odd. In 1856 B. Norris & Co., locomotive builders of Philadelphia, got out a locomotive in basrelief, carved in marble, and, with their name and occupation on it, the stone now occupies a conspicuous place. New Bedford, Mass., sent a stone with nothing on it but the name of the town and a representation of a big harpoon, which, of course, at the time, told its own story. Another old stone is a block of granite, inscribed "From D. D. Hituer's Quarry," Penn.

The control of the monument is vested with the War Department, and it is under immediate charge of Colonel Wilson, of the public buildings

---

There once was a hermit who lived near a stream,
In a pleasant, commodious cave;
Folks glared on him daily, with wonder supreme,
And he lived on the presents they gave.

But one morning he found, with such dreadful dismay,
That he could hardly open his lips,
A new hermit settled just over the way,
And himself in a total eclipse.
—F. B. Opper, in St. Nicholas.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Women are fonder of talking than of conversation.—Boston Transcript.

The cloaks and the coats
You may air as you will,
But the odor of camphor
Will cling to them still.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Jasper—"How did Mr. Blublood make his wealth?" Jumpuppe—"He didn't make it. He inherited it, and it made him."—Puck.

Teacher—"Johnny, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?" Johnny—"At the bottom of the page, mum."—Syracuse Post.

Prospective Purchaser—"What minerals are there in this spring?" Owner—"Plenty of gold and silver, if you advertise it properly." -Truth.

"She is a great favorite with the male sex." "Yes." "Why doesn't she marry?" "Her numerous engagements prevent her."—New York Press.

Nell—"Mr. Sillicus is only an apology for a man." Belle—"Well, wouldn't you accept an apology if it was offered?"—Philadelphia Record.

'Tis not for all the things I want!
My pocketbook I bleed;
Alas! I'm poor, because of all
The things I do not need.
—Puck.

When a girl has a dimple in her cheek she doesn't usually get to be more than seventeen years old before she learns how to work it.—Somerville Journal.

"Call him a veteran joke writer? Why he is not more than twenty years old." "That is so; but his jokes are veterans all the same."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—"I don't see you with Miss Gotrox any more. Have you and she had a misunderstanding?" He—"No; an understanding. She rejected me."—Brooklyn Life.

Client—"I want to sue the railroad company for $50,000 damages. What is the first thing for me to do?" Attorney—"Give me a retainer for $500."—Detroit Free Press.

"What! haven't you named the baby yet?" Mamma—"No." "Can't find anything good enough?" Mamma—"N---no; can't find out which uncle is the richest."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"What's the matter with Jennings, Harlow?" "Oh, some mental trouble. He suffers from a complete loss of memory." "Suffers? Jove! he's in great luck, considering his past."—Harper's Bazar.

Patient—"Can you tell me, doctor, the cause of baldness?" Physician—"Nothing easier, sir. It is due to the falling out of the hair. Will you pay now, or shall I put it down to your account?"--Boston Transcript.

Teacher—"'They builded better than they knew.' Do you understand that?" Bright Boy---"Yes'm; they always do. Teacher---"Who always do?" Bright Boy—"The architects, you know. Pop's new $5000 house cost most $10,000."---Good News.

Friend---"How did the count propose to you, and you accept, if he could not understand your language nor you his?" American Heiress---"It was very simple. He showed me his family tree and I showed him my bank book."---New York Weekly.

Miss Bellefield—"Mr. Spatters is a good sportsman." Miss Bloomfield—"Is he? He never shoots anything." Miss Bellefield—"That is why I call him good. I think it is real wicked to kill innocent animals and birds."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

"Hast thou a lover?" asked he,
"Oh, maiden of the Rhine?"
She blushed in sweet confusion
And softly faltered "Nein."
He felt rebuffed and knew not
What best to say, and then
A sudden thought came to him;
He pleaded, "Make it ten."
—Detroit Tribune.

He—"Now that we are engaged, I must know if any one ever kissed you before." She—"Oh, George, how can you doubt me? I bring you a heart as fresh and ardent as your own." (George doesn't know whether to be satisfied or not.)—Baltimore Telegram.

When one girl tells you that she always prefers the summer at the seashore and another girl tells you that she always prefers to spend the summer at the mountains, you may be pretty sure generally that the first young lady tans and the second young lady freckles.—Somerville Journal.

Mr. Smallwort—"I see that a female bank robber has been operating out West and has so far escaped capture." Mrs. Smallwort—"How do they know it is a woman if the robber has not been captured?" Mr. Small-

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C. Z. HEVNER.
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per meal	25
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means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

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It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles,
Neuralgia, Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

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Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention,

All country produce taken.

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—AT—
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HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,

is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

☞ Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

PATTERSON SIMMONS.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer ... Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

JUDGE John J. Jackson, of the United States District Court of West Virginia, has appointed A. H. Winchester, the popular secretary of the Poplar Manufacturer's Association, as receiver of the Holly River Lumber Company, whose plant is at Holly, W. Va., and which was built and operated by W. E. Marsh & Co., of New York, until the latter firm, by reason of inability to realize on its holdings, was forced to suspend operations in November last. The plant is one of the largest and best equipped in the State, and with its operation under the direct guidance of a practical lumberman, it is believed that it can be made to pay its debts in full, provided fair prices can be realized from the sale of its output. No man-of-war outfit could be more complete than is that of the mill of Holly. It has a band saw, band re-saw, dry kilns, planing mill, fifteen miles of railroad, locomotives, cars, etc., and 16,000 acres of as good poplar and oak as stands on the waters of Elk River. This is one of the very few instances where a *lumberman* has been appointed to wind up the affairs of a *lumber* company. A really rare occurrence.—*Lumberman's Review.*

A. N. BELL, a citizen of Rockbridge County, attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat last Saturday. He was driven to the act by the loss of $3,000, the saving of a lifetime, which went up in the looting of the Bank of Lexington by Figgatt, the absconding cashier. There is no record on the bank's books of this deposit. It is probable Bell will recover.

WE claim that Dr. M. L. Lacy is the owner of the smallest calf on record. Here are its dimensions, taken by Mr. James Jarrett, of Greenbrier County: Length from tip to tip, 27 inches; height to point of withers, 24 inches; girth, 25 inches; weight, when one week old, 44 lbs. This calf is of the Jersey persuasion, mouse-colored, and Mr. Newt. Campbell says it is "jimber-jawed," what ever that may be. Come all ye stock raisers and hand in your reports.—*Monroe County Watchman.*

THE State Horticultural Association, met at Morgantown last week. The attendance upon the meeting was good and much interest manifested. The Wool Growers' Association and the State Dairymen's Association were also in session at Morgantown, but were scantly attended.

REV. DR. W. K. BOYLE, editor of the Baltimore *Episcopal Methodist* and a prominent divine in the M. E. Church South, died in Prince George Co., Md., on Feb. 20th, aged 55 years.

IT is cowardly the way the papers are a pitching into the Legislature, now that it has adjourned and cannot pass resolutions of censure.—*Independent-Herald.*

CHARLESTON is now the second city of the state in size.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Spring term begins February 13th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

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"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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High Frame, Wood Rim, Detachable Tire, Scorcher, weight 22 lbs	$85.
Steel Rims, Waverly Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs	$85
Regular Frame, same weights	$85
Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires	$75
26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs	$74

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RICHMOND, VA., Oct 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN—The Waverly Scorcher and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for $85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

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LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

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HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.

BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25C AND 50C PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 33. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

THE editor of the Medical World, a Philadelphia journal, diagnoses the political condition and prescribes accordingly.

"Our republican institutions, as good as they are, are imperfect. Corruption seems to be the disease of republics. The Roman republic died of it, France and our own republic are seriously affected with it. But the oldest republic now in existence, Switzerland, after long suffering, found a remedy for it, and she now stands forth purged and pure, an example to her larger, but younger, sisters.

"Republics are governed by representatives elected usually for a specific time. During this time they hold absolute sway, without, as a rule, feeling the responsibility felt by monarchies, who hold their positions permanently. Hence, these representatives, temporary, but absolute for the time being, are too frequently an easy prey to scheming politicians, each serving the other's interests.

"One man suggests that it would be a good thing "to have a string to our Congressman;" that is to have the power to un-elect him when he fails to give satisfaction to his constituents. That would be a good plan, but the Swiss plan is better.

"A feature was added to the Swiss organic law requiring that all bills above a certain degree of importance, and not being of immediate urgency, should be referred to the people for their ratificatiod or rejection at the next general election. Then the wiley politician sought pastures new, for his occupation was gone. This is called the Referendum.

"But the Swiss people, suspecting their representatives still further, retained the privilege of *initiating* legislation, that is, any bill, (which any voter can propose), when endorsed by a certain percentage of the voters, must be acted upon by the government, and in turn by the people at the people at the next election if necessary. This is called the *Initiative*. That is that the people claim for themselves the privilege of proposing and determining legislation. This is called Direct Legislation; and it has purified the hitherto corrupt politics of Switzerland.

"Democrats, isn't this fair? It is a return to simple Democracy. Republicans, isn't this fair? It is only a wider application of the principle, "government by the people." Populists, isn't this fair? It will place directly in the hands of the people all the modern reforms. Phohibitionists, Socialists, and Single Taxers, isn't this fair? Your ideas will then have a fair chance. Now this—the Initiative and Referendum—is what all can unite upon, and it should be done immediately. It is the key that will unlock the golden future. Opposition to it is self-condemnation.

"We want immediate and united action. A party with that single principle alone for a platform would deserve success at the next general election. If it should require a struggle for the next ten years it would be worth it.

"When has a political party kept its promises? What do political platforms mean? What do elections mean? The meaning of every election is interpreted in hundreds of different ways. Read the various opinions after every election.

"With the Referendum the meaning would be direct and specific. We could then vote for principles and measures, and not merely for men; and our expressions at the ballot-box would be understood. Let us have it, and through it let us oust the professional politician, the lobbyist, etc., and obtain justice for the weakest as well as the strongest in our midst."

How does this strike you, Poca-

POETRY.

For the Pocahontas Times.

A Blasted Prospect.

We went for a stroll, my love and I
To walk in the lane together ;
The river laughed as we wandered by
In the dusk of the summer weather.
The zephyr sighed in trees beyond,
And everything spoke of passion,
Its whispered low to the flowers fond,
The rustling leaves of the grove respond
In arbor vitae fashion.

I hazard the tale all lovers tell,
In faltering words and slow,
And it seems to me I had known so well,
I d hear that decided "No!" [dead.
The night wind moans for the fair hopes
The leaves of a dead oak shiver ; [sped,
The darkening gloom of the night has
I wander alone on the way so dread,
On the banks of the treacherous river!

a remedy prescribed for your case by one of the most eminent and successful surgeons of Philadelphia. Will you take the dose. He does not appeal to your political prejudices in the least, but gives a sugar-coated pill that can be easily taken, even by a child. If you endorse the above sentiment, speak out. It will help our country as it has helped the little mountain republic of Switzerland. It only illustrates further the motto of our own State seal, "*Montani Semper Liberi.*" I am a convert to the above theory. J. W. PRICE, M. D.

State and General News Items.

THE engineering corps arrived here monday, having completed the survey of the C. C. & S. railroad to Sutton. Since then they have been surveying on both sides of the river. This has caused much talk as to the [illegible] destination of the road. Many assert that the road will follow Elk to the head waters, and then cross over the mountain and join the Davis road, which is a part of the Pennsylvania system. We very much desire to give our readers all the facts as to this railroad, but the railroad people know so little (for publication) that we have nothing definite, except that that the survey on the south side of Elk has been made to Sutton and that they are at work on the road thirteen miles below Clay C. H.—*Braxton Democrat.*

A man by the name of Smith, from Pocahontas county, was brought here from Camden-on-Gauley Wednesday night and lodged in jail, charged with skipping a board bill of $250 down at Halo. Smith was working on a saw mill there, and claims that he told the boarding house keeper he would pay him as soon as he drew his wages. However this is only one side of the case.—*Webster Echo.*

THE money disposed of by this Legislature is about $35,000 more than by the last Democratic Legislature. This means a deficit in the State treasury, as the last appropriation was up to the receipts, and this Legislature has provided for no increase in the general revenues —*Parkersburg Sentinel.*

THE contest between Tucker and Yost in the Tenth Congressional District of Virginia is on hand. The recount has been completed and shows gains for Yost, but lacks 320 votes to unseat Tucker. He hopes to throw out Amherst county or be allowed enough on his evidence to overcome this deficit.

SOME miscreant ruined the shrubbery in the grounds about C. P. Dorr's residence a few nights ago by peeling the bark off from the ground up a considerable distance. The perpetrator, whoever he may be, should be hunted down and severely punished.—*Webster Echo.*

OUR State is honored in the appointment of Hon. Wm. L. Wilson as a cabinet member. Under the last administration this State furnished a member of the cabinet in Hon. B. Elkins.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, ... J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, ... R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, ... S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, ... J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, ... C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor ...... George Baxter.
Coroner, ... George P. Moore

Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, [illegible] H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in [illegible] Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The axact date of his aisit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT

The Washington Post

AND THE

Pocahontas Times,

ARE OFFERED TO SUBSCRIBERS AT THE CLUBBING RATE

OF $1.30 FOR BOTH.

We cannot let the opportunity pass without offering our subscribers this famous independent weekly for 30 cents additional to the price you are paying for your county paper. This gives you a large city paper and your home paper at anominal sum. This offer is to subscribers who are strictly paid up in advance.

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA. S. W. HOLT.

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON POCKET HEALTH

West End of Bridge. **P. GOLDEN, Marlinton, W. Va.**

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone and bone spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier coun-

authority for the statement that there are seventy-two languages spoken in Russia.

The height of politeness in warfare has been attained in our new army rifle, declares the New York Dispatch. With the use of smokeless powder its bullet of nickel or steel will kill a man at a distance of two miles before he is aware that the gun has been fired or has heard the report.

The New York Sun thinks it will be serious news to girls' seminaries that the pickle crop is short all over the world this season. A trade journal announces, with something like dismay, that Europe is buying heavily in this country, which means higher prices soon. The crop in the Mississippi River section was a failure. It is interesting as showing the proportions of the pickle business that 260 car loads of pickles in brine were bought in Chicago recently for shipment to the East and Europe.

It has been decided to substitute civilians for enlisted men as attendants at army post exchanges, formerly known as "post canteens," which are used for purposes of refreshment, recreation and general club rooms by the regular soldiers. The change was suggested by General Schofield in 1890, and has since met with general favor. The main reason for it is that enlisted men have not proved successful as managers at a majority of the exchanges. General Brooke, commanding the Department of the Platte, has informed the War Department that he has adopted the new system at all the canteens in his department, and is confident that it will be of great benefit to the persons directly interested. His example will probably be followed by other department commanders.

Birmingham, England, is making a good thing out of the [illegible] trade is more [illegible] active than it has been for twenty years. The other week a Chinese agent placed an order for 20,000 rifles and bayonets, and over 10,000,000 military cartridges have been turned out during the past two months. Since the outbreak of hostilities no less than [illegible]0,000 rifles have been exported from the city. Most of those, however, were weapons discarded by Germany after the Franco-Prussian war. Birmingham manufacturers bought them [illegible] convert them into more modern weapons, but attempted conversion was a failure, and, with true Brummagem thrift and cunning, they were shipped to South Africa, transshipped in mid-ocean, and sold to the Chinese Government.

The enterprising dime museum manager, usually eager for novelties and freaks of nature, has just missed a most glorious opportunity, claims the Washington Star. Mrs. Elizabeth Neal, colored, died last month in Oakland, Cal., at the age of 100 years and eight months. There was nothing so remarkable about her advanced age, for instances of such long life are by no means so infrequent as to be considered among the marvels. The interest in Mrs. Neal centres in her confession that though she was born near Richmond, Va., in 1794, and although she was well acquainted with a number of colored folks who were employed in the Washington household, she had never seen the Father of His Country. She had seen a number of men who were pointed out to her as associates of the first President, but him she never saw. This is a most remarkable instance of fortitude and truth. It stamps Mrs. Neal as a woman among a million. The edge of novelty was so long ago worn from the person of the Washington body-servant that there is a refreshing charm about the confession, nay, the boast, of this honest dame, that she had never seen George Washington. Such a woman, properly advertised and lectured about, would doubtless

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I have a vision—strangely sweet—
A field of waving summer wheat;
Hills clothed in green from top to base;
A silver lake, across whose face
The breeze make smiles, while to and fro
The white swans slow and stately go.
An orchard all flush with bloom;
A dark wood, and within its gloom
A thrush that sings once and again
His madly sweet and ecstatic strain.
'Tis answered by notes clear and strong,
And all the air is filled with song.
How the birds sing! And well they may
Who would not sing on such a day?
O world so fair, O life so dear,
Just now God's Heaven itself seems near!

The dream is past; I wake alone;
I hear the cold wind's angry moan,
And sob aloud, "Be swift to bring,
Most gracious Lord, our life's sweet spring."

—Virginia Franklyn.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

BY MAY M'HENRY.

THE two women shut the door carefully and locked it as they went out. They did not say anything until they had climbed the rickety fence and were out in the road. Thoughts of what they had left, shut up alone there in the bare, silent cabin, silenced even their loquacious tongues. When they were halfway down the hill Mrs. Sutton drew a long breath and pushed back her sunbonnet.

"There, thank goodness, that's over! It was a task, but some one had so do it; and I'm glad I'm not one of them that's afraid to take aholt. Not that I minded layin' out the poor thing, even if she was a foreigner. I like to do what's my duty to do; but when it comes to takin' pauper children to raise, why I don't believe it's required of me. What Ide Bowman wanted of them I can't see, poor as they are. But I wasn't going to tell her not to take them, for then they would come on the rest of us somehow; and the poor tax is high enough already, goodness knows."

"It's awful foolish of her," said Mrs. Burt, severely. "Ide always was a soft thing, and it's just like her, taking [illegible] scarecrows like that that haven't [illegible] just because she pities them. And, land sakes, just think how poor they are, and Steve a cripple!"

"Oh, it takes your real poor folks to afford the luxury of being charitable, and they're the sort that are likely to end up on the township, too," said Mrs. Sutton, tossing her head. "That sort think them that work and manage and have a little money ought to give it all away. Ide had the audacity to say that since Sutton and me had no family and had the farm and the store both to fall back on, it would be nice for us to take the little dagos to raise. But I soon give her to understand that I hadn't been workin' all these years to throw away what I've got on no-account paupers."

"Steve is going to have a steady job this winter on Mr. Plunkin's mill. I suppose she is counting on that. She told me about it when she came to tell about the Italian woman being dead," observed Mrs. Burt.

While the two matrons from down in the valley walked leisurely toward their comfortable homes, the subject of their discourse was hurrying through the woods in an opposite direction. She carried a burden much too heavy for her slender frame, and a little boy, scarcely able to toddle, clung to her skirts and weighed her down. She hurried, panting, along the rough path and kept looking back over her shoulder in a frightened way, as though she was carrying off, concealed under her shawl there, a treasure from the dead woman's cabin. Her head was bare; she had taken her faded hood to tie about the little boy's shivering shoulders, and you could see that her face had the waxy pallor of extreme ill-health. The skin was drawn so tightly over her high, narrow forehead it was a wonder the bones did not push through. Her prominent light eyes had a weary, helpless stare, and the heavy masses of her lustreless brown hair made her head seem too big and heavy for the pitiful little pipestem of a neck that supported it.

The small one-story house at the end of the path up the hill was homely and unpretentious enough, but after the wretchedness and squalor of the place where the poor stranger had lived with her children, it looked comfortable and inviting.

"We have lots to be thankful for. There are so many that are poorer," said Ide Bowman to herself, as she pushed open the door of her home. There were but two rooms in the house, both as bare and empty as they

darned baby dresses out of sight in the hour of her great desolation. She could not bear the sight of them then. Now she lifted them out with lingering care and passed her hands caressingly over the folds and creases that spoke so eloquently of the plump baby limbs that had worn them.

"They will fit exactly," said Ide, looking up at the waifs on the bed.

She washed and dressed the motherless little strangers and fed them the scraps she could find in the bare cupboard. Then she sang them to sleep in the long disused trundle-bed. They were not particularly pretty children, they had never been well enough fed and cared for for that; but Ide hung over the trundle-bed and feasted her hungry eyes. An empty place in her heart seemed to be filled at last.

The poor little peaked-faced things! She would take such good care of them; she could keep them so much cleaner and warmer than even their own mother had kept them. She was almost glad the poor woman had died. "I will keep them for my own—my very own!" she whispered exultingly.

Night came on, but Ide was absorbed in her day dreams, and failed to notice the gathering darkness and the howling wind. Ringing footsteps along the path roused her at last. She hurried out into the kitchen, shutting the bedroom door carefully.

Steve was coming! Steve—what would he say? The man let in a great gust of wind and rain as he entered. The long drought was ended at last.

"What a night—what a night!" said Steve, in his loud, cheery tones; and Ide's hands shook as she lighted the lamp, for fear he would waken the children.

He was a big fellow, tall and broad and well knit, with a suggestion of strength in every line of his sinewy body. His good-natured face was half covered by a bushy black beard, and his crisp, black hair curled from the very strength of it.

But this strong man had been partially shorn of his strength. The right sleeve of his blue cotton blouse was pinned across his chest, limp and empty. An accident on a sawmill three years before had robbed Steve Bowman of his strong right arm, and since then things had not been going so well in the little weather-beaten house on the hill.

"I'm wet to the skin," he said. "The fire is out! Why, Ide, what [illegible] about a fire such a night? There is plenty of wood. No wonder you're sick if you sit in the cold."

Ide commenced to put wood in the stove with nervous haste. "In a minute, Steve; I'll have fire in just a minute," she said.

"And supper isn't ready. How does it come you haven't supper ready?"

"I forgot it," stammered Ide.

Steve did not say anything, but he pushed away and proceeded to kindle the fire himself. He was hungry and cold; he had worked all day with nothing to eat but a couple of apples and a piece of hard bread for dinner.

Ide spread the cloth and put a plate and a knife and fork on the table; then she stood still and wrung her hands in silent dismay. She had nothing to give him; she had fed everything to the children. He worked so hard; he was so good to her, and she took the bread from his mouth to throw it to strangers.

"Just some of the bread and potatoes left from breakfast, Ide. Whatever you can get quickest," said Steve, drawing up his chair to the table.

Two red spots burned on Ide's thin cheeks. The little boy had eaten the last of the bread—the very last morsel, and she had smiled to see him devour it so greedily.

"There's some boiled potatoes, that is all," she said. "I'll warm them up for you. You like potatoes so, Steve."

"Is that all there is to eat in the house?"

"Potatoes—that's all," said Ide, faintly.

"Well, let me have them. That way—it doesn't matter if they are cold. I could eat them raw. That's the advantage of going hungry a while. It cures one of squeamishness. I never thought we would get down this low; did you, Ide?" Steve said, with a pitiful attempt at a smile, as he finished the potatoes.

He sat down with his back to the stove, and leaned his head on his one hand. Ide looked at his broad, steaming shoulders in dull wretchedness; she could not find courage to tell him what she had done. Perhaps he would be angry. No one could blame him even if he were to beat her. Other men sometimes beat their wives for much less. He had so much to bear, and she had added another burden. Two more hungry mouths to fill, when they could not get enough for themselves.

"Are you hungry too, Ide?" Steve asked, turning suddenly to look at her.

She shook her head; she could not

Moritz. Plunkin [illegible] think a cripple would do. It was his carelessness made me a cripple. What's that crying, Ide?"

"I hadn't told you yet. It's the Italian woman's children," Ide said, quickly and nervously. "The poor foreigner whose husband worked on the railroad and got killed, you know. To-day, nor yesterday nor the day before I didn't see any smoke coming from her shanty, and something moved me to go down and see what was the matter. Steve, she was dead. There she laid, stiff and cold, and the two little children huddled up in the same bed, half starved and half froze, a waitin' for her to wake up. Such a wretched sight it made me sick to see—and the woman dead with only a few rags over her and her glassy eyes staring. I run for Mrs. Burt, and her and Mrs. Sutton come and helped me lay her out. I had to take my best shimmy, my wedding one that I always saved to put on her. They're going to send word to the poor overseer to come and bury her. But I had to bring the little ones home with me—just for to-night. The township will take them to-morrow. Mrs. Burt says there's where they belong; they're afraid in there in the dark, that's what makes them cry. I couldn't leave them alone with their dead mother, could I, Steve? So I thought just for one night—"

"Let's see them," said Steve.

The children stopped crying when Steve and Ide entered the bedroom and leaned over the trundle-bed. They blinked at the sudden light, and the little girl reached out her arms toward it and laughed.

"Chirp-looking little kids. A boy and a girl, about the age of our two, ain't they?" said Steve, getting down on his knees so he could see them better.

"The boy's just the same size our Tommy was when he died, and the baby, she's younger than little Ida, but not much," Ide answered. She stood behind Steve and her face was drawn and gray. She had been so happy in her dream of keeping the little waifs. The awakening was bitter; it was like a second bereavement. But they were so poor, and only Steve's one arm to keep starvation from the door, and now he had failed to get work on the mill.

"It's going to make it pretty hard for you, Ide. They'll make some work, [illegible] they'll be some company for you," said Steve. "We can't do as well by them as some could, but they haven't been brought up in the lap of luxury, I reckon. They won't need much for a while, so I guess we'll manage to get along. I got a job to-day husking corn over at Squire York's. I can do that pretty well by usin' my teeth, even if I have only one hand. There's always something, if a man's willing to take what he can get. Yes, we'll manage it somehow."

"What do you mean, Steve?" cried Ide, shaking all over. "We can't keep them; we're too poor. They'll have to go on the township—we're too poor."

"We're poor, but they are poorer," said Steve. "There aren't many folks in the world poor enough for us to help much, I guess; but here's our chance. Poor folks must help each other. If these were rich people's kids the rich would be ready to take care of them. And the township makes a cold mother. I was left on the township myself, and I'd rather have a child of mine dead—and they are dead, aren't they? There, don't cry, Ide. I didn't mean to make you cry, my poor girl. I thought when I saw you had dressed them up in our little one's clothes, of course you would want to keep them in place of your own. You do want them, too, don't you! There, there, don't cry so! If you wanted them so bad, Ide, why didn't you say so?"

But Ide could only try to put her arms around him and the little girl on his breast and the boy on his knee all at once, and cry: "Oh, Steve—oh, Steve!"

The storm raged outside; the wind and the rain joined hands, and the roar of the tempest filled the darkness. The forest creaked and groaned, and great trees were twisted out like flower stalks. The house rocked and trembled, and the driving rain beat in and lay on the floor in creeks and puddles. But the fury of the storm passed unheeded. Peace and happiness reigned undisturbed under the leaky roof of the house on the hill.—Independent.

Turquoises.

The theory that turquoises are the result of the fossilation of the teeth of animals is apparently confirmed by the experiments of a French scientist, who has found that fossil bones, amethysts and turquoises all contain fluorin. Upon chemical analysis it was found that the turquoise

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With a Fan—Grotesque Preliminaries—What Constitutes a Throw

ONE day when I was painting the willows, writes Alfred Parsons, from Japan, my boy Matanba, who had plenty of spare time for investigating the neighborhood while waiting to carry home my umbrella and things, came and told me that there was a wrestling match at a small temple about a mile away. I packed up at once and we walked over there, for I was very anxious to see what kind of a sport it was. This was a tournament, and all the professional wrestlers of the neighborhood, and many youths anxious to distinguish themselves, had collected to take part in it. They were divided into three classes. The masters of the art were all past their first youth; not enormously stout, as they are often represented in drawings and carving, but fine athletic men, taller than the average of Japanese. They wore thier hair in the ancient style, shaved away from the center of the head, and that from the back and side made into a queue, turned up and knotted with string on the top of the poll; they had no clothes except a loin cloth and an embroidered apron. In the second class were men who had won but few prizes; they were not all in the professional get-up, and some of them were evidently laboring men with a taste for sport. The third class was composed of youths, none of them more than nineteen or twenty years old. The contests took place in the temple courtyard on a circular bed of sand, under a roof supported by wooden pillars, but not enclosed at the sides; round the edge of this raised circle there was laid a straw rope, and the man won who could either fairly throw his opponent or force him across the rope without being dragged over himself. The proceedings were conducted by a Shinto priest in full dress, wide trousers and a coat sticking out from the shoulders like that of a modern young lady, who with a peculiar shaped fan gave the signal to begin and to stop. For the highest class this umpire was a venerable old gentleman; for the others the place was taken by young priests who needed to learn this part of the business. The wrestlers came on in pairs as their names were called, and after a great deal of marching round, stamping, rubbing their limbs, making gestures of [illegible], and so on, they squatted opposite each other. When the signal was given to begin they rested their fingers on the ground between their knees, and leaned toward each other till their foreheads touched, sometimes waiting several minutes before attempting to make any grip. If the grip seemed unfair or unsatisfactory to one of the opponents, he immediately put down his hands, the priest stopped the bout, and all the preliminary business had to be gone through again, but if it seemed all right the struggle began, and sometimes lasted for five minutes, each man straining every muscle in a splendid way, and using all the science and cunning he knew. If it lasted too long without either man gaining any advantage, the priest signalled to them to stop, and they had to wait till their turn came round again. Everything was conducted in the most ceremonious and orderly manner, and there was no drunkenness or rowdyism, although the multitude who had assembled were of the poorest class. The most fashionable wrestling-matches are held in Tokyo in spring and autumn, and the champion is as much a popular favorite as a famous torero in Spain, or a well known prize fighter in England and America.—Harper's Magazine.

Thinking Out a Novel.

Hall Caine, author of "The Manxman," a book which has had such a tremendous success in England, describes the way in which he wrote the book in this way: "Hardly one passage of it was written with pen in hand. I used to wake early in the morning, usually about five o'clock, prop myself up in bed, and, with closed eyes, think out my work for the day, until not only the thing took shape, but every passage found expression. About eight o'clock I would get up and hurriedly write down the words. This would occupy about an hour, and then I would do nothing but read until evening, when I spent another hour in revising or rewriting what I had written in the morning, and the rest of the night in planning the work for the following day."—Washington Star.

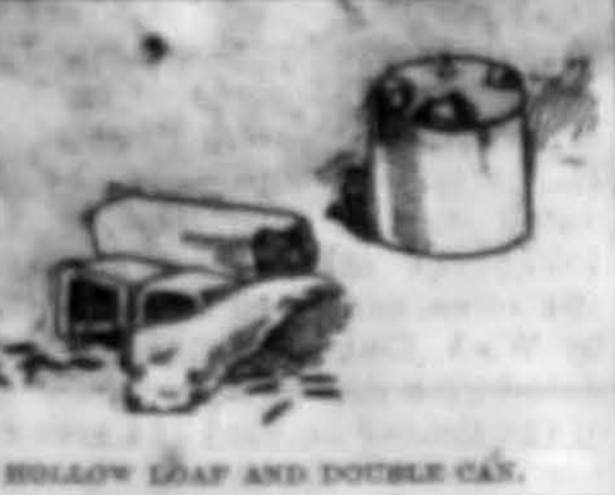
Girl Cashier for a Bootblack's Stand.

The bootblacking stand in the Equitable Building cost $1200, and its Italian proprietor employs a pretty girl as its cashier. He was once a bootblack himself, but now

ODD AND INGENIOUS DEVICES USED BY SMUGGLERS.

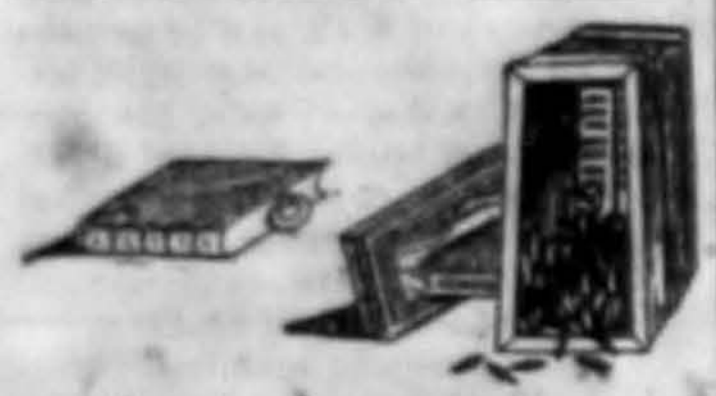
A Bogus Minister Who Carried a Bible Full of Watches and a Loaf of Bread That Was Filled With Cigars.

DEVICES which smugglers have resorted to in order to pass the Custom House inspectors are quite as ingenious, says the New York World, as those of criminals seeking to escape from jail. Mechanical appliances of all kinds have been invented in which to conceal contraband articles.



HOLLOW LOAF AND DOUBLE CAN.

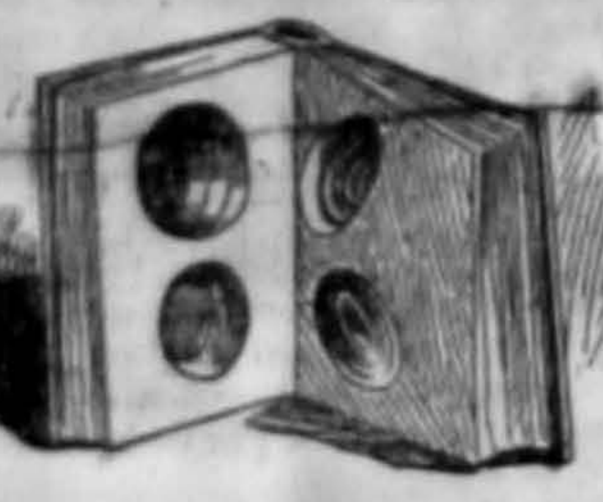
One of the most remarkable of these is a Bible hollowed out inside so that a number of valuable watches could be concealed among the leaves. This was carried under the arm by a solemn-visaged and reverend-looking gentleman with white whiskers.



BIBLE AND CONCERTINA FOR SMUGGLING.

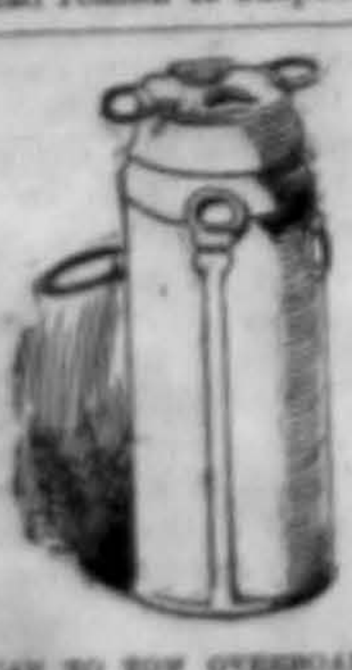
He took passage on a Channel steamer for England, and was noted among his fellow-passengers for the care and attachment he displayed towards the holy book. The man turned out to be a notorious smuggler, who in a small way had for years been defrauding the revenue by bringing in articles supposed to pay duty.

Several loaves of bread hollowed out inside so as to contain cigars have also lately been seized and from the same gang of smugglers was taken a concertina filled with choice Havana cigars, upon which a high duty would have had to be paid if brought in in the ordinary way.

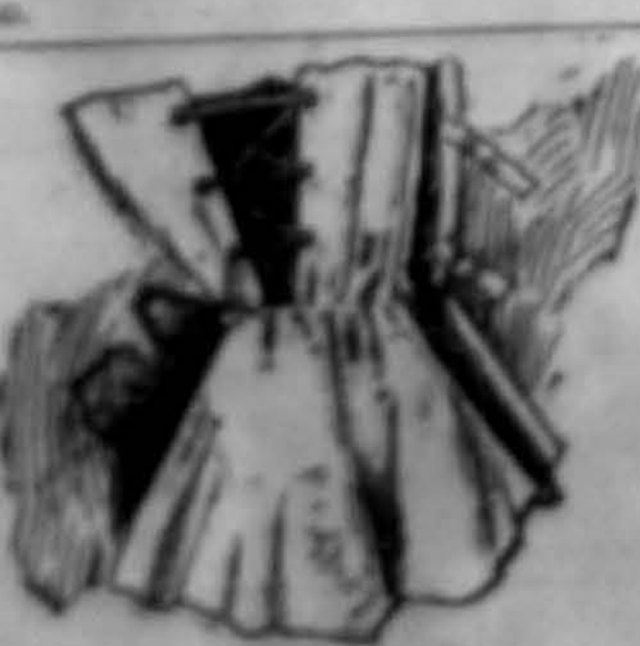


FOR SMUGGLING WATCHES.

Another equally bold attempt to pass the customs inspectors was made by a handsome woman who expressed great indignation when it was proposed to search her person. She said that she had been insulted, but the officials had reason to suspect her. When her corset was taken off by one of the women inspectors it was found to contain numerous pockets filled with contraband goods. This article of attire now reposes in a curious little collection of smugglers' devices which is constantly being added to.



CAN TO TOW OVERBOARD.



CORSET WITH AN ALL-ROUND POCKET.

One of these appliances, which is believed to have done much duty in

quantity of cigars when captured.

An oil can with a chamber to contain brandy was also taken from one of the engineers of an incoming steamer. Perhaps one of the boldest of these devices was a bogus log of wood, or rather a log which had been hollowed out and was found kicking about harmlessly on the deck of a steamer. It was closely packed with cigars.

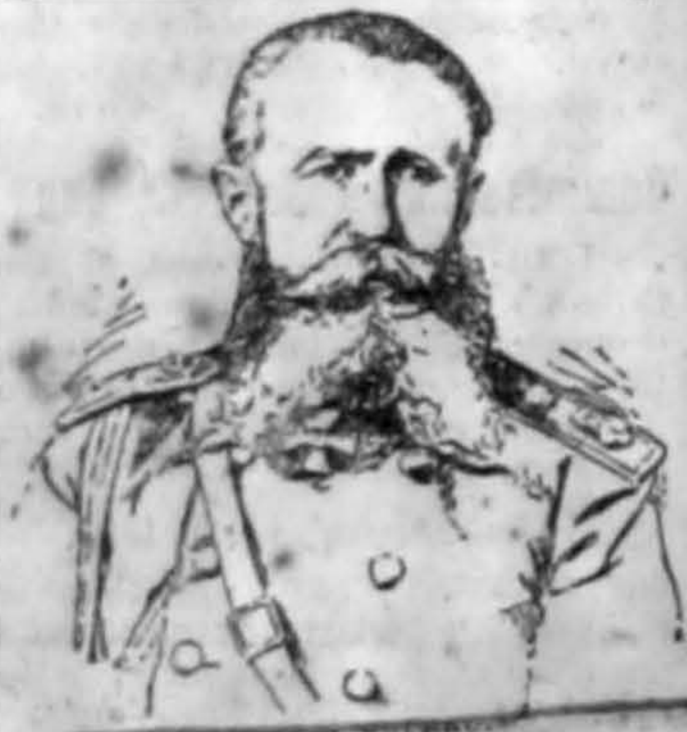
Imitation lumps of coal have also been made for this purpose, and these, painted black, have been almost impossible of detection. It was a good joke on the smugglers, however, when one of these got lost in a load of coal, and the fine cigars which it contained ultimately went up in smoke through the furnace of the steamer.

An Electric Needle.

The electric needle is simply a fine needle connected with one of the poles of an electric battery. When used it is inserted in the flesh, a second needle, attached to the other pole, is brought near to the first on the outside of the flesh and the electric current turned on. The current enters the flesh on the first needle and passes through the flesh to the second needle, burning with the electric spark that part of the flesh through which the current passes. The needle is used for removing hair from the face of women; it removes the hair and burns the roots out without much pain at the time, but it is apt to injure the skin finally, and in the case of sensative persons has produced immediate bad results.—New York Dispatch.

General Gourko.

General Gourko, the well-known Russian officer, has resigned as Military Governor of the city of Warsaw.



It is stated that the reason for this action is because General Gourko, who was one of the military heroes of the Russo-Turkish War, is not in harmony with the pacificatory policy of the new Czar.

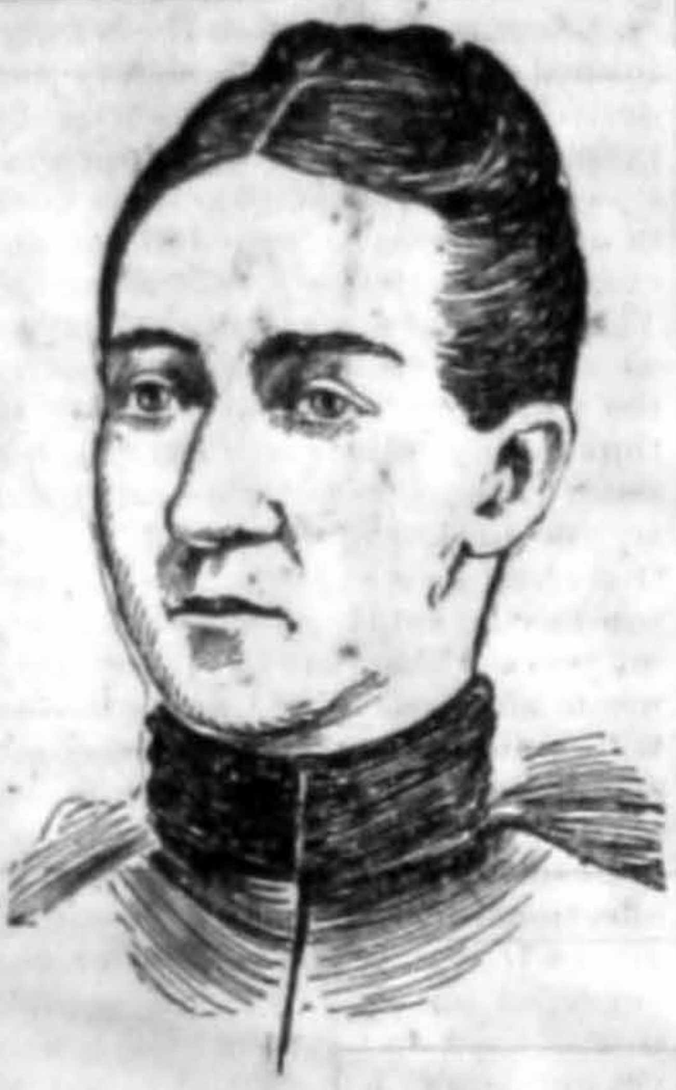
Don't Fold Your Arms.

One careful mother teaches her children never to fold their arms across their chests. She says it must of necessity tend to contract what should, on the contrary, have everything done to broaden it, says an exchange. Instead of this common practice she insists that the growing children shall, in standing, contract the habit of crossing the arms behind the back, alleging that as much good will come from this habit as harm from the other.—New York World.

The First Stoves.

Perhaps the first stoves made in this country were cast at Lancaster, Penn., after the people of that region had learned that the winter of the thirty-ninth parallel is not be treated as the European winter of considerably higher latitudes. Fifty years ago the plates of these old stoves were still used for outside doorsteps and the like.—Chicago Herald.

Mrs. Mary Lease, the Kansas Populist and orator, is in California, and if she follows out her present plans she will soon become a resident of a Scandinavian colony near Fresno. She owns twenty acres and will buy more, plant the whole to raising grapes, and build a good house. She says she is weary of politics and wants to get rest where she can look out on the mountains. She can get neither rest nor mountain scenery in Kansas, so she comes to California.



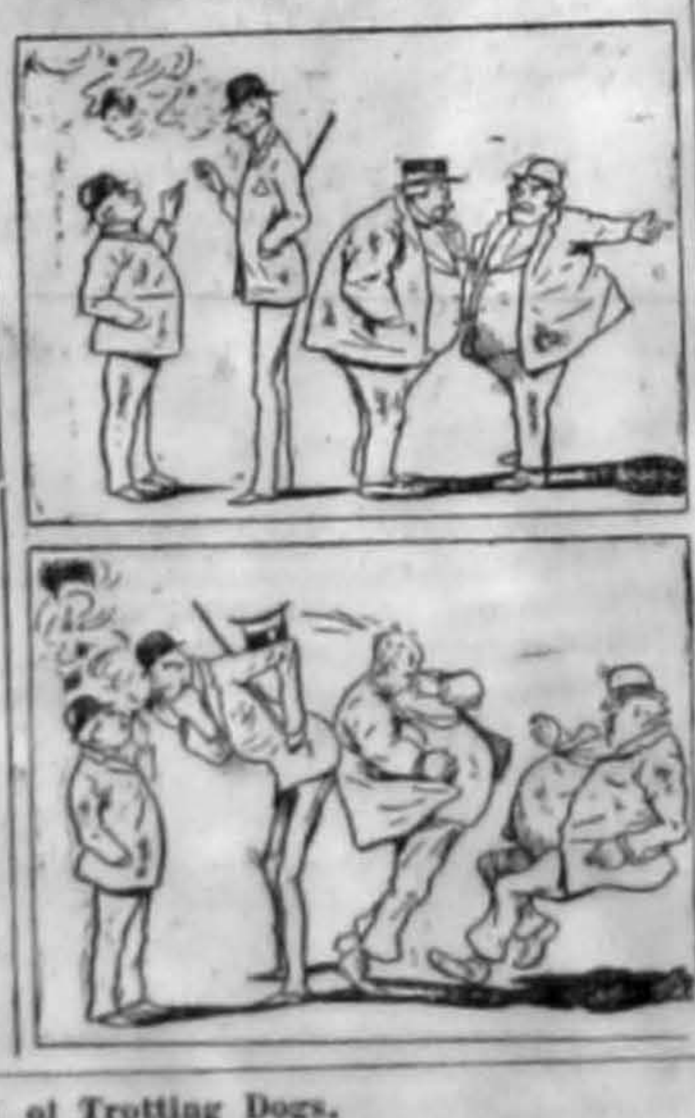
MARY A. LEASE.

The New National Library.

The plans of Librarian Spofford and Superintendent Green, of the new Congressional Library building, at Washington, include an ingenious device for supplying books to the Capitol. They expect to meet the demands of Senators and members of the House for literature from the Nation's vast store through an underground conduit constructed between the two buildings.

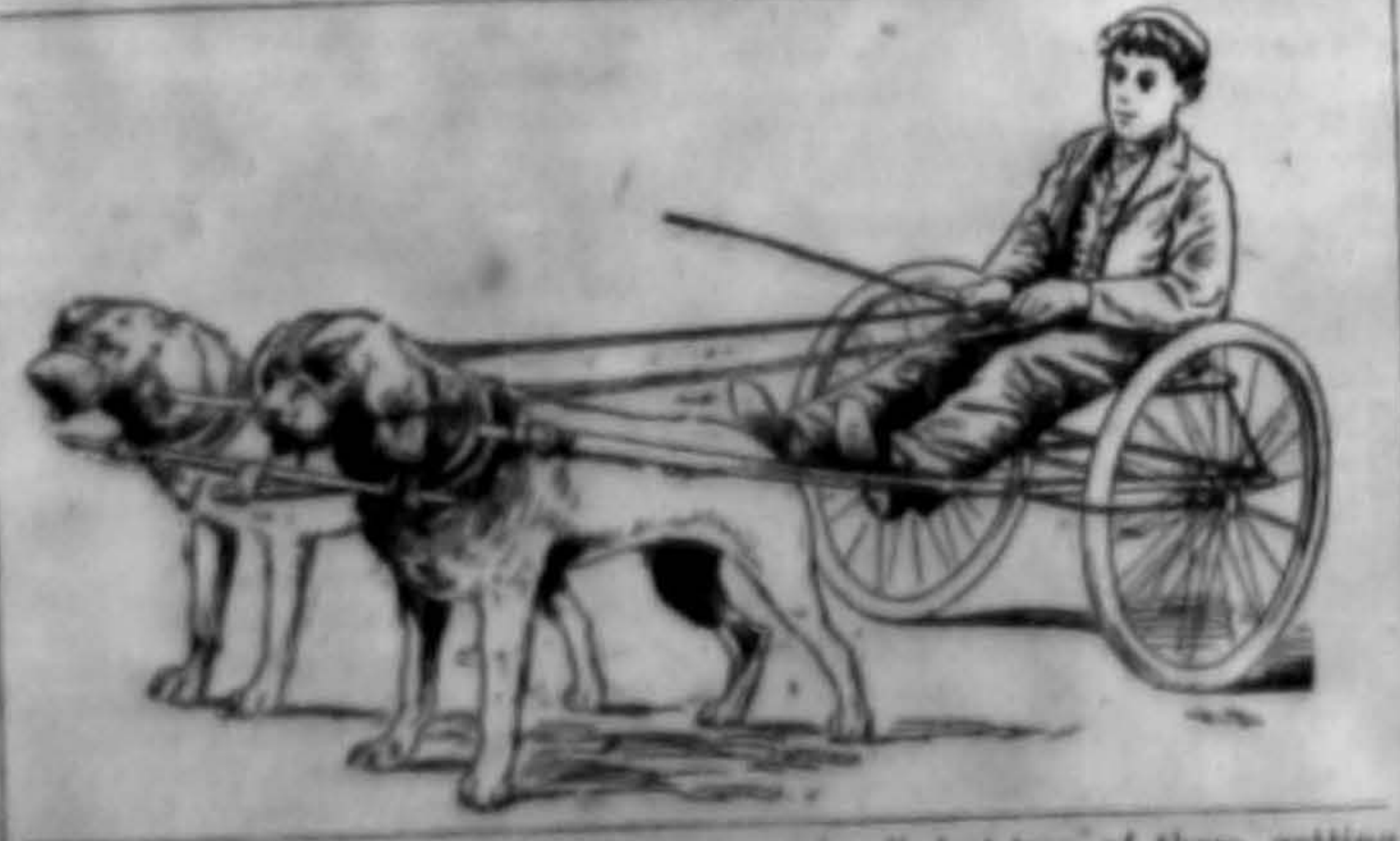
At present the books are obtained by personal application to an assistant librarian. The new library building is only about 200 yards from the Capitol buildings, and it is believed that the obstacle of distance can be overcome by the construction of an underground passageway and the use of a pulley with an ingenious car, which has been invented specially for this purpose. A pneumatic tube [illegible] employed for the purpose of ordering books. A portion of the books now in the library, about 70,000 volumes of them, will be left in their present quarters for still greater convenience.—New Orleans Picayune.

An Interrupted Conversation.



Celebrated Team of Trotting Dogs.

The accompanying illustration, says the Chicago Times, is from an excellent photograph of the trotting dog Major and his running mate Bob, owned by Master Tommy Turner, of Brantford, Ont., who also appears in the picture. Major, who is considered one of the best trotting dogs in the country, was bought for fifty cents, but his owner has just refused $200 for him. He has been in about forty races, matched against ponies, roadsters, running dogs,



and foot runners, and has taken first money in all but two of them, getting second place in those. Major's principal race was at the Six Nations Indians' fall fair, where he left six of the fastest Indian foot-runners from 200 to 300 yards behind in a half mile, doing the distance in 1.34. He is a square trotter and was never known to break. His owner is willing to match his team trotting dog with a running mate in the country. Bob is a young

A German chemist is extracting sugar from cotton seed meal.

There are about 525 species of spiders at present known in the British Isles.

A lighthouse lens of the first order costs as much as $8000. Such a lens is six feet in diameter.

Camille Flammarion claims that the star of Bethlehem was Venus at the time of its greatest splendor.

There is a high scientific authority for the belief that diamonds are the result of the slow decomposition of vegetable matter.

It is believed by microscopists that the highest powers of their instruments have not yet received the most minute forms of animal life.

The rudder of the Cunard steamship Campania consists of a single plate of steel twenty-two by eleven feet six inches and one and a quarter inches thick. It was rolled at Krupp's German gun factory.

The Campania and Lucania consume 600 tons of coal daily when driven to their utmost speed. This is equivalent to a consumption of a little over 900 pounds of coal per minute, or twenty-five tons an hour.

A Manchester (England) man carries on his person a complete pickpocket alarm system. Removal of his watch, pin or other jewelry causes the ringing of the bell. The electric plant weighs twenty-two ounces.

After repeated experiments German army officers have reported the bicyclette unsuited to the service on the ground that it should only be used to replace mounted military messengers when good roads are available.

The greatest cold experienced by Parry in his Arctic explorations was fifty-two degrees below zero. Stuart Jenkins, a Canadian surveyor, writes in the Popular Science Monthly that he has undergone sixty-two degrees below zero in the open air without being rendered very uncomfortable by it.

Lamps shown in store windows at night are sometimes illuminated for purposes of display with an incandescent electric light in place of oil. Such a light shows lamp and shade to the best advantage, and there is no fear, as might be the case with a wick left unattended, that it will burn too high or too low.

In a new work on engineering Professor Warren discusses the "fatigue" of metals—a striking term used to describe their loss of power of resistance axles grow thus "fatigued" and finally break from the effect of jolts and strains so small that no single one of them seems to have any effect at all.

Professor Lockyear points out that the great temple of Amen-Ra at Karnak, was built so that at sunset on the longest day of the year the sun would shine completely through its central gallery. It was a sun temple, and this method of "orientation," as it is called in ancient architecture, undoubtedly originated, as did all astronomy, in worship of the sun and other heavenly bodies.

Yawning as a Remedy.

Yawning, though contrary to the canons of good society, is undoubtedly very beneficial to the individual. Muscles are brought into play during a good yawn which otherwise would never obtain any exercise at all, and its value as a sort of natural massage is considerable. The muscles which move the lower jaw and the breathing muscles of the chest are the first ones used during the process of gaping, then the tongue is rounded and arched, the palate tightly stretched, and the uvula raised. The eyes generally close tightly towards the termination of the yawn, the ears are raised slightly and the nostrils dilated. The crack sometimes heard in the ear proves that the aural membranes are also stretched and exercised, something impossible by any process but a yawn. It has recently been recommended by some doctors that sufferers from nasal catarrh should make a practice of yawning six or seven times a day and good results will follow. It is also considered valuable in inflammation of the palate, sore throat and earache. New York Herald.

In Cases of Croup.

A standard medical authority says that the first thing to do for the child is to put his feet into as hot mustard water as he can bear, and be sure that the room is very warm. If possible, put him into a hot bath, and then quickly drying him, put him in bed between blankets. Even before putting him in bed give him sirup of ipecac in teaspoonful doses until he vomits. For external applications take two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, and four tablespoonfuls of goose oil, or sweet oil, or lard oil, mix well, and rub thoroughly on the outside of the throat. Saturate a flannel and lay it over the chest and throat. Hot bricks, or bottles filled with hot water, should be placed at the child's feet and at the sides of his body to induce perspiration. Keep them carefully covered. After the vomiting the bowels must be kept open with sirup of squills. The best drink for the child is slippery-elm water. Give plenty of

Are weak and she suffers terribly from nervousness, headache and loss of sleep. Such is the testimony of many a man. The poor, tired woman is suffering from impure and impoverished blood. Her food does not digest. She is living on her nerves, her strength is gone. Her nerves and muscles

NEED STRENGTHENING

By the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla which makes pure, rich blood, creates an appetite, and gives tone to all the organs of the body. This is not what we say, it is what Hood's Sarsaparilla does. "My wife began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla about three months ago. She has been in poor health for 15 years. Hood's is doing her good. Her appetite is better, she looks better and there has been improvement in every way." J. W. Robbason, Greenfield, Tennessee.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be Sure to get Hood's

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

Improved Revolver.

The new German revolver is not really a revolver at all, but it is a wonderful repeating pistol all the same. All you have to do is to drop eight cartridges into a magazine in the stock and then pull the trigger as often as you want to shoot until the ammunition is exhausted. The recoil of the shot when the pistol is first fired sets in motion mechanism which ejects the shell just fired, brings up a new one to the barrel, cocks the pistol, and locks the movable parts. Another touch on the trigger repeats the operation, and the eight charges have been fired in two seconds.

DO YOU EXPECT
To Become a Mother?
If so, then permit us to say that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed, a true "Mother's Friend," for it makes
Childbirth Easy
by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "Labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

Send 10 cents for a large Book (168 pages), Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH.

Mrs. Fred Hunt, of *Glenville, N. Y.*, says: "I read about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription being so good for a woman with child, so I got two bottles last September, and December 13th I had a twelve pound baby girl. When I was confined *I was not sick in any way*. I did not suffer any pain, and when the child was born I walked into another room and went to bed. I keep your Extract of Smart-Weed on hand all the time. It was very cold weather and our room was very cold but I did not take any cold, and never had any after-pain or any other pain. It was all due to God and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. This is the eighth living child and the largest of them all. I suffered everything that flesh could suffer with the other babies. I always had a doctor and then he could not help me very much, but this time my mother and my husband were alone with me. My baby was only seven days old when I got up and dressed and left my room and stayed up all day."

Mrs. Hunt.

★ WORLD'S-FAIR ★
HIGHEST AWARD!
"SUPERIOR NUTRITION—THE LIFE!"
IMPERIAL GRANUM
THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD
Has justly acquired the reputation of being
The Salvator for
INVALIDS and The-Aged.
An Incomparable Aliment for the Growth and Protection of Infants and
CHILDREN
A superior nutritive in continued Fevers,
And a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases; often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed depending on its retention;—
And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable.
Sold by DRUGGISTS. Shipping Depot, JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, March 15, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

WM. L. WILSON will qualify as Postmaster-General about April 1.

THERE is now in course of construction a ship-canal from Chicago to the Mississippi River, which bids fair to be one of the wonders of the present and coming centuries, if not the leading one in the grandeur of its possibilities. If completed as now intended ships from all over the world will be seen sailing majestically through fertile western plains, bringing the commerce of the world to the great inland harbor of Chicago.

THAT region of country some twenty miles long and two or three broad, called Back Alleghany, has been woefully neglected in the expenditure of the public money of the county. Beyond a few school-houses, hardly a dollar has ever been placed there for improvements. This week a citizen asks for a bridge, costing about $100, to be placed across Greenbrier River, so that communication with the postoffice, store, physician, etc., may not wholly depend on the question as to whether the river can be forded or not. The article deserves more than passing attention.

WE claimed that the ordinary member of a West Virginia Legislature was of average intelligence. This was disputed by some, but a gentleman from Mississippi [illegible] those of his own state, which helped us some. He said he knew one who was elected constable when his term expired. His brother, a justice of the peace, tried a man for horse-stealing, sentenced him to the penitentiary for two years, and sent the prisoner off in custody of the constable. On arriving at the penitentiary, they were met by a lawyer of their county who advised the constable to turn the prisoner loose, on taking a bond of $50 for his appearance. He did so, and they started back home again. On the way the accused and the constable traded horses, and as the constable agreed to give $50 to boot, he just surrendered the $50 recognizance and squared it up.

THE best information that can be gotton, though the official copy of the bill is not at hand, is to the effect that the law chronicled as "A bill requiring dealers in cigarettes to pay a license of $500," affects every tobacconist who sells cigarettes. This being the case, it will be a long time ere a cigarette is sold in Pocahontas. The use of cigarettes is something we have a right to protest against, as the consumers are children or weak-minded youths who need to be looked after, and who regret when they become older that they were permitted to fall into the pernicious habit. The cigarette neither cheers nor inebriates, while it has an insidious way of making the tissues of a child's body perfectly rotten. Should this law remain in effect, cigarettes will fall into disuse, so that in 1900 that common enemy may become so rare that a cigarette will be regarded as a curiosity. The former law against selling to minors was unavailing, for when cigarettes are displayed

the Rev. Dr. J. A. Quarles, a professor in the Washington and Lee University. He with his wife lost their savings, six thousand dollars. A week or so after the occurrence, he spent a Sabbath in Staunton. He preached two sermons on a very pertinent text: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."—Matt. 6:19-31. The speaker's certificates of deposit and empty pockets afforded mute but eloquent comments on the text. In his sermon at night, Dr. Quarles again made a pointed and feeling reference to the disastrous effects of the Lexington affair, and made an impressive argument to show how a sincere believer, who has endeavored in good faith to lay up treasure in Heaven, may be superior to any worldly calamity. Genuine depositors in the Heavenly Trust need not fear evil tidings; their hearts are fixed, trusting in the lord. The policy is brief but to the purpose. "Trust in the Lord and do good, and thou shalt dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed." In the Heavenly concern Christ is all and in all, and he cannot afford to have his word broken.

THE Wheeling *Register* takes up the School Book Bill and proves pretty conclusively that the time spent in lobbying by the book companies was not wholly thrown away. On a schedule of fifteen of the most common school books, it is found that ten have been lowered and five increased in price by the late bill. If every pupil in the [illegible] year, each one would be benefitted 16 cents, making about $3000 over the whole State in gain. Mr. Morris, who was the leader in this question, claimed he had saved the State a million per year. Books are to be sold from depositaries at a commission of 12 per cent., which is claimed is so low that no one can handle books in the country. There is to be a depositary at every postoffice, if practicable. It is feared that many neighborhoods will be without depositaries, and be put to great trouble to buy books. Each depositary must execute a bond of not less than $200.

GOVERNOR MACCORKLE lectured in Wheeling last week on the Nicaragua Canal. This is one of his pet projects, and it is thought he may complete it in a few years. The Governor does not look unlike the Frenchman Gambetta, owing to the way he trims his beard. In the beginning of his lecture he refers to his having been a school teacher, having started in life at teaching school at $30 per month, and that while he had the Republican Legislature on his hands this winter, he had wished he had stuck to it. One can imagine the Governor's thoughts going back to the scenes of his school life at the old academy at Hillsboro, where he taught, while he uttered those words before an audience composed of West Virginia's most substantial citizens.

Rockbridge County News:—THE CHAMPION HEN.—Mr. J. E. A. Gibbs, of Raphine, has the champion hen of the county. On Monday morning an egg was brought in from the nest of a grade Plymouth Rock hen, owned by him, which measured eight inches in circumference one way and six inches the other. Its length was three inches and through the centre it measured two inches. It was larger than a turkey egg, and well

wisdom to remove from our association Miss Minnie F. McElwee, one of our faithful members, and,

Whereas, We cherish the remembrance of our departed sister, and desire that a suitable memorial be prepared expressing our appreciation of her earnest and zealous work in our association as well as our sympathy with the bereaved family: Therefore, be it Resolved, That we as an association humbly bow to the will of our Heavenly Father in thus calling from earth our beloved sister co-worker; yet we testify our sorrow in losing her, and realize that short as was her active life, her sun having set long before its noon, influence will be felt by those with whom she associated, and eternity will doubtless reveal that she accomplished much good while on earth.

Resolved 2nd, That we remember affectionately the many beautiful graces that incircled the life of our departed sister. We are cut off from a kind and sympathetic friend yet our loss is her eternal gain, and while we mourn for her she is doubtless singing "In nobler, sweeter, strains." We can only emulate her example and trust Him who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.

Resolved 3rd, That this association as a body extend its sympathy to Mr. D. B. McElwee, and family and commends them to our Saviour for comfort in their bereavement.

Resolved 4th, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our association, printed in our county papers, and a copy be presented to the family of our deceased sister.

LILLIE M. FRIEL,
GRACE F. HARPER, } Committee.
H. LEE WHITE,

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE UNDERSIGNED COMMISSIONER for repairing the bridge across Knapp's Creek at Huntersville, Pocahontas County. Specifications can be seen at the County Clerk's office. All bids must be in by March 25th.

E. D. KING, Commissioner.

Dentistry: Dr. J. H. Weymouth [illegible] and remain 3 days. Mingo, 19th 4 days. Edray, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Buckeye (Clark Kellisons,) 5th, 4 days. Mill Point, 10th, 4 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

LEGAL ADVESTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for said county, on Monday, the 4th day of March, 1895.

W. A. Bratton, trustee,
vs.
W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway Company, a corporation under the laws of West Virginia, George F. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, and Q. W. Poage.

The object of this suit is to sell under a deed of trust in favor of the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railway Company, of date October 28, 1881, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, the land of said Ella M. Burr, (nee Poage) devised her by her father, Woods Poage, and to this end, to remove any clouds which may rest upon the title by reason of any claims of said Q. W. Poage to said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, George F. Burr, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the West Virginia Central & Pittsburg Railway Company, is a corporation, chartered and existing under the laws of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this the 5th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
W. A. BRATTON, p. q. Clerk.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Renick's Valley. Four miles from

Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, pronounced at the October term, 1894, in the chancery cause of

Levi Gay
vs.
John T. McGraw, John A. McNeel, and B. M. Yeager,

I will on
TUESDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1895,
Offer for sale by public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River and on the headwaters of Laurel Creek, a branch of Williams River, in said county, which was conveyed to said John T. McGraw by the said John A. McNeel, by deed of date 7th day of April, 1891, and of record in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No 22, page 13, and which is estimated to contain 1077 acres and 30 poles. This tract is very valuable for its grazing and timber qualities.

TERMS: Enough cash in hand to pay the sum of $3,479.50, with interest thereon from the 15th day of October, 1894, and the costs of suit and sale, and the residue in three equal installments, falling due in six, twelve, and eighteen months respectively from day of sale, bearing interest from that date, taking from the purchaser bonds with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, a lien being retained as ultimate security.

W. A. BRATTON.
Special Commissioner,

I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed. J. H. PATTERSON,
m8 4t Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, pronounced at the April term, 1894, in the chancery cause of John A. Gieger *vs.* Wm. R. Sutton, etc., I will, on Tuesday,

the 2d Day of April, 1895,

offer for sale by public auction, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River, [illegible] and known as the John W. Logan place, containing 363 acres, more or less, being the entire interest of said Sutton in said land.

Terms: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in two equal payments, falling due in six and twelve months, respectively, from the day of sale, with interest from that day, the purchaser executing bond with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, and a lien being retained as ultimate security. CHARLES P. JONES,
Commissioner.

I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed. J. H. PATTERSON,
m1 4t Clerk.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
POCAHONTAS COUNTY to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, March 1st, 1895.

Ott, Bros. & Co.
vs.
J. W. Bolton, W. H. Overholt, E. H. Moore, trustee, George W. Whiting, and J. S. Wickline.

The object of this suit is to enforce a judgment of Ott, Bros & Co. of $418.06 and $14.80 costs against J. W. Bolton, and subject the lands of the said J. W. Bolton to the lien of said judgment and the costs of this suit. And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant, J. S. Wickline, is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month from the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 4th day of march, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
L. M. MCCLINTIC, p. q. Clerk.
m8 4t.

Special Offer.

We have made arrangements with the *Confederate Veteran* published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the POCAHONTAS TIMES and the *Veteran* at the exceedingly low rate of $1.65 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated mag-

Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 24th day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of Jacob Sheets, Administrator, *vs.* Rachel E. A. Sheets and others, the undersigned special commissioner will proceed to sell on

Tuesday, April 2d, 1895,

in front of the court house of Pocahontas County, at public auction to the highest bidder, two certain tracts of land, comprising the real estate of Jacob Sheets, deceased, situated in Pocahontas County on Back Alleghany Mountain. One containing 135 acres of land, conveyed to said Jacob Sheets by J. H. Arbogast and wife, by deed dated on the 28th day of April, 1877; the other tract containing 164 acres, conveyed to said Sheets by W. A. Gum and others, by deed dated 27th day of June, 1878. All of the timber on said 164 acre tract has been sold to the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company.

Said land is partially improved, and has on it a comfortable dwelling and out houses.

TERMS OF SALE: Sufficient cash in hand to pay the cost of this suit and expenses of sale, and upon a credit as to the residue of the purchase money of 6, 12, and 18 months in equal instalments, bearing interest from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bonds for said deferred instalments, with good personal security, and retaining a lien on said land as ultimate security.

L. M. MCCLINTIC.
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law. J. H. PATTERSON,
Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale of Valuable Lands

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, W. VA.

BY VIRTUE of a decree entered on the nineteenth day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of William Skeen's Administrator *versus* John T. McGraw, and others, pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, the undersigned Special Commissioner will proceed on

THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1895,

In front of the court-house door of said county to sell publicly to the highest bidder, the following real estate situated in Pocahontas county, to-wit:

3900 ACRES OF LAND

Lying on Knapp's Creek in said county, adjoining the lands of William Curry, and others, formerly belonging to the estate of William Skeen, deceased. This land is covered with virgin forests of white oak, white pine, and other valuable timbers, and is also reputed to have on it valuable iron ore. It lies along the bank of Knapp's Creek in such a way that the lumber can be easily floated from it to market.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-fourth of the purchase money cash in hand, and for the residue bonds with approven personal security will be required, falling due in six and twelve months from day of sale, with interest from date, a lien to be retained as ultimate security.

R. S. TURK,
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
EDRAY, W. VA.
All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.
I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.
Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent

—Charleston elected a Democratic mayor in its late city-election.

—Wm. Siple has qualified as jailer and moved into the new jail.

—Mr. T. Rickets had his toe broken by a kick of the racing mare Sparkle, owned by Mr. J. H. G. Wilson.

—The county court insured the new court-house for $20,000 in the Virginia Fire & Marine represented by Sam'l B. Scott, Jr.

—Miss Brownlee, of Augusta County, Va., commenced a school at this place last Monday, with about twenty scholars.

—J. S. McClintic has taken charge of the McLaughlin mill, near Edray, and is prepared to make the best of flour on the shortest notice. He invites every one to give him a trial.

—The county roads ought to be looked after a little at this season. One man may save the work of many by mending breaks, started by the freezing, which will become worn by the spring rains into deep gutters.

—More depends on where you buy your goods, than many think. Taking in consideration that price and quality are alike indispensable, you will do well to go to S. W. Holt's where you will find goods of the right sort at the right price.

—Sam Gladwell, of Mill Point, will move to Marlinton in the near future. He is now building a shoemaker shop to be used by Richard Mathews, a member of his family, and one of the best shoemakers in the county.

—Capt. Hunter and his hands, fifty in number, lodged in Huntersville several days while driving in the vicinity. He is now in Marlinton with his crew and lodges in the bowling alley, until the floating camp comes from Dunmore.

—Queenie, the beautiful Jersey cow belonging to Amos Barlow, Esq., of Huntersville, died of something like the grip a week or so since. This cow supplied the family of seven persons with all the milk and butter that was consumed last winter, leaving a surplus of fourteen pounds. The time consumed in churning was from three to five minutes.

—It is related of one of our county men, that on one of the cold mornings of last winter he had a good many guests from different parts of the county who were stopping over night with him. He made this hospitable suggestion, "Now, all you fellows, who would wash if you war' at home, come out to the spring with me, but if there is any body who wouldn't wash if they war at home, they needn't think they hev' to wash at my house." They all washed.

—The latest news in Lexington, according to Mr. Levi Gay on his return, was that C. M. Figgatt, the defaulting cashier, had gone to Mexico, taken out a charter, and was only waiting for his old directors to come on to start another bank. There is a report also that he is hiding in the mountains in West Virginia. Indictments were found against him, Goodwin, the book-keeper, and C. W. Irvine, a hotel proprietor, with whom Figgatt was on intimate terms, and who kept a bar, which Figgatt frequented.

—As is known to every one, a great many county orders and orders of the Manley Manf. Co., on the Sheriff of the county are in circulation. A few of these have been discounted, one batch as much as 10 per cent. But these were exceptional cases. There is absolutely no truth in report that they are being offered at 20 per cent. discount without takers. The Sheriff is all the time paying out cash, and will finally, work through them. Collecting taxes has been a slow task this year, and the Sheriff finds that the men take to the woods when he comes leaving the their women to talk that gentleman in a good humor over his last ride. Do not believe all

cago *Interior* contains a full page portrait of Rev. Plumer Bryan, D. D., once pastor of the Huttonsville and Mingo Flats churches, in Randolph county. There is a brief but satisfactory sketch of his ministerial life. This sketch begins with an incident that occurred while he was a student. It seems that he had held a service in a neighborhood chiefly occupied by persons known as hard-shell Baptists. Two deacons had a contention about the service just conducted by the young student. "I say, Jim, you told me that Mister Bryan is an eddicated man." "That's so, Sam, he's a regular college man, a way up feller in eddication." "I say he isn't, so thar now! I say he isn't because I onderstood every word he said, and I hain't no eddication." Mr. Bryan, well-known to many of our readers, now resides in Chicago, and is pastor of the Covenant Church, called the Seminary Church, as it is the one nearest the important Theological Seminary located in that renowned city.

—Several times recently certain young men of the town have started sensational reports for the fun of the thing. The first one was that burglars had tried to break in a store, and they showed a broken window and marks where the bullets entered the wall during a supposed desperate encounter. Last Sunday we had another sensation. A man galloped up for the doctor, saying that Tim A'Hern, an Irishman, had had the top of his head kicked off by a horse and that his brains were scattered in every direction. This proved a fake, and the doctor was very much annoyed. Also Tim's comrade and his lady friends, who had shown signs of being greatly distressed. As a newspaper man, we have all the charity in the world for the man who is honestly mistaken, but not for the practical joker who loves to arouse real and strong emotions without cause.

—It seems strange that there is so much snow to be seen as you look toward the mountains, as we have enjoyed all the pleasures of spring weather for three weeks. The river keeps up from the melting of the snow, and log driving is in full blast. The Cumberland Company is trying to get out of Knapp's Creek with its logs, by aid of splashes, and have almost reached the mouth of the creek. The boys of the town ride logs with perfect ease, though they fall in and get wet finally. Riding a log is considered a great accomplishment. Louis Yeager had a narrow escape the other day, having fallen among the logs just as a jam broke above him.

—The Mingo football team will come over on Friday of this week. On Saturday about 1 p. m. the game will be called. Mr. James Hebden, of Mingo, will act as umpire. The Marlinton team is suffering under the ignominy of two defeats from this team last year, and hope to retrieve themselves in the coming games. The visiting team will play in white jerseys, and the home team in black. The game will be of one and a half hours duration. A big crowd is expected in Marlinton that day.

—The present month has been fair and open. Farmers find that the stock in the field refuse in many cases to eat the hay thrown to them preferring to graze. As there is a lot of corn in the county, a little grain fed to stock keeps them in a strong healthy condition.

—The next term of the Circuit Court, it is though, will be a very short one, as there are no lengthy trials which are apt to be tried. There will be four or five indictments for felony, but it is not likely that any of them will be tried before June Court.

—There has been a great revival at Monterey, in Highland county, and a large number of persons have made a public profession of religion, among whom were some of the most prominent citizens of the county.

—It is reported that a sale has been made of the Lambert Place near Staunton Va., to Mrs. C. B. Moore, of Huntersville, at $2,350. Turk and Holt attorneys, made the

obstructed travel on the Price Hill last Tuesday for some hours.

—Mr. Rice Moore is preparing to leave Huntersville about the 1st of April, and settle near Staunton on the Lambert Place. It is to be regretted that such citizens should ever find it their interest to leave our county.

—Dr. Weymouth, the well-known dentist, of Beverly, cancels his engagements at Huntersville and Green Bank, advertised in last week's issue for the 15th and 19th of April respectively, owing to being liable to be called away at that time. He will visit those places later. The exact date will appear in this paper.

Personal.

Rev. C. M. Sarver preached his last sermon of the evangelical year at Marlinton last Sunday.

County surveyor Geo. Baxter, was in to see us on Monday.

Capt. Edgar of Academy was at Marlinton on Monday.

Messrs Dixon and Hunter, drove down from camp last Saturday.

Our drummer friends, Fleming and MacCorkle, stopped over Sunday in Marlinton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mullenax have returned to their home in Dalton, Georgia.

We are indebted to Mr. Geo. A. Burner, of Minneapolis, for a copy of the proceedings of the Hayward murder trial in that city.

Miss Bell Burner, who went to Chicago from Traveler's Repose, some years ago, has been dangerously ill in that city.

Mr. Robert Glendi called at our office on Wednesday.

A Startling Discovery.

The County Court made a most startling discovery at its session last week, and will regulate its movements accordingly. When they found that the prisoners in the Marlinton jail were being fed on hot rolls, spring chicken, cranberry sauce, new laid eggs, hot-house vegetables, and the like, they were very much alarmed, and will lay strict injunctions on the new jailer to feed them in a less luxurious manner. They fear an over-crowded jail next winter, and do not propose to make the new jail a resort for epicures.

It is thought, the danger being discovered in time, that the people need not fear that boarding of the prisoners will cause a war levy to be laid. Every body can see that if the hard times keep up there might be a great number of dead-beats to be fostered at the expense of the public.

The Meachan Railroad.

Everywhere can you see news of the project of this road which will come by Marlinton on its western route. A dispatch from Richmond says that Col. Meachan was recently in that city and paid the fees amounting to $200 for the charter of the Chesapeake, Shendun, and Western Railroad. This charter was granted by the last General Assembly, and the capital stock is not to exceed $10,000,000. The *Manufacturer's Record* gives a long account of this road, and speaks of it in connection with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It says there is to be an immediate extension of three hundred miles from some point on the Valley Branch of the B. & O. to Charleston, W. Va. There are people right around us to-day who will live to see some of these roads built. So never say die, for there will be trains booming through our valleys where hitherto the fox has dug his hole unscared.

Tygact's Valley News: Below we give a sample local communication; authorship unknown. Unsigned communications invariably go to the waste basket, but we publish this merely to show the ideas some people have as to what would constitute a news item:

LAUREL, W. v. a.
March 4th 95

The bruse and Coal
Fever is about to di in
this country but
Possom boley is some
what fortunate they
have taken a loss of

A PLEA
FOR IMPROVEMENTS ON BACK ALLEGHANY.

An Equal Division of the Spoils Demanded.

WANLESS, W. VA., Mar. 9, 1895.—It has been a long time since I have ventured to contribute a line to your valued paper, but having identified myself for a time with the people of this place, I deem it a duty to make an appeal to our county court for the benefit of the whole-souled mountaineers of the central section, from the Staunton & Parkersburg Pike, to Marlinton, our county seat. I mean to urge the necessity of a bridge of some kind across Greenbrier River. It is about 35 miles from Traveler's Repose to Marlinton and in all that distance there is no bridge not even a foot bridge, and this being about midway between, the people are often left at the mercy of a river so desperate, that for days sometimes no one can dare to cross it for a doctor, let the needs of suffering humanity be ever so urgent.

A more loyal, whole hearted people cannot be found, than those who live on Back Alleghany; they pay their taxes faitfully and without murmer, and what in return do they get?—a turbid river unbridged for 35 miles, and a road too bad for a bob-sled to pass over.

There is little good here, but the people and the soil—public outlay has been almost entirely unknown to this section of our county, so that the advantages which should come to every such community of law-abiding citizens has been delayed, denied, or neglected. These people do not ask a wagon-bridge, but a foot-bridge, simply such as spans the Greenbrier at Traveler's Repose, which would not in the extreme cost over $100; a bridge should cross the river either at Mr. Wm. H. Collins' place "The old Jim Cassel place," or at the mouth of Leatherbark creek.

The greatest objection to living behind this river can be removed by a very small sum and that in a foot bridge.

The attention this end of the county gets is not very elaborate, and indeed, in all due deference to a large section of country, I do with many others, think that this matter should receive a share of the public attention and public outlay—stores are essential and doctors a necessity. W.

Dry Branch.

ED TIMES: Not having seen any items in your paper from Dry Branch, I thought I would write a few lines to let you readers know there is a place in Pocahontas county by the name of Dry Branch of Elk. The county seems to be ignorant of our existence, for there has never been a petit or grandjury-man summoned from this part, in fifteen years, where there are twenty families and all freeholders. We see in other neighborhoods certain men summoned every court as jurors. We want to know, or see it explained in your paper, how it is that this neighborhood never is represented.

We have had a very hard winter. W. H. Brady had two yearling steers frozen to death, and some others badly frozen.

Wm. McCloud lost a horse a few days ago, by getting his foot fastened in his halter, breaking his neck.

To Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Beale, a son was born the 8th inst. which lived only seven hours, and then returned to the God who gave it.

Mr. George Beatty, of Mingo, has been sick for a week of pneumonia, but is better at this writing.

John Wood had an ox poisoned with arsenic or rough on rats, last week.

Sheep are looking bad; feed is scarce; we hope for grass soon.

Clark Sharp was at Beverly last week. TUCKER.

Go To the East
To the West
To the town
That you like best,
BUT,
If to the west end of bridge you decide to go, be sure and stop in and secure some of the bargains offered by P. GOLDEN.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

As I have not seen any thing in the TIMES from this place for some time, perhaps you will conclude we all froze to death down this way.

We are a having fine weather now.

Rev. W. A. Sharp preached his last sermon at the upper church on Swago last Sunday morning, and will start to conferance Monday, which meets at Ronceverte on the 14th of March.

The hillsides are bare once more, and the people are busy making sugar.

Born: to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Monday a 13lb boy.

We learn while Mr. Olie Auldridge were cutting wood the other day he found a fine bee-tree, which he says he is a going to cut in the spring, and save the bees, for he expects to go to house-keeping soon on his new farm.

Mr. Douglas McNeil was at home on last Saturday and Sunday, from the H. M. & F. Academy, where he is attending school,

POLLY THE BUCKEYE BLAST.

Green Bank.

Mud, mud, mud, rain, snow, wind, and sunshine.

Did you see the eclipse of the moon last Sunday night? As one said, there was whiskers on the moon. It was total.

Mr. Frank Houchin, of Traveler's Repose, was in town Saturday to see the Secretary of the Board of Education.

Mr. J. F. Hively passed through town Monday on his way home from Back Alleghany where he has been teaching school.

Sugar making is the work of our people at this time.

Dr. W. F. Henderson, eye specialist, of Pittsburg, is stopping at the Ralston Hotel.

G. M. Sutton, of Meadow Dale, Va., was here last Sunday.

Wheat is looking well.

Rev. C. L. Potter preached a good sermon at this place last Sunday, which was his last appointment until after Conference. If he is transfered, we should be sorry to see him go, but hope he will get a good appointment with good people

Miss Nora Riley's school at Mossy flat closed last week.

Miss Bertie Beard is teaching the Arbogast school, which is her second school for this year.

Mr. John Maupin and Miss McClintic, of Marlinton, are visiting in this vicinity.

We would extend an invitation to Rev. Howard the evangelist, to visit our Valley and give us a series of meetings in the near future.

Rev. E. F. Alexander and Mr. C. A. Lightner started to day for Highland County, ta attend the meetings at Pisgah church, conducted by Rev. Howard. C.

Bewitched.

It was formerly considered a serious matter to be bewitched by an enemy in the hunting way. A great many years ago if a man could not kill deer and other game, his supply of meat would be very short. Therefore it was with indiscribable feelings that the hunter found that he had had a spell laid on him to prevent him killing deer. The writer of this is bewitched in this way right now, so he tries not to care about killing a deer.

The way the spell works is about like this. A noted hunter, now dead, went out to hunt. A large buck came near him. He fired, and saw where the bullet struck, just over the heart, and the hair which had been cut by the bullet, fall on the snow. The buck stood still and he fired five balls within an inch of the first one without effect and left the phantom deer in despair. Going on he came on a doe. He fired and hit it behind the shoulder. The doe turned around and let him fire at her other side, and as often as he fired, so often would the doe present the other side. He saw over forty deer that day, not one of which could he kill.

After a year or two he discovered a way to remove the spell and also who the enemy was who had laid it on him. He then put such a potent spell on that man so that to the day of his death, he was allowed to kill only one deer a season, which would spoil and become unfit for food the moment it was hung up by the hind legs.

The spell under which the writer labors a victim, is his faculty of

The twilight falling,
And far below the whippoorwills
Were softly calling.
The sweet winds dropped upon their way
Their honey plunder,
And slow and clear the night built up
Its house of wonder.

Within, the child dreamed deep, and saw
Four angels keeping
Their gentle watch with drooping wings
About his sleeping.
While singing from the steep below,
Where shadows slumbered,
Her true love climbed, and in his heart
His treasures numbered.

And sighing faintly to herself
With purest pleasure,
Life brimming at her lips to full
O'erflowing measure,
She marveled if the happy earth,
This summer even,
Were not the paved work laid before
The courts of heaven.

And yet, a cold wind from the cloud
To snatch in blowing
The little breath between the lips
So lightly flowing;
A pebble underfoot where sheer
The rock descended—
Ah, Fate! What slender chances held
Her heaven suspended!

—Harriet P. Spofford, in Harper's Bazar.

"THREE BLACK BAGS."

AS I often say to my wife, when she blames me for forgetting her little commissions, it's a queer thing, is the mind, and great is the force of habit. I never forget to do anything I'm in the habit of doing, but as Tilly usually attends to the shopping herself, I'm not in the habit of calling at the butcher's or the grocer's on my way home from business, and, therefore—well, therefore, I don't call three times out of five that she tells me to.

Don't I catch it? No; not overmuch, anyhow. For one thing we haven't been married very long, and Tilly agrees that it's only reasonable I should have time to learn to be more careful, and, for another, if it wasn't for the hold a habit has on me, I doubt whether we should be married yet, or at least we shouldn't be living in our own house, with the furniture all bought at a large discount for cash.

I am a clerk in the service of a firm of colliery and quarry owners at Lington, and every Saturday morning I go out to Westerby, a village some thirty miles off among the Moors, to pay the quarrymen there their wages.

It's an awkward sort of journey. I have to start by the first train in the morning, which leaves Lington at 6, change at Drask, our junction with the main line, leave the main line again at Thurley, some ten miles further south, and do the rest of the distance in the brake van of a mineral train.

The money—nearly a hundred pounds, mostly in silver—I always carry in a little black leather bag, one of those bags you see by scores every day, which may contain anything from a packet of sandwiches and a clean collar to a dynamite bomb, and it's my habit when in the train, to put my bag on the rack facing me. I rarely keep it on the seat by my side, and I don't like to put it up over my head.

If it has to go there because the opposite rack is full I am always uneasy about it, fancying I shall forget when I get out. I never have forgotten it yet, but one Saturday in November, 1893, I did something which might have been worse. I took the wrong bag when I left the train at Thurley.

It happened in this way. On the Friday night I went out with Tilly to a party, which broke up so late that I had only just time to change my clothes and get a sort of apology for breakfast before catching my train. Consequently I slept all the way from Lington to Drask, and at Drask I stumbled, only half awake, into the first third-class compartment I came to.

Three of the corner seats were occupied and I took the fourth, though there was no room on the opposite rack for my bag. I couldn't put it on the seat at my side either, because the man in the other corner had his legs up, and I didn't care to disturb him. I ought, of course, to have kept it on my knees, and on any other morning I dare say I should have done so, but it was heavy and I was very sleepy, so I just slung it over my head, settled myself down and dropped off again almost before my train was clear of the station.

I didn't wake until we stopped at Thurley, and even then I fancy I should have slept on if the two men at the far end of the compartment had not wanted to get out.

"What station is this?" I asked, sitting up and drawing my legs from

the guard whistled the train away.

"You ran it a bit fine that time, mister," remarked the man who had saved me from being carried past my destination. "I wonder if that other chap meant going on? He was as fast asleep as you."

"Oh, he's all right," said his companion. "He's booked for London. I heard him say so when he got in. Good morning, governor."

"Good morning," I replied, and then, having thanked them for waking me, I made for the siding, where my mineral train was waiting for me.

"You look tired this morning, Mr. Corner," said the brakeman as soon as we started on our somewhat slow and wearisome journey.

"I look what I feel, Jim," said I. "And I am as sleepy as an owl. I never went to bed last night."

"Then lie down, and have a sleep now, sir," suggested Jim. "Here's some sacks and a rug to cover you. If the jolting don't wake you, you may be sure I won't."

The good-natured fellow kept his word, and as I am one of those happily constituted individuals who can sleep on or through anything, I felt much refreshed when we arrived at the quarries after what Jim called "a roughish passage" over the uneven surface of the moorland line, which had been laid solely to serve the needs of our quarries and some neighboring iron mines.

After I had had a wash and done full justice to a second breakfast at the "Miners' Arms," I felt ready to face my morning's work of making up the men's pay sheets. While I was doing that the bag, which I fondly imagined to be mine, lay on the table before me, nor did any doubt as to its identity trouble me until I had finished my calculations and was ready to embody the results of them in sundry little heaps of gold and silver.

Then, as I felt in my pocket for my keys, my memory began to entertain a vague suspicion that that bag was somehow unfamiliar to it. I am by no means an observant man, and as I couldn't have set down categorically the characteristics which distinguished my bag from others of like make and shape, I felt rather than thought that the one in front of me did not possess those characteristics.

However, my key fitted the lock, and as I turned it, my suspicions vanished, but only to be replaced a moment later by an astounding certainty.

Instead of resting upon the familiar brown paper packages of silver and little canvas bags of gold, my eyes were dazzled by a many-colored iridescence which shone forth from the inside of that bag as soon as I opened it.

"Diamonds, by Jingo!" I cried, as I started back amazed.

The bag fell over on its side, and half a dozen loose stones rolled out upon the table, where they lay sparkling gloriously in the wintry sunshine.

As soon as I recovered my self-possession I picked them up and put them back into the bag, the contents of which I then examined as well as I could without exposing them to the view of any one who might happen to look in at the office window, for though I had no reason to suppose the quarrymen were not honest, I thought it best to keep my discovery to myself.

The bag, I guessed, was probably the property of a jeweler's traveler; a traveler in a large way of business, too, thought I, as I peered into it in the least exposed corner of the office and found it almost full of what, little as I knew about precious stones, I felt certain were valuable jewels.

But certainly travelers in jewelry did not usually pack, or rather omit to pack, their samples in such an utterly careless fashion? Rings, brooches, bracelets, loose stones, at least one necklace, a gold watch and chain, some bank notes and a considerable sum of sovereigns were all mixed up together in a chaotic confusion which seemed at least inconsistent with business habits.

I began to doubt whether it was even consistent with honest possession of, at all events, the contents of the bag on the part of my late fellow passengers—the man who was booked for London, and who had been asleep when I left the train at Thurley.

No doubt he was awake, and also aware of his loss by this time. What a state of mind he must be in, too—but, just as I was trying to realize his state of mind a murmur of gruff voices and a shuffling of heavy feet in the yard outside reminded me that it was time to pay the men.

What had I better do? I wondered. Borrow what I needed from the notes and gold in the bag that was not mine, or put the men off with fair words till Monday? They were a rough lot, though, and if I adopted the latter alternative there would probably be something very like a riot. It would be wiser, I thought, to pay them if I could get enough change to do it.

Hurriedly summoning the foreman and telling him that a mistake had been made in supplying me with money, I went down into the village,

delay, at the same time doing my best to rally them into better humor, for I felt absurdly nervous, and was ready to credit the honest fellows with a capacity for crime which were no doubt quite beyond the compass even of their imaginations.

As soon as I had finished my task I returned, per mineral train, to Thurley, and there I broke my journey. On calmly reviewing all the circumstances of the case in the seclusion of the brake van, I had decided that the police, rather than the railway authorities, ought to be first informed of my mistake, and the inspector to whom I told my story agreed with me.

"I am very glad you came straight to me," said he, turning the contents of the bag out on his desk. "If you can hold your tongue for a week or two, it's just possible we may catch the gentleman who put this nice little lot together."

"You think they have been stolen, then?" I asked.

"Think!" he repeated, smiling at my simplicity. "I know, my boy. And when and where too—though unfortunately not by whom. Run your eye over this."

"This," was a list of jewels and other valuables missing from Erlingthorpe, Lord Yerbury's place, near Drislingden, where, the inspector said, a well-planned robbery had been carried out on the Thursday evening.

"You seem to have nailed a lot," he went on; "but we may as well go through the articles seriatim."

We did so, and found there was nothing missing, except the money I had taken to pay the men.

"Our unknown friend hasn't even paid his traveling expenses out of the loose cash," commented the inspector, and then he suddenly changed his tone.

"Now, look here, young man," he went on, eyeing me keenly, "I'm not in charge of this case—yet—but if you'll do as I tell you, I hope I may be in the course of a few days. There's a tidy reward offered for the recovery of the property, as you see. That, I take it, you've earned already; but are you game to help me catch the man? There's a further reward for nabbing him, which, of course, I can't touch—officially—and don't particularly want. My aim is promotion. Do you understand?"

"I think so," said I; "and I am willing to help you all I can."

"Good," said the inspector, resuming his jocular manner. "Could you identify your fellow sleeper, do you think?"

"I'm afraid not," I replied. "He had a beard, I know—"

"Which was very likely false," interrupted he; "but never mind. What we want to do is to get our friend to claim the property either in person or by deputy. He's sure to be a bit backward in coming forward, but he won't like to give up all that for the little bit of ready money there was in your bag, and if we have patience we may draw him."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied; "just literally nothing. Go home. Keep a still tongue in your head, and a sharp eye on the agony columns of the London papers, and wait till you hear from me. I'll take charge of these articles, and give you a receipt for them, but don't be surprised if you see them still advertised as missing."

A few days later the inspector set his trap. It took the shape of an advertisement which appeared in the—but no; perhaps I had better not give the name of the paper; according to Inspector Bland, it is the favorite journal of the criminal classes—begging the gentleman with whom "G. C." inadvertently exchanged bags to communicate with G. C. at the address he would find in G. C.'s pocketbook.

Personally, I didn't think our fish would be foolish enough to rise to this bait, but my friend the inspector was more hopeful.

"Luckily for us, Mr. Corner," said he, when I took advantage of my next visit to the quarries to call upon him, "there's always a sort of warp or twist in the mind of the habitual criminal which prevents him from believing in the honesty of other folks. Now, not a soul but you and I and the chief constable knows these jewels are as good as back on Lady Yerbury's dressing table, or wherever else she's in the habit of leaving 'em lying about. Therefore the hue and cry after them's not likely to die away yet awhile, and there'll be a genuine ring about it which should persuade our unknown friend that you've got 'em and mean to convert 'em to your own use, as we say in the profession, but, being an amateur, don't know how to go about turning 'em into more cash than the reward comes to, and that, consequently, you are anxious to come to terms with him. See?"

I saw, but I was not convinced. Events, however, proved that the inspector was right. For a month later Lady Yerbury's diamonds were sought in vain and for a month "G. C." continued to appeal to his late fellow traveler, also in vain, but at the end of that time his patience was rewarded

than incriminating, but as it produced a reply which the inspector deemed satisfactory, it was followed by others less carefully worded, until at last it stood pledged to personally deliver, for a consideration of £2000, the stolen jewels to one Benjamin Hurst, whom I was to meet at a public house in Chillingham.

Now, I don't pretend to be braver than the average man of peaceful and sedentary habits, and when I saw what sort of a house the "Spotted Dog" was, I began to wish I had refused to have anything to do with Inspector Bland's scheme.

The little company of disreputable looking loafers hanging about the bar eyed me curiously as I entered, and when I asked the landlord if Mr. Hurst was in, one of them raised a general laugh by offering to carry my luggage up to him.

"No larks, Bill," said the landlord sternly. "Mary, show the gentleman Mr. Hurst's room."

I found Mr. Hurst a decidedly surly rascal. He began to grumble at at the hardness of the bargain I was driving with him, and swearing at his luck generally. Then, being perhaps emboldened by the conciliatory manner I thought it prudent to adopt, he tried to make better terms, offering me first £500 less, and finally insisting that he ought at least to be allowed to deduct from my £2000 the sum I had used to pay the men.

Inspector Bland had allowed me a quarter of an hour for negotiations. At the end of that time he proposed to make a raid upon the house.

"And mind," he had said in his jocular way, "we don't find the property still in you hands, Mr. Corner. It would be a pretty kettle of fish if we had to prosecute you for unlawful possession, wouldn't it?"

In accordance with these instructions I haggled with Mr. Hurst a little while, and then allowed him to have his way, whereupon he, having satisfied himself that the bag which I restored to him still contained his spoils, handed me £1900 in what afterward turned out to be very creditable imitations of Bank of England notes.

"I suppose you don't want no receipt?" he growled.

"No, thank you," said I, "I think we may mutually dispense with that formality. Good morning."

I turned to leave the room as I spoke, but before I could unlock the door it was burst open from the outside, not, unfortunately for me, by the police, but by the man whom the landlord had called Bill, a powerful ruffian, who promptly knocked me down and knelt upon my chest.

"Quick, Ben, get out of this," he cried. "It's a plant. No, no. The window, you fool," he added, as Mr. Hurst, bag in hand, made for the door. "The police are in the bar already."

As Mr. Hurst opened the window he cursed me with much volubility and bitterness, and as soon as he was outside on the leads he did worse.

"Stand clear, Bill," he cried, and his friend obeyed him. I scrambled to my feet, but immediately dropped again with a bullet from Mr. Hurst's revolver in my shoulder.

I am not at all sorry that Mr. Hurst fired at me—as Inspector Bland says, it was much easier to convict him of attempted murder than to prove he actually stole those jewels, and the inspector doubts, too, whether he would have got fifteen years if merely charged with receiving them. But I do wish he hadn't hit me.

However, even the pain my wound still gives is not without its compensation. It prevents me from feeling any twinges of conscience when I reflect that my furniture cost Mr. Hurst his liberty, for Lord Yerbury took it for granted that he was the theif, and paid me the extra reward he had offered for his apprehension.

Inspector Bland won the promotion he coveted, and is now stationed at Lington. His wedding present was characteristic. It was a black bag, with my initials on either side in white letters about six inches long.—All The Year Round.

Forebore Liquor and Wears Diamonds.

J. B. Brady, a New York irom manufacturer, wears $40,000 worth of diamonds on his person constantly, though none of them are in sight. His suspender buckles are set with them, and so are the buttons on his underclothes. He carries a cane, the handle of which is studded with diamonds, and the end of whose gold ferrule is a diamond as big as the end of one's thumb. He says that these gems represent his savings by giving up the use of liquor.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Dogs of Paris.

Late returns show that Paris has 80,000 registered dogs, or one to every twenty-eight inhabitants. The largest number are in the poorest quarters of the city. It cost $2,000,000 per annum to feed them, but the dogs in turn afford a living to twenty-five manufacturers of collars and muzzles, four bakers of dog's bread, five factories where dog biscuit, consisting

And the air was sharp and still,
Annette and I were coasting
Upon an icy hill,
Our sleigh was small and skittish,
With room enough for two,
And down the slide together
With breathless speed we flew.

A sudden jolt!—and over
Through banks of snow we rolled;
She clasped her arms about me,
A loving, trusting hold.
And when we stopped I kissed her,
To sooth her heart's affright,
And pleaded that she'd always
Do as she did that night.

'Twas then we learned the lesson
We never can forget:
A truth that, when in trouble,
We put in practice yet.
She puts her arms about me
And, loving, holds me fast
And so we cling together
Till every danger's past.

—P. McArthur.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Modern society is a game of grandfathers.

The beauty of the thinking cap depends upon the head that wears it.—Puck.

A baker's business has a tendency to make him a trifle crusty.—Hartford Journal.

A silver lining in your pocket is more encouraging than one in the clouds.—Puck.

Some men who ubjec' tew settin' on tacks would n' min' settin' on the tax collector.—Puck.

The great difficulty of the Chinese seems to be that they are not good sprinters.—San Francisco Examiner.

"Is Jinks a poet?" "No; just hard times; couldn't raise enough money to have his hair cut."—Atlanta Constitution.

Maude—"How could you marry a man that you do not know?" Edith—"I certainly would not marry any man I do know."—Boston Transcript.

If celluloid articles are to explode what is to become of the man who wears a celluloid collar when he gets "hot under the collar?"—New York Advertiser.

If a woman would look first in the place where she knows she didn't put a thing instead of the place where she thinks she did, she would save lots of time—Puck.

Wiggins—"My dear boy, you look as happy as an 'after takin' picture." Benedick—"Do I? No wonder. That's just what I am. She has just accepted me."—Harper's Bazar.

Her Father—"No, young man, my daughter can never be yours." Her Adorer—"My dear sir, I don't want her to be my daughter, I want her to be my wife."—Harlem Life.

Mrs. Parvenoo—"And what does your husband do?" Mrs. Heavyplate "He chaises silver." Mrs. Parvenoo—"So does mine, but he never seems to be able to catch it."—Syracuse Post.

Jack Ford—"I say, old man, is there anything between you and that little Laughton girl?" Reggy Westend—"Only a little matter of $100,000 I haven't got."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

"How is your wife?" "Um, her head has been troubling her a good deal this year." "Sick headache?" "Not exactly. She keeps wanting a new hat every four weeks."—Il Corriere dei Bagni.

Doctor (shaking his head)—"Well, my dear sir, I can do nothing more for you." Patient—"W-h-a-t! Good gracious, doctor!" Doctor—"No; really, my friend, you are in perfect health."—Der Schalk.

"What is his profession?" said one girl. "He's a capitalist," replied the other. "He looks like an artist." "Oh, he is. He makes the capital letters that begin the magazine articles."—Washington Star.

The Musical Scale in Flats: Gentleman—(looking into the apartments of a musical composer)—"Excuse me, does Mr. Secretary Meyer live here?" Musician—"No; he lives an octave higher."—Neur Schreib-Kalender.

Bibsan Frocks—"This cake is awful nice, mamma." (Silence.) "This cake is awful nice, mamma." "Well, what of it?" "Oh, nothing; only when the new minister says it you always ask him to have more."—Boston Courier.

"There, my love," said the young husband as he placed a large bundle on the table, "I've bought you a pair of sleeves." "Oh, you darling," exclaimed the delighted wife, "I'm so happy! Anything will do for a dress."—New York Press.

Hall—"How did you get rid of that railroad stock? I didn't think anyone would touch it, considering the condition of the road." Ball—"Well, I found a party who wasn't posted." Hall—"Who was he?" Ball—"One of the directors."—Brooklyn Life.

Maud—"I understand that Jack proposed to you last night and you refused him." Marie—"Yes; although,

MODEL STATE FOR ROADS

A NETWORK OF MAGNIFICENT HIGHWAYS IN NEW JERSEY.

The Legislation Which Has Accomplished This—The Commonwealth Aids the Local Authorities.

EDWARD BURROUGHS, the New Jersey State Commissioner of Public Roads, said, recently, that some additional legislation will be attempted in the interest of good roads, and that in the future good roads will be an important factor in politics.

New Jersey was the first State, the Commissioner says, to enact laws for a permanent system of roadways, in which the State came to the aid of municipalities by a State fund to assist in building good roads. Sixteen other States have within the last three years attempted to aid in the building of good roads, but New Jersey alone has laws that can be carried into practical use.

Five or six years ago New Jersey had a patchwork road system, as Essex, Union and Passaic Counties had special road laws and the other 435 townships in the State had different systems of working roads, and often five or six systems in each township. The first law passed to amend the system of road working in the State was to enable townships to issue bonds to macadamize or telford roads. The next law abolished the old system of overseers, whose control of the working of the roads was absolute, and placed such power back in the hands of the people. These two laws give into the hands of the inhabitants of the townships the working, care and control of all the roads in such townships.

The first year's State aid to roads amounted to $20,000; second, $75,000; third, $70,000, and this year the same sum. Under the State aid act, the owners of the lands along the roads improved pay ten per cent. of the cost, the State 33⅓ per cent., and the county the balance, 56⅔ per cent., which, under the decisions of the courts, the Board of Freeholders of the county in which the roads are built shall raise by county tax or bonds.

These three laws are the basis of all good roads legislation of New Jersey, and these have worked all the improved roads in the rural districts. Mr. Burroughs said that the roads on the South Sea Islands are as good as any in the world, and are worthy models for other people to follow.

The cost of building roads has been greatly reduced within three years, as the width of the country roadways first laid was not less than sixteen feet, now twelve feet wide, stoned ten to twelve inches depth. Another style of road for heavy travel is only ten feet wide, stoned ten to twelve inches in depth, with grass wings on the sides. Such a roadway has been in use three years, and is in good order, even where loads of five tons are transported over it. On roads where there is no heavy travel the width may be only eight feet, stoned ten to twelve inches, with wings two feet on each side, stoned six inches. It has been ascertained that the cost of a telford road is no more than a macadam, though at first contractors charged from ten to twelve cents more per square yard for telford.

In Camden County, in 1893, it cost $1.15 to lay a square yard of twelve-inch stone road, but in 1894 the cost of the same was only seventy-nine cents. For six-inch stone roads, in Camden County, in 1893, it was eighty cents; in 1894, forty-two cents, and in Gloucester County thirty-nine cents a square yard. This reduction in the cost would make it possible to have stone roads in many sections where before they could not be had. Yet, in justice to some portions of the State, Mr. Burroughs thinks the present laws should be amended so as to allow hard materials, other than stone to be employed in road improvement. He also believes that in the future, say fifteen or twenty years, National assistance will be given as well as State.—New York Times.

WISE WORDS.

Faith always implies the disbelief of a lesser fact in favor of the greater.

A person is always startled when he hears himself called old for the first time.

There are several things worse than disappointment in love; rheumatism is one.

Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way, and the fools know it.

Little minds rejoice over the errors of men of genius as the owl rejoices at an eclipse.

People get wisdom by experience. A man never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh.

Life is a circus in which everyone takes the part of the clown some time during his sojourn.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

Everybody likes and respects self-

From Park Row, New York, to Sands street, Brooklyn, the bridge is 5,989 feet long, or about one mile and a seventh; with the extensions the bridge is 6,537 feet, or nearly a mile and a quarter long. The river span is 1,595½ feet, and on the Brooklyn side 971 feet, while the land spans of the bridge are each 930 feet long.

THE people pay more for love than for any other necessary evil on earth.

'Tis Strange But True.

We read of strange happenings and results sometimes, like that of a man who was caught by a revolving wheel and so threshed against floor and ceiling his body turned blue from the bruises. A doctor writes of a man who fell from a ladder and was covered with bruises. He, the doctor, applied St. Jacobs Oil; in the morning, he says, all the blue spots had disappeared. There is another way of feeling blue all over, and that is after the endurance of pains and aches for a long time without relief. Use the great remedy for pain at once; it will cure and change the color of your woes.

There are said to have been five suicides in five years in Divinity Hall, Cambridge.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The New York Central ran a train 439 miles in 425 minutes, the best long distance run on record.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures
all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Laboratory Binghampton, N. Y.

An electric locomotive was built in 1851 and exhibited at the Mechanic's Fair in Boston.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Average cost of locomotives is $9,000.

A Cure That Cures

is the kind most people desire. Such a cure is Ripans Tabules, but not a cure for everything. They are for all liver and stomach disorders and one tabule gives relief.

Sleeping cars average a cost of 15,000 each.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. E. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis. May 4, 1894.

Necklace for a Whale.

A large whale washed ashore on the coast of Labrador on Aug. 17 had a long anchor chain wrapped three times around his body. The anchor, which was still attached to the chain, weighed nearly a half ton.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

F N U 51 '94

PHYTOLACCA BERRY TREATMENT for Fat and Attendant Ills. Our Leaflet on this subject is sent Free and is well worth reading; treatment inexpensive and only safe one known. Address [illegible], Pharmacists, 1011 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Business Established in 1835.

WALL ST. NEWS LETTER of value sent FREE to readers of this paper. Charles A. Baldwin & Co., 40 Wall St., N. Y.

Canvassers everywhere. $10 a day made easily. Andrews Automatic Griddle Co., [illegible], Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM.

MONROE, IOWA, Nov. 25, 1894.

DEAR SIR, MR. KENNEDY:—In '64 I began taking your Discovery for Chronic Rheumatism; suffering so much pain till I used to call some one to sit on my limbs to deaden the pain. I had doctors for six years. No use. I then began with your Medical Discovery. The first bottle went to every joint and gave me pain. My husband said, "Keep on, till you see it spring the joints." So two and one-half bottles cured me so that I was able to walk two miles. Had not done it for six or seven years. I have kept it in the house ever since. I opened the 22d bottle today, for I take it instead of doctoring. I have never had a doctor since I have taken your Discovery. I am a widow 74 years of age, and a well woman.

Yours truly, MRS. ELIZABETH HILLS.

SCROFULA.

LLOYD, TEXAS, Oct. 5th, 1894.

DONALD KENNEDY, ROXBURY, MASS, KIND FRIEND:—I will now give you the particulars about my little girl. She was five years old the 2nd of last May. When she was less than a year old a kernel came under her right jaw on her neck. I asked the best doctor what to do, and he told me to grease it with old bacon grease, and it might rise and run which it did, and I tried everything, but it kept running for nearly two years. I came to Texas, and was at Aubrey, Texas, where I saw the present postmaster at Aubrey. I noticed his face had a bad scar, and I asked him the cause and how he got it cured. He said *Scrofula* was the cause and *Kennedy's Medical Discovery* cured it and if I would get some for my little girl it would surely cure her. I got one bottle and she was soon better. I picked white lumps out of her neck as big as peas, and almost as hard as a bone, and after being mashed up they looked like burnt bone crumbled up. In less than a week the swelling was gone, and had quit running. She is still taking it, but apparently she is as well as ever, and as gay as any child.

Yours truly. S. L. JACKSON.

CATARRH.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15, 1894,

DONALD KENNEDY, DEAR SIR:—I know the worth of your Discovery, for three years ago, before I was married, I had the Catarrh in my head and throat very bad, and my mother, who always gave it to all of us, made me take three bottles, for which I am thankful to God, for it cured me and many others that we have recommended it to.

MRS. ELLEN SEELEY, 217 39th St., Chicago,

FOR MOTHERS.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1894.

DR. KENNEDY, DEAR SIR:--I have taken your Medical Discovery all through my Pregnancy, and our boy, now three months old is, and has been, in perfect health, while we have three other children, all of whom had eczema and sore mouths. Our attending physician speaks very highly of your Discovery.

Yours sincerely, MRS. G. W. HAMMOND.

DROPSY.

HAUGHVILLE, IND., Nov. 21, 1894.

DONALD KENNEDY, DEAR SIR:—Your Medical Discovery has made a wonderful cure in a case of Dropsy of my neighbor, after four or five good doctors told him he could not get well. But your Discovery fixed him all right.

Yours truly, SAMUEL NUGENT.

MALARIA.

ST. XAVIER, MONT., Nov. 12, 1894.

DR. KENNEDY, DEAR SIR:—I must inform you of the good effects of your famous Medical Discovery. One lady who was much afflicted with a constant Malarial Trouble declared herself relieved in a few days, and was entirely cured in a few weeks, and this is only one of many.

Yours gratefully, SISTER M. MAGDALEN.

KIDNEY TROUBLE.

NEW YORK CITY, May 9th, 1894.

DONALD KENNEDY, DEAR SIR:—In using your Medical Discovery I find it good for the general system and especially for the Kidney Trouble. And the reason I can speak for it is this: After coming from South America, in 1880, I was troubled with my back, which the doctors claimed was Kidney Disease. After using many different medicines—and I might just as well have drunk cold tea—I bought two bottles of Kennedy's Medical Discovery, and took it according to directions as given in your book, and my kidneys have not troubled me since.

Yours with thanks, CHAS. W. ALLYN, 26 East Fourth Street.

PRICE, $1.50 PER BOTTLE, LASTING IN REGULAR DOSES, ONE MONTH.
SOLD EVERYWHERE AT LOCAL STORES AND BY EVERY WHOLESALE DRUGGIST IN THE U. S.
MANUFACTURED BY DONALD KENNEDY, ROXBURY, MASS.
SEND POSTAL CARD FOR BOOK.

"What a Wreck!"

At a dinner-party at Bowood, Canon Bowles, then past sixty, was introduced to an elderly lady, with whom he sat chatting pleasantly about things of the day. Bowles was perfectly oblivious that this was the very lady to whom he had been engaged to be married when he had very little income besides his curacy. The lady, of course, was perfectly well aware that she was talking to her quondam lover; but her married name had in no way enlightened him as to her personality. After a time she said, having touched upon old days: "But, Mr. Bowles, don't you remember me?" "No, ma'am, I don't." Then she added, smiling: "You used to know me and pretend to be very fond of me. I was Miss ——" "Oh, what a wreck!" was the spontaneous exclamation of the poet. Happily the lady enjoyed the joke immensely, for she was a remarkably handsome woman for her age, and his burst of surprise was really only a compliment to the extreme beauty of her youth.

She is rather good looking
But lacks sense!
She dissolves

A • Ripans • Tabule

On her tongue
Instead of
Swallowing it whole.
It does its work
Either way,
But the last is the way intended,
Nevertheless.

EASTMAN COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., offers both sexes the best educational advantages at the lowest cost. Healthful; best influences; elective studies. Superior instruction. Departments of *Book-keeping* and *Business Studies*; *Shorthand* and *Type-writing*; *English* and *Modern Languages*; *Penmanship* and *Drawing*; the elementary branches, etc. NO VACATIONS. Positions obtained for competent students. Address, for Catalogue CLEMENT C. GAINES, President, 30 Washington Street, Poughkeepsie, New York. COLLEGE

Wanted—Agents for Safety Odorless Kettles. The best article in the market for agents to make money selling.

Treat Your Stomach Well;

It's the driving wheel of the human machinery. Good wholesome food is what the stomach wants—nothing else.

A suggestion for to-morrow's breakfast,

Hecker's

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Ready for the table at a moment's notice.

LIGHT,
DAINTY,
DELICIOUS.

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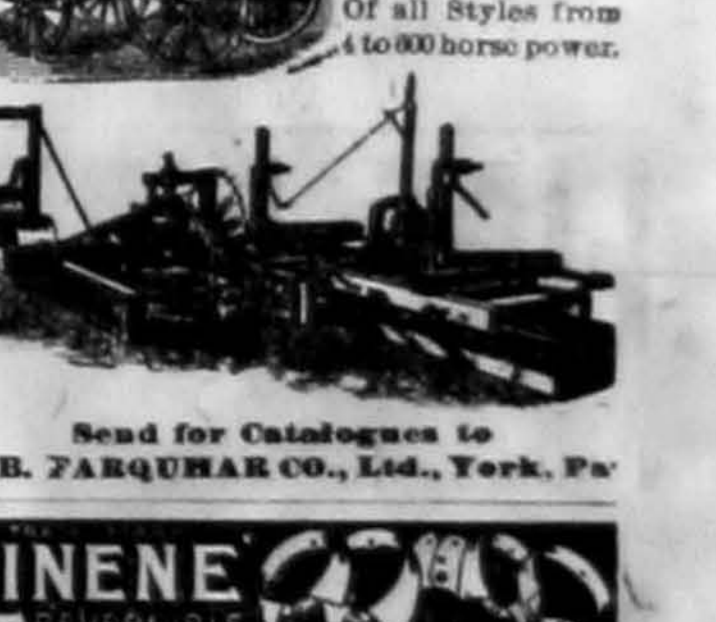
PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.
3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

THE FARQUHAR,



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Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.

They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

Be on Guard

against imitations of *Pearline*. When they are not dangerous, they are worthless. They are usually both. *Pearline* does what nothing else can. It saves labor in washing, and insures safety to what is washed. It is cheap, thorough and reliable. Nothing else will "do as well;" it is just as well to have nothing else.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back*. 384 JAMES PYLE, New York.

"Cleanliness Is Nae Pride. Dirt's Nae Honesty." Common Sense Dictates the Use of

SAPOLIO

$8.00

Size of Pictures 3½x3½ in.

Weight 21 oz.

THE BULLET.

A roll film camera that hits the mark every time. It's a repeater too; shoots 12 times and can be

Reloaded in Daylight.

The Bullet is fitted with our new automatic shutter. One button does it all—sets and releases the shutter and changes from time to instantaneous. Achromatic lens. Handsome finish.

An Illustrated Manual, free with every instrument, explains its operation and tells how to finish the pictures—but "*we do the rest*" when you prefer.

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DRUGGIST,

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—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines,
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Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

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SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

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SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses brokec to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
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InSure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,

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Incorporated March, 1869.

Cash Capital $100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL.
MARLINTON W. Va.

BLACKSMITHING
AND
Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day 1,00
per meal . . . 25
lodging . . 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER. Proprietor.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

In
Poor
Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's
Iron
Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE.—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention,

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery
Store and Shop,

—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,

is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on short est notice.

☞ Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

PATTERSON SIMMONS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer ... Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

A BILL has been passed by Congress to prohibit express companies from carrying lottery tickets.

Dilley's Mill.

March 5, 1895.

According to the old Dutch rule, the three ruling days, March 1, 2, and 3, we will have very fair weather the next three monts, and we gladly welcome spring-time, for sure we have had a very hard winter. We hope farmers wil be able to feed through with their stock, and all survive the cold blizzards they had to pass through.

The overseer with hands have been shoveling snow out of the road from Mr. Dilley's to Mr. Grimes'. In some places the snow was drifted higher than the fences.

Rev. C. Fultz preached at Mt. Zion the 3d inst, the last time for this Conference year. Text: Exodus, 33:14. "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." The Conference of the M. E. church convenes at Ronceverte, March 14th.

Some of the boys started for the Hunter Camp the 28th for the drive.

"Love Hill" Debating Society is still on the progressive move. We would like to see some of the ladies in attendance. It is a sad mistake or an old-fogyish idea, existing among the the uneducated that ladies should not attend such meetings. Their presence adds much to the refinement of any society.

Mr. Johnny McGraw past here last week ou his way to Hunter's camp. He reports nothing going on at Divis, a hundred men lying idle on account of the snow. He says the snow was over four feet deep.

Miss Daisy Yeager was a caller at Mr. W. H. Dilley first of this week.

Mr. R. C. Shrader made a flying trip to Academy last week.

ANONYMOUS.

Driftwood.

March 5, 1895.

We welcome the approaching spring, after many, many, cold weeks.

Feed is very scarce; but as yet none have had to resort to tall timothy, stock all doing well.

The prospect is good for a singing school, which is badly needed.

Miss Sallie McLaughlin, is visiting her sister Mrs. Mary Tallman this week.

Mrs. Alice McClure and Mrs. Lucy Beverage, returned home yesterday after spending a few days with Mrs. Tacy, who is dangerously ill, at her home on Back Mountain.

Dr. J. M. Barnett was called recently to this neighborhood to render medical aid.

The sick are all improving. Mrs Isaac Shinabery was visiting her son Wm. last week.

We were disipointed Sunday as the river was toodeep for Rev. Potter to fill his appointment.

Died: Russie Edith, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilfong, aged three months.

Sleep on little one, God thought it best, so he called the to rest.

TILDEN.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay!

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 13th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, $2.25 to $2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

J. D. SWEENY, Principal,
CONCORD CHURCH,
MERCER CO., - - - W. VA.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3½ miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Waverley BICYCLES.

Are the Highest of All High Grades

Warranted Superior to
Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN—The Waverly Scorcher and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for $85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

High Frame, Wood Rim, Detachable Tire, Scorcher, weight 22 lbs . . $85.

Steel Rims, Waverly Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs $85

Regular Frame, same weights $85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires . . $75

26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs . . $74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business awaits the right man. Get our Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

LIGHTNING
HOT
DROPS

CURES
Colic,
Cramps,
Diarrhœa,
Flux,
Cholera
Morbus,
Nausea,
Changes of
Water, etc.

HEALS
Cuts,
Burns,
Bruises,
Scratches,
Bites of
Animals and
Bugs, etc.

Tastes Good.
Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. [Formerly of Weston, W. Va.] SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran

and the

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 34. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN seems to have lived when times were hard and endeavored to give the people some consoling and encouraging advice. He said, "The taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on us by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing any abatement. If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich because her outgoes are greater than her incomes. Away then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families." Let us find out who this Benjamin Franklin was, and if it turns out that he knew what he was talking about, the writer would respectfully offer this advice: Since our Congressmen have done so little by their financial efforts to relieve our people of their pecuniary burdens and troubles, this should be the very reason why every one should endeavor more diligently to relieve himself in the way suggested by Franklin.

SENATOR MORRIS, of the school-book bill, has been honored by having a sketch of his life and portrait printed in a good many daily papers outside of West Virginia. For some inexplicable rea- the West Virginia press does not make much of Mr. Morris and his great self-sacrifice last session. The sketches give him great credit for not accepting bribes from the book companies, as if the rule was for Senators to be corrupted. He deserves no especial credit for adhering to the law and doing his duty. We were annoyed by several marked copies of these daily papers last week, for we looked to find something interesting, and when we saw the picture of a rather ugly man and a sketch of his life, a man who maddled the question he worked to elucidate, we felt disappointed, and the article fell as flat as some of those school-books will be to a boy on a hot summer day. We feel that we shall not be able to open any more marked copies, for fear we shall have a repletion of Morris of school-book fame.

THE Nicaragua Canal project, which is being considered so seriously nowadays, is destined to be completed. In that event, the Valley of the Mississippi will be the country most benefitted, and the coal lands of West Virginia will become very valuable. The Mississippi River is in a direct line with this canal and the western coastline of South America. It opens a road to California, Asia, and Australia. At many of the ports of the Pacific ocean coal sells for as much as twenty dollars a ton. All exports from the agricultural and mining districts will have an outlet to other markets, where they are now limited to the European trade. The completion of this canal means better times for the farmers and miners of the United

POETRY.

For the Pocahontas Times.

A Rough Game.

By nature, you see, I'm athletic,
I go in for gymnastics by choice, [did
When a tough little kid about all that I
Was to kick up my heels and rejoice.

When in charge by the village professor
I remained at the foot in distress,
But I d beat 'em all holler and whip the
head scholar
When enjoying the daily recess.

I grew into manhood by stages,
I hadn't a mark on my hide, [them all
Till I tackled football and I thought of
'Twas the cussedest sport I had tried.

As I strove for the sphere so elusive
They came at me tooth and toe nail,
When I got in a bunch they all gave me
And left me behind on the trail. [a punch

They strewed me around the horizon,
They flattened me out on the ground
They left me for dead with a bump on
my head,
With the fragments all scattered around

The doctor has said I'll recover, [lame,
And I may, though I'm feeling right
But I've promised my mother and one
lady other
I'll never indulge in the game.

THE aristocracy of Europe has long looked upon the great and growing republic of America with feelings of grave apprehension. If our government is to be a success it will prove conclusively, by an object lesson, that a crowned head and an aristocracy are not absolutely essential to a civilized government. Therefore, they have sought to cripple us by a most insidious practice. They select some of their beautiful, but otherwise worthless, young scions of haughty houses, and send them over here to marry our heiresses, and carry them and their gold across the ocean. We need legislation to regulate this. But lately Miss Anna Gould went forth with the savings of many life times, and there are more heiresses to follow. Those who pursue this method of crippling our country forget one thing, however. That to accomplish their purpose they must take away brains as well as boodle; something they have not done as yet.

THE month of February of this year was the coldest February persons now living have ever seen. The weather records during this remarkable month have been compiled by Observer Ryker, of the Weather Bureau station at Lynchburg. It shows that the mean temperature for the whole month was 29.3 degrees, or nearly three degrees below the freezing point. The mean temperature for February for the twenty-four years since the werther station was established there has been forty degrees. That means that the month of February just ended was, to speak by averages, more than twenty-five per cent. colder than the regulation February. The lowest average temperature for any preceding February in twenty-four years was 32 degrees in 1885, just ten years ago. The highest average was 47 degrees in 1790.

COL. R. S. TURK, of Staunton, Va., was here several days last week, making an effort to close up the affairs of the defunct Mutual Annuity Company. The company holds mortgages on several properties at this place.——THE St. Lawrence mill is now sawing logs into lumber at the rate of 100,000 feet per day, and some days exceeding this average.——CHAS. W. BEIRNE, of Lewisburg, was appointed cadet at the Annapolis naval school by ex-Congressman Alderson just before the expiration of Congress.—*Ronceverte News.*

THE *Valley Virginian* of Clifton Forge was sold for less than one thousand dollars recently. It will in the future be a Republican paper. It was at one time considered

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,……………………J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,…………R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court,……S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court,….J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,………………C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor…….George Baxter.
Coroner,……………George P. Moore.

Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, [illegible]. H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The axact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel.
All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT

The Washington Post
AND THE
Pocahontas Times,
ARE OFFERED TO SUBSCRIBERS AT THE CLUBBING RATE
OF $1.30 FOR BOTH.

We cannot let the opportunity pass without offering our subscribers this famous independent weekly for 30 cents additional to the price you are paying for your county paper. This gives you a large city paper and your home paper at anominal sum. This offer is to subscribers who are strictly paid up in advance.

Bargains! Bargains!
ON FEBRUARY 1ST
I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF
WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.
Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.
THESE GOODS
Must Be Closed Out
BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.
——I MEAN BUSINESS——
And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.
VERY TRULY YOURS
MARLINTON, W. VA. S. W. HOLT.

Looking Backward
—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—
But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.
Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—
Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of
GENERAL GROCERIES.
CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES
——APPEAL TO YOUR——
REASON POCKET HEALTH
West End of Bridge. **P. GOLDEN, Marlinton, W. Va,**

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discrip-

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J H McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency

A scheme for supplying London with sea water for sanitary purposes is under consideration by the county council.

Germany is considering whether it would not be better for her to buy part of her cotton supply elsewhere than the United States.

Gymnastics are a healthy and dangerous sport. At least it appears so from the last annual report of a society of Swiss "turners." During the year, 324 of its 6299 members met with accidents while engaged in gymnastic exercises—being hurt seriously enough to draw a sick benefit from the society during an average time of 16¼ days.

One effect, noted by the New York Ledger, of emigration to the West and hard times everywhere is the falling off in the value of farm lands. People in the central part of New York State say that many holdings can now be had for half of what they were rated at five or six years ago. These farms are neither abandoned nor played out, nor has any marked decrease in population occurred about them, but the farmers have the Western fever and want more room, or they are anxious to get into town and work at trades.

A New York electrotyping firm is said to have hit upon the idea of electrotyping articles of apparel which it is desired to preserve as mementoes. A baby's first shoes, for example, may be preserved indefinitely in metal. "We might give other instances," comments the Chicago Herald, "but, although we should be sorry to discourage the firm, so far as our own experience goes mementoes do not generally take the form of wearing apparel. Such things as Tommy's first trousers and Johnny's first 'top' hat would scarcely make good souvenirs."

Nearly all legal papers are now typewritten, though documents are encountered now and then which have been laboriously written out by the hand of one of the counsel. The men who still cling to the habit of writing their own legal papers are usually old lawyers, often of good practice, who cannot accommodate themselves to the new order of things. Young lawyers, no matter how small their practice, manage in one way or other to obtain the services of a stenographer. Some of the older men find it practically impossible to work with a stenographer or typewriter at hand.

The famous codfish which hangs from the base of the dome in the Massachusetts Statehouse, and inside the old room in which the Representatives used to meet, will be absent from the chamber in the new extension which they are soon to occupy. Just why this emblem, which has always attracted the notice of visitors and sometimes moved them to ridicule, should be ignored in the transfer of movables from one room to the other is not explained, and it is even said that the codfish is doomed to figure in a museum, presumably historical. The following account of its origin is given: "In 1866 Charles W. Palfrey, editor of the Salem Register, and a member of the House for several years, undertook to gather all the facts that could be learned about the placing of the figure in the chamber. After extensive researches, he found much concerning the fish, which, luckily, had been preserved. On Wednesday, March 17, 1784, John Rowe, a member from Boston, moved permission to hang the codfish in the house as a memorial to the importance of the codfishery to the welfare of the State. The motion prevailed, and shortly after the emblem was placed in position, and there it has remained undisturbed through all the vicissitudes of the years which have intervened. Once it was repainted, but it has never been taken down from the iron rod by which it is held in position. Mr. Rowe, who presented the figure to the Commonwealth, was a well-known citizen of Boston and a conspicuous patriot, being associated with Samuel Adams, James Otis, John Hancock, and other leaders of the period. He was interested in commerce and an extensive property owner along the water front, Rowe's Wharf and contiguous territory being among his possessions. He died on February 17, 1787."

THE WINTER GIRL.

When winter comes with its icy blasts,
And the north-wind chill with its fleecy snow,
In my room so drear I watch you, dear,
As your dainty footsteps come and go,
My fur-clad Winter Girl.

Though the maid of spring may be divine,
And the autumn maiden fair,
And the summer girl with flaxen curl
With you they'll ne'er compare,
My fur-clad Winter Girl.

When the world is sad in the winter days,
The earth is white and the sky is gray,
And I am blue; it rests with you
To make us all feel glad and gay,
My fur-clad Winter Girl.

So, here's to the health of the Winter Girl!
Though the maids of warmer times are fair;
With freckles and tan, there's none that can
With you, O Winter Girl, compare,
My fur-clad Winter Girl.

—Truth.

DICK'S PROMISE.

THE handful of men picketed under Jagai had been taken by surprise, and the regiment, which was raw, was badly mauled.

Not until noon were the Paythans forced under, and a straggling remnant of "black imps" fled like an inky cloud toward the hills. As the dark stain merged into distance, the search for the living among the dead began.

The sun licked with a tongue of fire the bullet-ridden field, and from throats dry as ovens cries and groans went up on the fetid air, which festered the flesh of gaping wounds, while the men sweltered helplessly beneath the flaming sky. The continual movement of the litters among the stricken ones went on until evening, when the deep dug trenches were thickly packed, and the tent-cloth of the temporary hospital bulged with the forms of the wounded.

Moaning and fevered mutterings mingled with the breaths of the sleepers as the captain opened his eyes and spoke, for the first time coherently since he had been borne from the field. The man bending over him detected life's last flicker in the burning eyes and stooped lower to catch the feeble murmur. Between these two men existed a mighty friendship, Even in the Sandhurst days they had been nicknamed "David and Jonathan," and the joint sobriquet had followed them to the barrack-room and into camp. Now one of them was dying, and didn't know it!

"I'm only chipped," panted the captain. "That confounded knife sliced me from the shoulder strap to the breastbone. P'raps they'll give me sick leave; and while you're skirmishing about the country, Dick, I shall be petted at home—and Marion—Marion—" His speech became inaudible and he fumbled about his breast among the bandages. At last, from the ripped lining of the coat, he brought to view a faded photograph. "You've never seen her, Dick," he whispered. "I've even been jealous of her picture. But—you may look at her now, old man."

Thrust under the other's gaze was the likeness of a woman with deep eyes and a tender, smiling mouth.

"That's my girl," said the sick man proudly. "You used to wonder why I raved so over one woman. Can you now? Nine years she's waited, Dick, for a man with only a captain's pay and vague expectations."

"As faithful as she is beautiful," sighed Dick, looking at his comrade, and wondering how long this spurt of vitality would last. Then an involuntary pity for the patient girl in England rushed into his eyes as the first gray tint shadowed the tortured face before him. "Philip, dear old chum," he said chokingly, "what message shall I take her?"

The captain stared up stupidly.

"Don't look at me—like that, Dick! I—Don't let me die!"

The soldier who had feared nothing when under fire now prayed feebly for his life, and in the brief subsequent delirium shrieked piteously about the horrors of death. When Dick's hands, as tender as a woman's, touched him, the dying man kissed them and called his friend "Marion." At nightfall reason gleamed again for an instant; it was the final spark.

"Nine years she's waited, Dick, and this is the end. Don't let her be lonely, Dick. I could trust her with you—you'll take my place, if you can—promise, if you can."

Dick groaned "Yes." There was no woman's memory to prevent the pledge, and in that moment of parting he would have granted anything.

Marion Temple looked wonderingly at the visitor's card, until a flash of remembrance rendered the name intelligible to her. There was the slightest possible flutter about her fingers as she turned the handle of the drawing room door, but the man who rose to meet her was far less composed.

"You will pardon my intrusion," he faltered. "I—I was Philip's friend."

"I remember," she said, with a perceptible pressure of the hand. "His letters always mentioned you as 'Dick.'"

Captain Esmond, of the Forty-third Light Infantry, shifted his glance to the window and back again to the small, spare figure in front him.

So this was Marion!

His second contemplation was a long one, and detailed her from head to foot, and he questioned silently if this woman and the photograph treasured so reverently against his breast were one and the same. The hair he had mentally painted golden was in reality colorless, and the pictured eyes that had suggested a fathomless blue were regarding him now with a pale, lusterless gaze, resembling drenched forget-me-nots. He noted the incipient lines about her tired face, and the lack of freshness about her smile, as if that, too, had perished. Only her voice and her black dress had any link to the vividly-imagined "Marion." He had been prepared for a somber frock, and her tones were as soft and sweet as he had fancied.

"I'm very glad to know you," she was saying. "Tell me all you can about—about it. The official announcement was the only news I had."

Dick pulled himself together, and, with much gentleness, recounted the scene at Jagai, speaking of Philip's death as a painless one.

She detected the kindly lie, as well as the tears in his voice, and impulsively held out her hand to him. It looked like a snowflake on the bronze of his, and in the emotion of the moment he bent his lips to it, at the same time conscious of a disappointment gnawing at his senses. Dick was distinctly human and it was with a revulsion of feeling that he recalled the death-cry of his Jonathan and his own promise. It was easy then to pledge himself to lift the loneliness of the beautiful, bereaved girl, but its fulfilment with this calm, faded woman seemed a thing so different.

"Let us be friends for the sake of our dead," she said, as he left her, and he winced.

A few days later Dick was with her again, conscious-stricken. After that second visit he assigned a regular day for what he considered his duty. He was quartered at Portsmouth, and one afternoon a week he sacrificed in the little green-shuttered villa facing the sea. He knew that she looked for his coming, because she had told him so, but the yoke of his promise continued to weigh heavily.

"Why don't you leave this off?" he asked one day, touching her black gown. "It's more than a year ago, you know, and I think you would brighten with brighter surroundings."

They were sitting on a patch of lawn, and the searching sunlight revealed all the weariness of her face.

"Do you think so—really?" she said, with earnestness. "I have so many pretty frocks upstairs, but—may I tell you something? You won't laugh at me?"

She had never lost her apathy until this moment, when, leaning toward him, she confided something of her past.

". . . And it was so awful cherishing a love with folded hands, doing nothing day in and day out but pray and wait, and wait and pray, for my lover, that, to make the dreariness seem less I—I got my trousseau ready. When the idea first struck me I worked with feverish haste, but, little by little, the stitches were made more slowly to fit it with the gap that yawned in front of me. Even then the marriage things were finished too soon, for nothing happened until—"

The unuttered allusion, following the revelation of a life fretted threadbare of hope, softened him toward her as he had never felt before. In a dim way he realized the pathetic patience of this woman, who had mutely allowed her prettiness to slip from her grasp whilst drifting down the river of years, which had borne her from the shore of youth to the dead level of despair. The ravages of time upon her face stirred his deepest pity, and with an impulse he did not pause to question, Dick asked Marion to yield her life into his keeping.

They were engaged. No words of love had passed between them, but their companionship was tense with sincerity. Dick found a newly awakened interest in the face that now smiled without effort. There was a restfulness in her glance when it met his which stilled any lurking regret that may have existed, and gradually he looked forward to his marriage with Marion with a certain degree of contentment.

"When is it to be?" he asked toward the end of the year, and was startled at his spasm of relief when she answered indefinitely. Juggling with his conscience, Dick explained the feeling to himself as a reluctance to "settle down yet"—anything but a shrinking from the final step of his promise!

It was nearing Christmas, and Marion was sticking holly about the house; a spray of scarlet berries nestled warmly against her dress, which was no longer black, and Dick thought her almost pretty as she laughed down at him from the height of a flight of steps.

"So my little sister will be home for the wedding after all," she was telling him. "She'll make such a lovely bridesmaid, Dick!"

"Is she a nice little girl?" he asked, abstractedly.

for good now, so you'll 'see' lots of her. She has the bluest of eyes, and—another holly sprig for just here, please; thanks—and the brightest of hair you ever saw! Once I—I was like her, Dick."

"I know," he murmured; "I mean I have a photograph of yours which—"

"It must be a very old one!" she interpolated, hastily. He had withdrawn something from his breast pocket, and she peered over his shoulder. "Why do you keep that likeness, Dick? It was taken long, long ago, and the contast is horrible!" A vague unrest had settled on her face, and the brightness had gone from her voice as she continued hoarsely: "Do you think that—that if Philip had come back to me he would have seen the difference, and regretted everything?"

Her gaze hung upon Dick yearningly, and he, feeling convinced of his dead friend's loyalty, allayed her fears with fervor. And she was satisfied, believing his assurances to be but an echo of his own sentiments.

A week later "the little sister" arrived from her Paris school, fresh as a newly fledged butterfly.

"So you are to be my brother!" she said, smiling up at Dick. "Hadn't you better kiss me?"

The officers' ball of the season was nearly over and only a few couples were enjoying the last waltz, while others, shrinking in dim corners, were making the most of final moments.

Marion Temple stood alone by the door, scanning the dancers. She looked very tired, and the fresh white dress seemed out of keeping with her haggard weariness. Presently she turned from the brilliant room, with its glare of flags and colored lights, and passed slowly up the staircase, glancing furtively behind screens and fern bowers, which were everywhere about the corridors and landings. Once she halted, and her heart missed a beat when, through the green of a bank of plants, she caught a glimpse of yellow hair beside a patch of scarlet. "The little sister's" voice reached her faintly, but the tones of Dick were distinct. Marion stood there only a moment, then hurried away to the cloak-room, the man's words throbbing in her brain, and an insistent ache oppressing her like a nightmare.

Marion was one of those brave women with an insignificant outside, whom nobody credits with emotion. Her pain was expressionless when, afterward, she faced the girl whose joy added gall to the bitterness of disillusion.

"Hasn't it been lovely, Marion?" cried the little sister, when they were seated together in the carriage. "I have enjoyed my first ball! And all my partners danced superbly: and I don't know whether to laugh or cry with happiness."

Dick commented on Marion looking "rather tired" when he said good-night to them, and involuntarily she shrank from his touch.

"Come around to-morrow," she said, in tones slightly querulous, "I've some news for you, Dick."

When alone in her room she neither sobbed nor fell into melancholy. After changing her ball dress for a loose wrapper, she dragged out a box from a cupboard, and with quiet deliberateness, turned out its contents until the bed and all the chairs were laden with the miscellany of a trousseau. Every stitch, every shred of it was an evidence of her misery, and she fingered the things with the lingering touch of a good-bye. One frock, prettier than the others, and trimmed with little pink rosebuds, she fondled very much, and finally, in guilty haste, put it on, standing before the glass shamefaced. The candlelight flickered in her shaking hand, casting odd shadows about herself as she turned this way and that admiringly.

"So I shall never wear them after all," she moaned, when at last, she folded and replaced each thing, gazing with unutterable tenderness into the depths of the box, as if into the earth-hole of her dead.

Then, for the second time, she turned the key on a hallowed hope, and so began again her desolation.

. . . . . .

It was all over. Dick's head was buried in his arms when Marion ceased speaking, and moved to the door. The twilight shrouded them, so he couldn't see how pale was her face when he went toward her with outstretched hands and humble words of thanks.

"No; don't say any more," she pleaded. "It was my fault not to have better understood. You have been very good to me, Dick, and I'm sure that Philip is grateful."

It was Dick who sobbed, not the woman, and as they stood there, their hands clinging together, he realized what a soldier's girl can be.

Someone opened the door and announced that "tea was ready," and perhaps some of Marion's pain melted into the caress she gave "the little sister."

"We were just talking of you, darling—Dick has something to tell you."—London Answers.

When terrified, the ostrich is said travel at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour and clears twelve to fourteen feet at a stride.

Have you seen the full moon
Drift behind a cloud,
Hiding all of nature
In a dusky shroud?

Have you seen the light snow
Change to sudden rain,
And the virgin streets grow
Black as ink again?

Have you seen the ashes,
When the flame is spent,
And the cheerless hearthstone
Grim and eloquent?

Have you see the ballroom
When the dance is done
And its tawdry splendor
Meets the morning sun?

Dearest, all these pictures
Cannot half portray
How my life has altered
Since you've gone away?

—Harry Romaine, in Munsey's Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A silent worker—The yeast cake.

'Held by the enemy"—The ulster which we are unable to redeem.—Texas Siftings.

Every man knows in his own heart that the fools are not all dead yet.—Albany Argus.

This pig went to market,
This one refused to roam;
But the one that takes two seats in a car
We wish would stay at home.
—Inter-Ocean.

"Well, that baits all," remarked the Irish fisherman as he looked into his can in vain for a worm.—Philadelphia Life.

The only thing we can recommend to women for the management of a husband, is to feed him and trust to luck.—Atchison Globe.

Sibyl—"When Steve proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water." Tirpie—"Why shouldn't he? He knew he was caught."—Yankee Blade.

'Tis now about the time of year
When each friend, overbold,
Fires off this question in your ear,
"Where did you get that cold?"
—New York Herald.

When a woman begins to show a dislike to being called by her pet name she may be considered as officially out of the matrimonial race.—Hudson Register.

Her brow was like the snowdrift,
Her throat was like the swan,
And her hat it was the largest
He'd ever looked upon.
—Inter-Ocean.

He—"I could believe that this was one of mother's own pies, dear." She—"Could you, really, darling?" He—"Yes; it tastes as if it had been made about ten years ago."—Inter-Ocean.

Witts—"Talk about word painting! I knew a man who is the equal of any in that line." Watts—"Done something wonderful in books, has he?" Witts—"Er—no; in signs."—Buffalo Courier.

Break! Break! Break!
On thy cold, gray stones, oh sea.
Thou'lt not, I'll bet, be able to get
As broke as I soon shall be.
—Washington Star.

Stockly—"I hear that your son went into the office to work this morning." Jobly—"He went into the office to work me. I was out, but I guess I'd have been out more if I'd been in."—Philadelphia Record.

A girl isn't going to be married soon if a number of gentlemen call on her on a Sunday afternoon. When anything serious is in prospect all the men except the one who is in earnest drop off.—Atchison Globe.

No more he pulls his father's beard
And drives him to despair;
He much prefers a handful of
His brother's football hair.
—Washington Star.

"How do you like the way I wear my hair now?" asked the football player. "It's lovely," replied the girl. "If your head only had some silk sewed around it, it would be a lovely soft pillow."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you think," said the passenger on the front platform of the street car, that it hurts a horse to dock its tail?" "Yes," replied the man who handles the brake, "but not as much as it does a driver to dock his wages."—Washington Star.

Little Ned—"Don't take away the light." Mamma—"I want you to learn to go to sleep without a light." "Must I sleep in the dark?" "Yes." "Well, then, wait a minute. I guess I'll get up and say my prayers a little more carefully."—Good News.

"Are you used to serving roast beef rare?" said the lady who was endeavoring to learn whether she suited the new cook. "No, ma'am," was the loftily-spoken reply. "Up to me prisint employmint Oi've been used to serving it frequent."—Washington Star.

Jagwell—"I've made an awful mistake. I sent a messenger boy up to Miss Cashley's with a lot of flowers, thinking it was her birthday, and now I learn that her birthday is to-morrow." Wigwag—"That's all right; the messenger boy may get there in time."—Philadelphia Record.

The art of making money leads
All other human passion,
And mankind generally concedes
'Tis quite an honest fashion.
Yet, when a man to make the same
Has to the need arisen,
Then justice "tumbles to his game"
And sends him straight to prison.
—Richmond Dispatch.

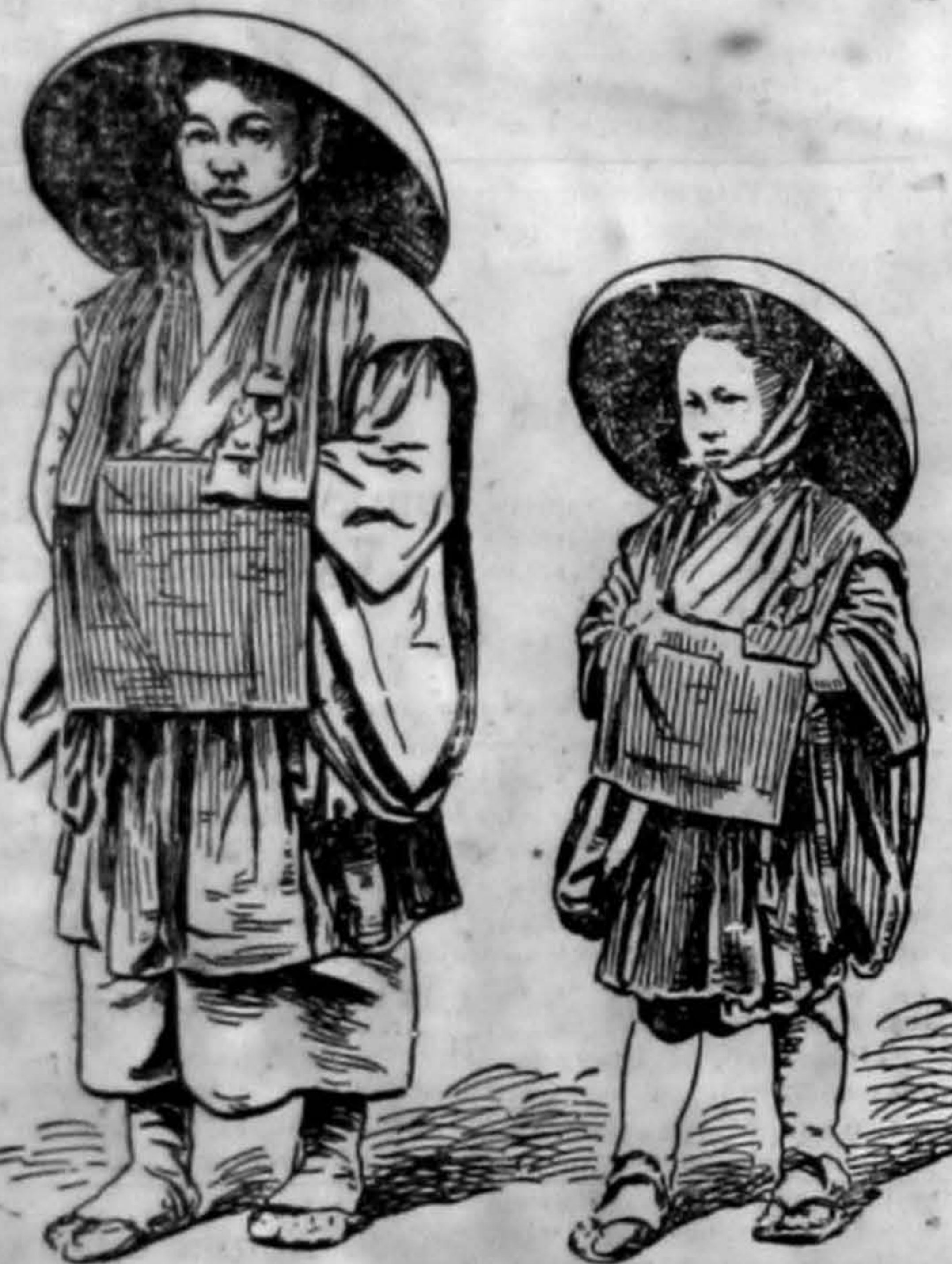
BUDDHISM.

THE RELIGION OF JAPAN, BURMAH, SIAM AND KOREA.

Wonderful Temples and Queer Priests of This Sect—One Japanese Temple That Will Cost $8,000,000—Missionary Work.

IT will be a surprise to many, writes Frank G. Carpenter in the New York Press, to know that there is a strong Buddhist revival going on in the Japanese Empire. They even talk of sending missionaries to the United States and to the Asiatic countries, including China and Korea and India.

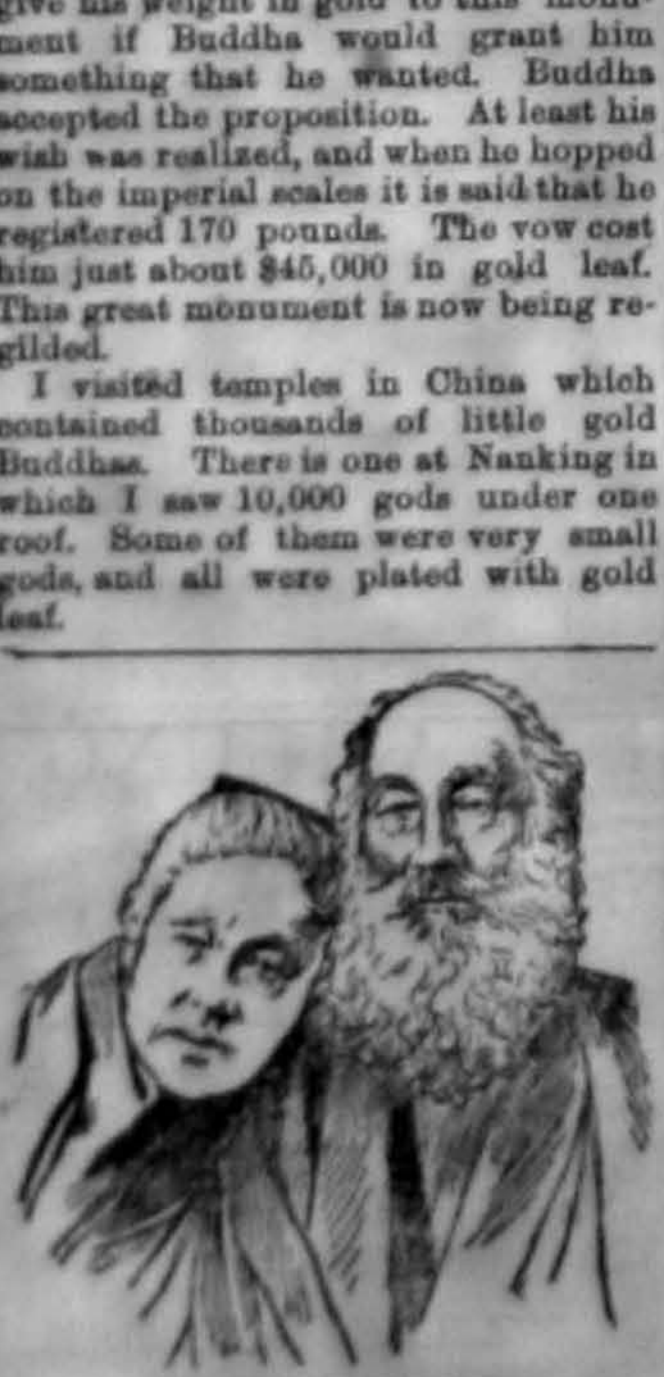
Buddhism is the religion of Siam, Burmah, Japan and Korea. It has millions of followers in China and India. In Japan alone there are 72,000 Buddhist temples. In the city of Kioto, which is about as big as Washington, there are 3500 temples devoted to this religion. Some of the most gorgeous temples in the world are the wonderful structures in which Buddha is worshipped at Bankok in Siam. At Rangoon, in Burmah, is the famous structure known as the Golden Pagoda, which is said to rest over several of the hairs which came from Buddha's head. This temple is a mountain of gold, or rather of brick and stone plastered over with gold leaf. Built upon a mighty platform, its base is about a quarter of a mile in circumference, from which these terraces of gold go upward in bell-like stories to a height almost as great as the Washington Monument.



BEGGING PRIESTS OF JAPAN.

It has a base of fourteen acres, and on its top is a great golden umbrella, to the ribs of which jewels are hung. The whole of this vast structure is plated with gold. It is hundreds of years old, and it has been plated again and again, and there are, undoubtedly, millions of dollars' worth of metal mixed with its brick and plaster. One King of Burmah vowed that he would give his weight in gold to this monument if Buddha would grant him something that he wanted. Buddha accepted the proposition. At least his wish was realized, and when he hopped on the imperial scales it is said that he registered 170 pounds. The vow cost him just about $45,000 in gold leaf. This great monument is now being regilded.

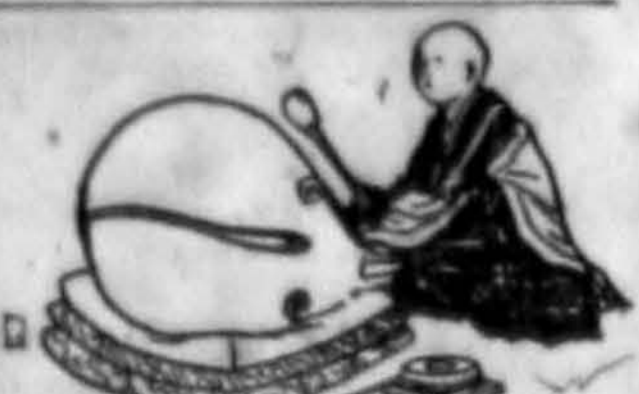
I visited temples in China which contained thousands of little gold Buddhas. There is one at Nanking in which I saw 10,000 gods under one roof. Some of them were very small gods, and all were plated with gold leaf.



OLD PEOPLE OF JAPAN.

Perhaps the finest and costliest church that is being erected in the world to-day, is the Higashi Hongwanji Temple, in Kioto. When it is finished it will have cost, all told, something like $8,000,000. Think of that! Eight million dollars for a church! I don't believe we have one in the United States that has cost as [illegible]ch, and I know we have none that

of charity. The carpenters, the carvers and other artists came from all parts of the country and worked a certain number of weeks for nothing. It has been about fifteen years in



WAKING UP BUDDHA.

From a Sketch Made by a Native Artist.

building. When I first saw it six years ago there were forty acres of sheds about it, in which hundreds of carpenters were cutting up great logs, which had been imported from the Island of Formosa, into boards, while hundreds of carvers were turning other logs into works of fine art. Everything was done by hand. Immense beams, such as would be a load for a team of Norman horses, were being carried up to the top of the structure by women and men. A road about fifteen feet wide had been built upon a scaffolding, making an inclined plane running clear to the roof of the structure. A hundrd or so men would catch hold of one of these logs and carry it up on their backs. There was then, and there is still, an immense scaffolding about the temple made of thousands of poles tied together with ropes. These poles were of all sizes, from that of a fishing rod up to a telegraph pole. They looked very insecure to me, but I was told that they were perfectly safe, and all of the scaffolding used by the Japanese is made in this way. Think of building a structure costing millions of dollars without derricks or machinery of any kind.

When I first visited this temple the logs were being dragged about from one place to another with great cables of brownish-black, in which, here and there, you could see threads of white. The ropes looked very curious to me, and I asked what they were. I was told that they were made of the hair of women who had cut off their locks and given them for this purpose as an offering to Buddha. Over 200,000 women cut off their hair to make these ropes. Some of them were as big around as your leg, others were no thicker than a clothes-line. These ropes have now been all collected together. They are wrapped up in great coils on the portico which runs around the temple, and they will be kept as one of its treasures. Not long ago a section of the rope was sent to the National Museum at Washington, where it may now be seen in one of the cases of that institution.

Japan has the biggest Buddhas of the world. One in a park at Nara, not far from the old capital, Kioto, is he largest. The statue is in a temple taller than any New York flat. There are dozens of gold gods all about it. Some of these gods, though eighteen feet high, look like pygmies beside the great image, which sits with its legs crossed and his right hand uplifted on a pedestal above them. A fence prevented me from taking measurements, but the priests told me it was fifty-three feet in height. This Buddha is over a thousand years old.

The other great Buddha is that at Kamakura, which has been written about by nearly every traveler who has gone to Japan.

Some of these Buddhist temples have enormous incomes. There is one right near the new temple I have described which takes in about $200,000 a year, and this church has frequently raised in one year from half

ple, and it is a wonder in the richness of its interior decoration. It has hundreds of rooms walled with gold leaf, and it contains hundreds of screens painted by the old Japanese masters. A famous left-handed artist of Japan, Jingoro, did most of the carving within it, and it is ceiled in some places with black and gold lacquer, and its trimmings are of wonderfully carved brass. It has a bell almost as big as a small seaside cottage, and this is rung by a big log of wood, which is hung outside of the bell to a rope, and can be pulled back so that it will strike the bell on the rebound. It has one audience room which takes nearly 1000 yards of matting to cover it, and the brass lanterns which hang from the great rafters of this room are each as big as a hogshead.

There are many Buddhist sects in Japan. They all believe in Buddha, but they have different doctrines and different modes of worship. There is one sect which sell medicine and charms which will protect you against coughs, consumption, the devil or the smallpox. They sell all kinds of sand, which is supposed to make the limbs of the dead soft and flexible, so they can be easily doubled in the boxlike coffins which are used by the Japanese. These are known as the Tendi sect, and they have between four and five thousand temples in Japan. The Monto sect, the Nichiren and the Jodo sect may be called the three most powerful branches of the Japanese Buddhists. The Montos worship Amida Buddha, and they say that earnest prayer, noble thoughts and good works are the elements of their faith. It is to this sect, I think, that these two big temples which I have described belong. It has also immense temples in Tokio and elsewhere. The Nichiren sect are the shouting worshipers of the faith. They are violent and noisy, and they think that all other sects except themselves go straight to hell. The Jodo sect do not eat flesh, and they insist that their priests should not marry. They pray without ceasing, and spend a great part of their time squatting before bells of wood and brass, on which they pound in order to wake up the gods.

About the Buddhist temples are little wooden gods for babies' diseases, around which children's bibs are tied. There are other gods which are supposed to help babies in teething. There are some which are good for the stomach ache and others which will cure sore eyes. In some of the temples are sacred ponies which you may feed with holy beans at one cent a plate and gain religious credit thereby. These are, I think, however, more connected with the Shinto temples.

There is a famous white horse at the temples of Ise which is supposed to be gifted with supernatural powers. According to the stories current in Japan, he has a good deal to do with the warlike matters of the empire, for after the Satsuma rebellion he disappeared and did not come back for three days. His return on the third day was considered very propitious of the success of the Emperor's cause. During the present struggle with China he disappeared again, and after ten days returned looking fresh and well. The prophets of Japan state that this indicated Japan's victories over China, and that the hostilities would last three times as long as the Satsuma rebellion.

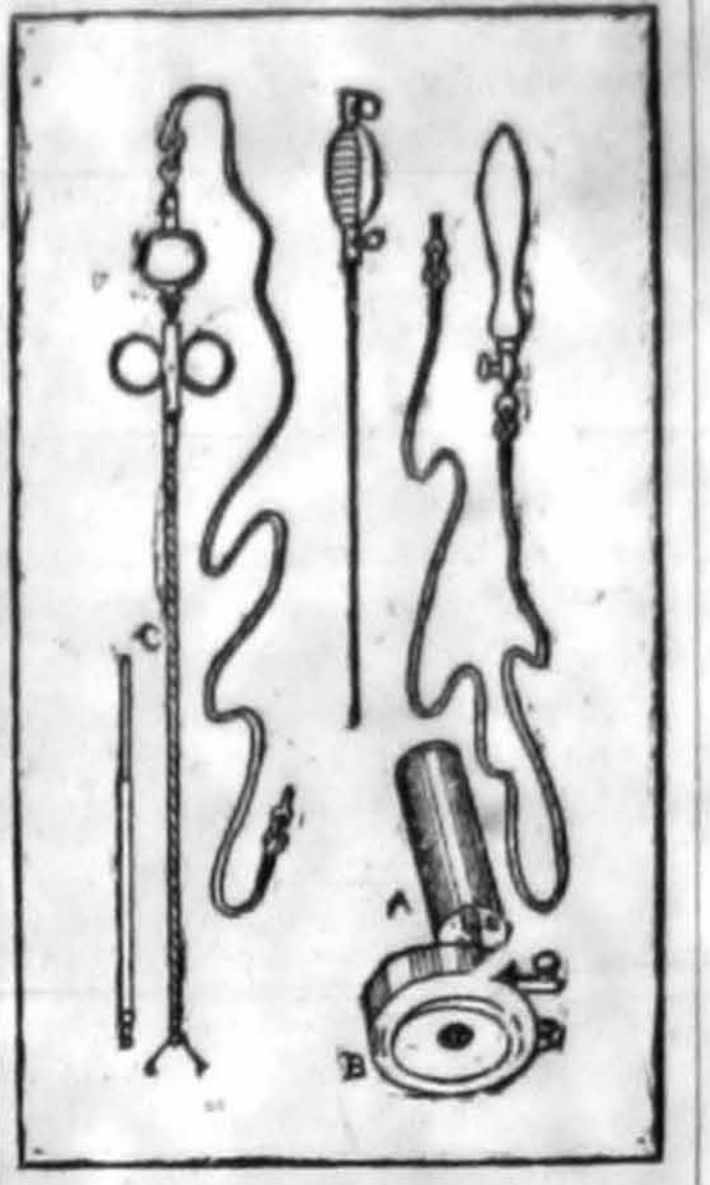
There is no part of the East where the missionaries do more work than in Japan, and they have stirred the Buddhists into action. Many of the Japanese do not like the idea that their country should be a field for missionary labors, and some of the people think that such mission work as is done should be done by native pastors. Not long ago the question of foreign missions came up in Parliament, and it was argued from one standpoint that the missionaries ought to be tolerated because they brought a great deal of money into the country. It was stated in the papers at that time that there were 650 foreign missionaries in Japan, and they average at least $100 per month, making a total of $65,000 per month spent by the missionaries. It will thus be seen that the Christian churches annually spend in Japan at least $780,000 a year, and these expenditures, the native papers thought, ought to be encouraged. They stated that there were 40,000 Christians among the Japanese, and there were 1200 Japanese pastors. The missionaries in Japan are, in reality, doing a great deal of earnest work.

An Anecdote of Rubinstein.

A well-known woman once asked Rubinstein, the famous pianist, for a ticket to one of his concerts. "Madame," he replied, "I have only one seat in my disposition. But if you do not object to occupying it I shall gladly give it to you." The happy woman asked where it was. "At the piano," replied the great musician, with a bow.—Chicago Record.

The Army Ordnance Office has placed an order with the Kilby Manufacturing Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, for ten disappearing gun-carriages to support the completed ten-

One of the most important recent inventions in surgery is the telephonic probe, the discovery of Dr. Wells, a surgeon in the United States service. This probe, says the New York World, is designed for use in the cure of epilepsy, the strange malady which has so long puzzled the medical profession. It had been recognized that epilepsy was in many cases the result of the presence of a foreign substance in the brain, such as a sliver of skull or a piece of a bullet. But operation among the tissues of the brain in the effort to find such a substance was dangerous work, from which many surgeons shrunk, though it was justified in extreme cases.



THE TELEPHONE PROBE.
A.—Battery. B.—Ear-piece or Receiver. C.—Probe Extractor.

To poke an instrument about the interior folds of the brain in the effort to find a small fragment of foreign substance was not only dangerous, but in most cases fruitless. This has now been obviated by the telephonic probe, which instantly tells the operator when he has touched the foreign substance, and then, by an ingenious mechanical arrangement, the probe, without being moved from its position, opens and grasps the fragment, which is quickly removed. In connection with the diamond drill for operation on the skull, this discovery has enormously advanced brain surgery.

It consists of three parts. First, there is the probe, which is gently insinuated through the tissues; second, a little pocket battery connected with the ear-piece, and third, the ear-piece itself, which is exactly like the corresponding part of a telephone.

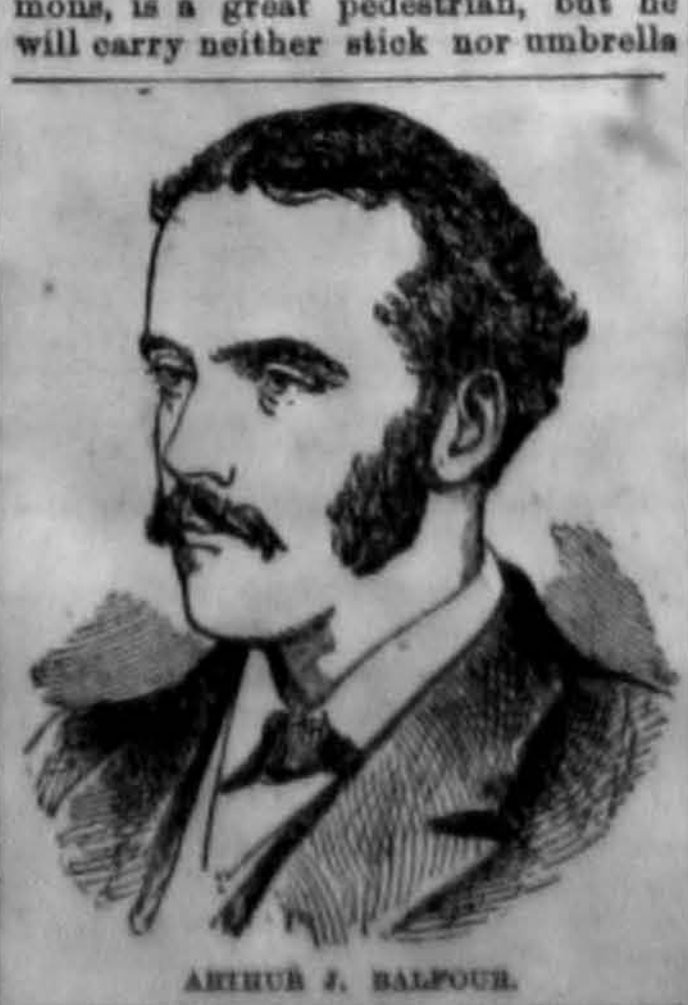
It is used in this way: The flap is cut with the Pyle drills and turned back. Then the chain which dangles from the probe is screwed into one of the keys which projects from the ear-piece, and the hand piece for the operator is similarly connected with another key in the ear-piece.

The surgeon then takes the probe in the right hand, puts the ear-piece to his ear, and gently presses the probe through the delicate tissues of the brain until it touches the foreign body, bone or bullet, as it may be. The minute this contact is accomplished quite a distinct sound is carried through the circuit to the operator's ear. By an ingenious device a pair of teeth are projected on each side of the end of the probe, and take immediate hold of the foreign substance thus found, which can be deftly drawn out of the wound.

The detective and extractive powers of this apparatus are said to be infallible, and the extraordinary fineness of its work is particularly serviceable in the brain, whose tissues are so easily damaged, and where, naturally, the very least amount of laceration is desirable.

A Great Pedestrian.

Arthur J. Balfour, the Conservative leader in the British House of Commons, is a great pedestrian, but he will carry neither stick nor umbrella



ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

in any sort of weather. He is often seen with imperturbable face, his long legs tramping through the rain at a

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd or Even — Interested — After Reading—Wouldn't Pop—Nothing in It, Etc., Etc.

"Hast thou a lover?" asked the swain,
"Oh, maiden of the Rhine."
She blushed in sweet confusion
And softly faltered "Nein."
He felt rebuffed and knew not
What best to say, and then
A sudden thought came to him
He pleaded, "Make it ten."
—New York Mercury.

INTERESTED.

Minnie—"I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice girl—and she's worth her weight in gold."

Bob—"Stout girl, I hope?"—Puck.

WOULDN'T POP.

Ada—"Is Jack Rogers a talkative man?"

Helen—"I've been trying for two years to make him speak."—Philadelphia Life.

AFTER READING.

"I only got five dollars for that poem."

"If that was my poem, Mr. Penscratch, I wouldn't have let 'em print it for five hundred dollars."—Life.

A FITTING RECEPTION.

Mrs. Suburb—"Dora! Dora!"

Daughter—"Yes, Ma.

Mrs. Suburb—"Run to the piano and play 'Hail to the Chief.' Here come the new girl."—New York Weekly.

NOTHING IN IT.

Landlady (noticing boarder looking intently into his soup)—"What is the matter, Mr. Slimdiet? Is there anything in your soup?"

Mr. Slimdiet—"I haven't found anything yet."—Puck.

THE LAUNDRESS' FAD.

Jessie Fadley—"The latest fad is to collect handkerchiefs of as many different kinds as possible."

Mrs. Fadley—"Well, I think that is what must be the matter with our laundress."—Philadelphia Life.

A PROSPECTIVE FATE.

She—"These glasses are not strong enough for me. What comes next to number two?"

He—"Number one."

"And after that?"

"After number one, you will need a dog."—Life.

MENDACITY VS. IGNORANCE.

Mr. Van Bullion—"Is your mistress in?"

Biddy—"Sure, and Oi'll see, sor. (Returning in a few minutes) No, sor, she ain't, sor, but she wants ter know whin yez'll be after calling agin, sor."—Truth.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

Mr. Cynical Sneer and Tom Spittlejag, two society youths, had a row in their club room. The latter said very severely:

"My dear friend, allow me to tell you that you are a donkey."

"Well," responded Mr. Sneer, "will you kindly tell me, am I a donkey because I'm your friend, or am I your friend because I'm a donkey?"—Texas Siftings.

WHAT HE WANTED IN IT.

When the waiter brought in the guest's breakfast he set a cup of coffee down by his plate, and the guest picked it up and took a sip.

"Cream in it, sir?" inquired the waiter.

"No."

"Sugar?"

"No."

"Perhaps you'll have a spoon, sir?" smiled the waiter.

"No. I don't want a spoon either," growled the guest.

The waiter was nonplussed.

"Won't you have anything in it, sir?" he urged.

"Yes, heat. Take it back," and the waiter took it back.—Detroit Free Press.

A DOMESTIC CONVERSATION.

Her Father—"So you have had a proposal, my daughter?"

Herself—"Yes, papa—several. An iceman proposed to me."

Her Father (breathlessly)—"Did you accept him, my dear?"

Herself—"Nay, nay, papa."

Her Father—"Ingrate!"

Herself—"After him a plumber proposed to me, dear papa."

Her Father (excitedly)—"And him—did you accept him?"

Herself—"Not for jewels and precious stones, papa mine."

Her Father—"Fool! Idiot!"

Herself—"I had a third proposal, papa. The gentleman is an iceman in the summer time and a plumber in the winter."

Her Father (on the verge of apoplexy)—"Madeline—"

Herself (calmly)—"I accepted him, father."

Her Father—"Fall on my neck, my

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, March 22, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

AT New Orleans, five non-union men were killed in a riot on March 12th.

THE American flag has been fired upon by a Spanish gunboat near the Cuban shore. Explanations are demanded.

THE Supreme Court of Appeals has the income tax question before it now, and will soon pass on its constitutionality. It is almost sure to fail.

RECENT decisions have been averse to the Bell Company's telephone patents, and we have reason to hope that hereafter "talk will be cheap."

P. W. MORRIS, the school book agitator of the Legislature, has sued the editor of the *Grafton Leader* for libel just because the said editor insinuated that he did not have a better opinion of Morris than he had of Col. C. B. Hart, of the *Wheeling Intelligencer*. It looks as though Col. Hart has the right to recover damages.

LAST year a decision was made by the Court of Appeals of Virginia, declaring the law compelling men to labor on the public roads unconstitutional. This year some of the county judges have determined to ignore that decision and fine every man who does not respond to the call of the overseer of roads, in order that the question shall be taken before the present Court of Appeals, whose members have qualified since the decision was made.

DECISIONS by the United States Court and the Court of Appeals of Virginia were recently made concerning the right of property the adjoining land owner has in the roadway. These decisions interpret the laws of our own State. It was decided that the public highway is an easement over which the public has a right to pass and repass, but not to stop. For instance, a wagoner does not have the right to camp in the road. It would be a trespass on the adjoining landowner. It decided that the grass on the roadside belonged to such landowner, and that the absence of fencing to protect it, did not destroy the right of landowner to maintain an action of trespass against anyone who used such grass.

WORTH, the Parisian dressmaker, died in Paris at and an advanced age. He probably missed Ward McAllister for McAllister made the people worthy to wear costumes from Worth. Worth made havoc with our feathered friends, for if he suggested a certain sort of dead bird for a hat, that bird stood a fair chance of extermination. He, as king of fashions, has probably done more to intensity the vanity of the vapid society belles, and to raise more bitter animosity and envy among women than any other agent of the evil one. It seems strange that such men as he and Ward McAllister should realiy be men, with the same form and features and feelings, no doubt, as the honest laborer, who loves his family, gets drunk, and repentant. It seems as though such panderers to artificiality must have been artificial and only well regulated machines.

ONE of those things which it is easier to let be and say nothing about than to try to bring in reform, is the labor expended on the public roads. In some thinly settled communities the present method of contributing labor is indispensable, and good work is done. All the neighborhood meets quite cheerfully and the road is worked and widened in a manner that makes another year's travel possible. But at other points, and it is to be feared, in a majority of precincts, the men assembled do not accomplish half as much as they should. It is notorious that if a man is working faithfully he receives little or no encouragement from the overseer or anyone else. Another evil is the appropriation of funds. In small towns the general rule is for men to pay the surveyor three dollars. This he pockets, and as his accounts are never audited, in a number of cases he forgets that he owes the State three dollars and rests easy. Thus if an overseer should receive twenty dollars in fines, he has two ways open to him to simply be careless and cheat the county. He can put in a few days work and charge the county twenty dollars, and report the men who paid as having worked four days each, or he can forget all about it, and some people's memories are treacherous. Many an overseer who would scorn to diverge in the slightest degree from what was strictly honorable in dealing with another man, has received that three dollar fine from some citizen, intended to have it expended, forgot all about it, and the result is that the county and the man both lose it. A number of overseers, too, let the summer go by and fail to get their men out full time, and cause dissatisfaction with the system in that the men do not share alike. There is a good deal of looseness in our present mode of working roads.

THE "West Virginia Supplement" was the heading of the *Manufacturer's Record* last week. As might be expected, there was much to be seen concerning our prospective railroads. It informs you that the panic of 1893 put back railroad building in West Virginia fully ten years. It is very encouraging, though, to know that we have so much natural wealth which is not to be disturbed yet awhile. The whole tenor of endless pages of reading matter was that this State is to be the next scene of action in commercial activity, and that our oil, coal, and timber will cause the State to develop with the wonderful rapidity which marked that of Western Pennsylvania.

Dilley's Mill.

The ruthless storms of winter having bid the azure dome of the uper deep adieu, we and all friends of spring are permitted to welcome spring with her balmy breezes and faultless skies. How gladly we welcome spring. Every thing is in harmony, and it is the true season in which to be thankful for having survived the hard winter.

There is quite a literary society at "Cove Hill." We are glad to see our young people take an interest in anything pertaining to eddcation. A desire to be well informed is a commendable ambition.

Mr. T. M. Auldridge was in this part recently.

Miss Lula Auldridge has returned home.

Miss Cora Moore, who has been very sick, is rapidly improving.

Rev. C. M. Sarver preached his last sermon for this year at Bethel, on the 17th.

Prof. G. E. Moore has been looking after his interest at the Academy.

Some of our young man are on Hunter's Drive.

Gen. Butler has a favorite hound which knows his rival's track by the scent. ANOMYMOUS.

IT looks as if peace will be soon established between China and Japan. Japan gets the island of Formosa. The independence of Corea will be acknowledged, and China will claim no right of any interference in Corean affairs whatever. Japan will have the use of the conquered forts for a term of years. This will secure a permanent peace as these forts command the approaches to Pekin. Two hundred and fifty millions in gold will be paid as indemnity to Japan. There appears to be no danger of European powers making objection, as the Japanese claim nothing of the mainland and ask no permanent occupancy of Chinese territory.

THERE have been seven deaths among the ministers of the Baltimore M. E. Conference within a year. The last was Rev. S. W. Snapp, of White Cross, Va., aged 60 years.

To Veterans.

POCAHONTAS CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, March 15, 1895.

The Executive Committee, consisting of the Commander, three Lieutenant Commanders, and Adjutant, will meet at Marlinton on Tuesday, April 2d, (Court-day), 1895, for the purpose of adopting a Constitution, By laws, and Regulations for the government of the Camp. A prompt and full attendance is respectfully requested.

By order of
A. C. L. GATEWOOD,
JOHN J. BEARD, Commander,
Adjutant.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE UNDERSIGNED COMMISSIONER for repairing the bridge across Knapp's Creek at Huntersville, Pocahontas County. Specifications can be seen at the County Clerk's office. All bids must be in by March 25th.

E. D. KING, Commissioner.

Dentistry: Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Valley Head March 15th, and remain 3 days. Mingo, 19th 4 days. Edray, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Buckeye (Clark Kellisons,) 5th, 4 days. Mill Point, 10th, 4 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

LEGAL ADVESTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for said county, on Monday, the 4th day of March, 1895.

W. A. Bratton, trustee,
vs.
W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway Company, a corporation under the laws of West Virginia, George F. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, and Q. W. Poage.

The object of this suit is to sell under a deed of trust in favor of the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railway Company, of date October 28, 1881, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, the land of said Ella M. Burr, (nee Poage) devised her by her father, Woods Poage, and to this end, to remove any clouds which may rest upon the title by reason of any claims of said Q. W. Poage to said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, George F. Burr, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the West Virginia Central & Pittsburg Railway Company, is a corpotion, chartered and existing under the laws of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this the 5th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
W. A. BRATTON, p. q. Clerk.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Renick's Valley. Four miles from turnpike, and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town.

Lobelia, W. Va. W. B. HILL.

Commissioner's sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, pronounced at the October term, 1894, in the chancery cause of

Levi Gay
vs.
John T. McGraw, John A. McNeel, and B. M. Yeager,

I will on

TUESDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1895,

Offer for sale by public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River and on the headwaters of Laurel Creek, a branch of Williams River, in said county, which was conveyed to said John T. McGraw by the said John A. McNeel, by deed of date 7th day of April, 1891, and of record in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No 22, page 13, and which is estimated to contain 1077 acres and 30 poles. This tract is very valuable for its grazing and timber qualities.

TERMS: Enough cash in hand to pay the sum of $3,479.50, with interest thereon from the 15th day of October, 1894, and the costs of suit and sale, and the residue in three equal installments, falling due in six, twelve, and eighteen months respectively from day of sale, bearing interest from that date, taking from the purchaser bonds with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, a lien being retained as ultimate security. W. A. BRATTON.
Special Commissioner,

I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed. J. H. PATTERSON,
m8 4t Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, pronounced at the April term, 1894, in the chancery cause of John A. Gieger vs. Wm. R. Sutton, etc., I will, on Tuesday,

the 2d Day of April, 1895,

offer for sale by public auction, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River, in the First District of said county, and known as the John W. Logan place, containing 363 acres, more or less, being the entire interest of said Sutton in said land.

Terms: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in two equal payments, falling due in six and twelve months, respectively, from the day of sale, with interest from that day, the purchaser executing bond with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, and a lien being retained as ultimate security. CHARLES P. JONES,
Commissioner.

I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed. J. H. PATTERSON,
m1 4t Clerk.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
POCAHONTAS COUNTY to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, March 1st, 1895.

Ott, Bros. & Co.
vs.
J. W. Bolton, W. H. Overholt, E. H. Moore, trustee, George W. Whiting, and J. S. Wickline.

The object of this suit is to enforce a judgment of Ott, Bros & Co. of $418.06 and $14.80 costs against J. W. Bolton, and subject the lands of the said J. W. Bolton to the lien of said judgment and the costs of this suit. And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant, J. S. Wickline, is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month from the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 4th day of march, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
L. M. McCLINTIC, p. q. Clerk.
m8 4t.

Special Offer.

e have made arrangements with the *Confederate Veteran* published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the POCAHONTAS TIMES and the *Veteran* at the exceedingly low rate of $1.65 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated magazine at so low a price. The *Veteran* has an immense circulation, and is the official organ of 500 camps.

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 24th day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of Jacob Sheets, Administrator, vs. Rachel E. A. Sheets and others, the undersigned special commissioner will proceed to sell on

Tuesday, April 2d, 1895,

in front of the court house of Pocahontas County, at public auction to the highest bidder, two certain tracts of land, comprising the real estate of Jacob Sheets, deceased, situated in Pocahontas County on Back Alleghany Mountain. One containing 135 acres of land, conveyed to said Jacob Sheets by J. H. Arbogast and wife, by deed dated on the 28th day of April, 1877; the other tract containing 164 acres, conveyed to said Sheets by W. A. Gum and others, by deed dated 27th day of June, 1878. All of the timber on said 164 acre tract has been sold to the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company.

Said land is partially improved, and has on it a comfortable dwelling and out houses.

TERMS OF SALE: Sufficient cash in hand to pay the cost of this suit and expenses of sale, and upon a credit as to the residue of the purchase money of 6, 12, and 18 months in equal instalments, bearing interest from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bonds for said deferred instalments, with good personal security, and retaining a lien on said land as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC.
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law. J. H. PATTERSON,
Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale of Valuable Lands

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, W. VA.

BY VIRTUE of a decree entered on the nineteenth day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of William Skeen's Administrator *versus* John T. McGraw, and others, pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, the undersigned Special Commissioner will proceed on

THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1895,

In front of the court-house door of said county to sell publicly to the highest bidder, the following real estate situated in Pocahontas county, to-wit:

3900 ACRES OF LAND

Lying on Knapp's Creek in said county, adjoining the lands of William Curry, and others, formerly belonging to the estate of William Skeen, deceased. This land is covered with virgin forests of white oak, white pine, and other valuable timbers, and is also reputed to have on it valuable iron ore. It lies along the bank of Knapp's Creek in such a way that the lumber can be easily floated from it to market.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-fourth of the purchase money cash in hand, and for the residue bonds with approven personal security will be required, falling due in six and twelve months from day of sale, with interest from date, a lien to be retained as ultimate security.

R. S. TURK,
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
EDRAY, VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.
Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

HOME NEWS

—Go to J. D. Pullin & Co. for fancy groceries, jelly, apple-butter, etc.

—Mr. J. Rock has taken charge of the McClintic mill and is giving satisfaction to customers.

—In Tucker county several indictments were made against merchants for selling cigarettes to boys.

—Just received at J. D. Pullin & Co's. a nice line of gents and ladies fine shoes, at lowest market prices. Give us a call.

—The late act requires two days work to be put on the road by the overseer with all the hands of his district before June 1st.

—The Dewing Company have finished the work at Cheat Bridge, and have moved their camp down the river to a point about eight miles above Elkins.

—During the recent flood there was a log jam in Cheat River composed of 5,000,000 feet of timber. The water was dammed up twenty feet above the bank. It was photographed.

—The Hinton *Independent-Herald* is now wned by a somewhat different company, Mr. H. Jordan retiring. The new firm, under the style of Warren & Co., is comprised of Hon. George W. Warren, Howard Templeton, and Frank Peyton.

—The new county of Mingo is falling into danger. There is to be an election over a county-seat contest. The town of Williamson, a thriving railroad town, is the present county-seat, but the petitioners propose to move it to a place called Rock House, on Pidgeon Creek.

—From nameless indications it is to be inferred that much interest in masonry prevails in the Huntersville Lodge. The diffusion of peace, comfort, and good will may be anticipated in a community so favored. So mote it be.

—At Basic City, Va., they got up a great fox chase lately. There were hundreds of horses, forty hounds, and three foxes. The foxes were let loose and given a start and the whole cavalcade came thundering after. Two of the foxes were recaptured and the other one was a total loss.

—Every body who amounts to anything has a cold these days. All seem to be affected alike. A hoarseness is noticed, and the head hurts. All through the body the paralyzing influence of lagrippe is felt. There seems to be no special remedy except to see the doctor, and he puts the ingredients into a bottle—one for each disease you have—and gives you a teaspoonful. The main thing is to keep up the tone of the system, avoid the use of liquor and tobacco, and keep warm and dry.

—The lumbermen have been afforded much high water during the past week. The Cumberland Lumber Co. left this place last Friday, and could bring the rear along as fast as they could walk. A fine ark was built by John A. Taylor, with the house part 110 ft. long. This ark went by Sunday at least twenty miles behind the drive. D. O'Connell has a drive up Knapp's Creek yet. Capt. Smith's drive must be pretty well done by this time. Commodore Peters, of Ronceverte, was in town and informs that the mill there is cutting over 100,000 feet of lumber daily.

—A writer in the Richmond *Dispatch* from Highland county, shows a pardonable pride in the statement that there is not a barroom or distillery in his county. We boast of the same felicity in Pocahontas, but it would not do to leave the impression that the intoxicant associated with the thought of a bar-room is not the usual old familiar juice to our citizens. As a matter of fact, the absence of bar-rooms causes the importation of a vast deal of liquor in bulk. So it will not do to bank too much on the lack of bar-rooms, for the system of supply of these counties is not a whit less sure, only more secret, and, therefore, more dangerous to the beginner. It is hard to tell sometimes whether it is harder to fight the drink evil when it is in the open or under cover.

—A legal controversy at Edray is exciting much comment and interest. It is a case between Eugene Sandridge and Mrs. M. F. Ruckman, in an action of detinue for the recovery of the possession of a certain mare until "cornplanting." One claims that the mare was to be his for use until that time for having wintered her. The defendent sets up that the mare was to remain with the plaintiff until she was wanted at home, and gives in evidence of illtreatment. The first trial came off at Edray last Thursday, attorneys Bratton and Price making the fight for the respective parties. The jury hung. The amount of the costs of the case already is three times what the mare is worth, and the case is just where it was when begun. Such is law.

—Several firms are competing for the privilege of furnishing the new court-houre. Mr. W. A. Bratton, attorney for a Chicago house, has submitted a bid. The bids made lead you to infer that $3000 is the sum necessary to furnish the rooms in style with the manner in which they are finished. This includes steel fittings for vaults, desks, tables, chairs, and furniture generally. It is absolutely essential that this furniture should be bought, for nothing would look more grotesque than to occupy the building with the old seats and pine tables now on hand. We must have things to conform, for the new court-house would be a very cheerless place without the fittings and would be regarded with feelings of disappointment.

—Mr. J. W. Hevener, who is refitting his flouring-mill, on the head of the James River, in Highland County, is pushing the work toward completion. The engine purchased by Mr. Hevener to propel the new machinery is a forty-horse-power, and a relic of the Goshen boom, having been placed there by a rolling mill comyany in the reckless days of 1891 and 1892, and was bought by Mr. Hevener at a great sacrifice. The boiler weighs 9,000 pounds, and was a heavy burden to bear across our mountains. When completed this mill will have a daily output of thirty barrels, the largest capacity of any mill in this section to the country.

—The old lady Conrad who died recently in Gilmor County at the age of 120 years, was probably the oldest person in the United States. Her maiden name was Mace. When about 100 years ago she married her husband, her father in law opposed the match on the grounds that she was a witch. He had a lot of trouble while he remained at enmity with her, and this and the advanced age she reached would give color to the theory of old Captain Conrad, of Braxton, formed so many years ago.

—The latest news of Capt. Smith and his drive, was that he had a million feet of timber jammed in a certain bend of Anthony's Creek. Col. O'Connell says that he has had a similar jam at the same place, that cost him $2000 to loosen up. We hope that the report is at least exagerated.

—The coal region of the eastern states, lies within the boundaries of nine states; of these West Virginia leads with 17,000 square miles of land underlaid with coal. Pennsylvania comes next, with 12,300 square miles, and so on rapidly decreasing to Georgia, which has 170 square miles.

—The cigarette law imposing a fine of $500 on cigarette dealers will go into effect about May 20th. It is not likely that cigarettes will be sold outside of large cities.

—The postoffice at Dunmore will be removed on the 1st of April. The present postmaster, Capt. C. B. Swecker, has held the position for fifteen years, and during all that time has given perfect satisfaction.

—Monday. March 25th, from 11 a. m. to 1 p. m. Clearance sale. Everything for actual cost for two hours. Don't miss this opportunity of securing some of the grand bargains that will be offered.

P. GOLDEN.

—Preaching service at Sunset on the 24th inst at 11 a. m., and at Indian Draft on the 31st inst at 11 a. m. by Rev. W. T. Price.

—J. D. Pullins & Co. will soon have in stock a full line of gents' and ladies' furnishing goods.

MARLINTON WINS

THE HOME TEAM DEFEATS THE MINGO TEAM. SCORE SEVEN TO ONE.

The Concert a Great Success.

Our town was very much enlivened last Saturday by the presence of the Englishmen from Mingo, who had come to play the first game of the annual football match. There was a large crowd of interested spectators to see the game, though the day was very stormy. The game was called at about 2 p. m. Marlinton won the choice of goals and chose the northern goal from whence the wind was blowing a gale. The ball went into the Mingo territory and remained there pretty much during the first three-quarters of an hour, during which Marlinton kicked five goals. Goals were then exchanged, and though the home team worked against the wind, they were able to score two goals in the second half to Mingo's one. The teams were cheered on by an enthusiastic crowd. While the play was necessarily a little rough, none of the players sustained a serious hurt, and there was no contention whatever. The faultlessly attired umpire, Mr. T. Ricketts, was caught in a scrimmage over the ball at one time, thrown down and trampled on and very painfully injured. The visiting team played in a bright scarlet uniform which made the game easily watched, as the players were easily distinguished from the ominous black of the home team. The return match is to be played at Mingo on April 13th, and as several of the best Mingo players were unable to be at Marlinton, the home team will have to prepare for a hard struggle to retain their laurels.

THE CONCERT.

An impromtu concert was arranged for the evening. The singers were members of the two teams and some Marlinton ladies and gentlemen. The court-house was crowded with an appreciative audience. Misses Daisy Yeager, Mollie Smith, and Susie Price lent their musical aid to the occasion. Mr. Arthur Lawson in the role of Lottie Collins, was one of the great cards. Mr. W. A. Bratton's songs were all well received by the delighted audience. Mr. G. Tompkins was called the PRIMA DONNA of Mingo. and his songs reached the spot. Mr. Tim A'Hern, the inimitable, in his "Remember, boy, you're Irish," touched a chord in each one's heart.

Owing to limited space we cannot give a longer account of the game or concert, but before closing we, in the name of the people of the town, wish to thank the visitors for the gala day they afforded the village, and to wish for a speedy repetition of their visit.

The gentlemen themselves ask us to express their thanks for the kindness shown them by the citizens of the town during their stay.

Goodman Cleared.

It seems incredible that Goodman should be cleared of the charge of murder for the killing of Col. Parsons. At the time the killing occurred, it was considered by many an out and out murder. Goodman sought for Parsons in an angry frame of mind and for the purpose of quarreliug. They met in the office of a famous hotel at Clifton Forge, Va. Parsons was without arms and was shot and killed. Goodman was first tried and sentenced to a term of eighteen years in the penitentiary. This was not considered a harsh sentence; the wonder was rather that he escaped with his neck. He obtained a new trial, and the result is a triumphant acquittal. His defense was that Parsons was reaching for a pistol when he shot him. Virginia juries must faintly realize the solemnity of homicide if this is the price they put on it. Anything rather than to turn such a character loose again.

Particular Notice.

Quite a number of copies of last week's issue were destroyed by the rain through the carelessness of the mail carrier. If you missed last week's copy, this is what became of it. Some of the papers were reduced to pulp. We will settle with the carrier later on.

FOR RENT! My store-house at Edray lately occupied by P. Golden
J. R. POAGE, Edray, W. Va.

Obituary.

MRS. W. B. HILL.

Our community was shocked by the sudden death of Mrs. Allie Hill, wife of W. B. Hill, on the evening of the 13th inst.

She had been quite ill, but her friends were hopeful of her recovery. She herself did not think the end was so near. She was the youngest daughter of Mr. James C. Snedagar. She was thirty-three years of age, and had been a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal church for six years.

She was a true and devoted wife and a kind and affectionate mother, and by her kind and gentle disposition had won the respect of all who knew her.

She was a lady noted for her hospitality, giving all who called at her home a cheerful welcome. She leaves a husband and five little children to mourn their loss, but there is comfort in the blessed assurance that she has gone "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The bereaved have the sympathy of the entire community.

"Her toils are past, her work is done,
And she is fully blest:
She's fought the fight the vict'ry won
And entered into rest.

"Then let our sorrows cease to flow—
God has recalled his own;
And let our hearts in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!" "

B.

Personal.

Miss Nora Riley, the accomplished daughter of J. W. Riley, Esq., of Green Bank, is now at the Normal School at Mt. Clinton, Va.

Justice W. H. Grose, of Huntersville, was down in his judicial capacity on Tuesday.

Mr. John Gibson and wife, of Elk, called at our office on Saturday.

Capt. J. W. Marshall, of Mingo, has been in town for more than a week.

Mr. J. L. Heckmer, Secretary of the Pocahontas Development Company, will attend April court.

Miss Birdie Baxter, of Edray, made Marlinton a flying visit on Tuesday.

Capt. C. B. Swecker, Mr. Harry Moore, and Rev. John. A. Taylor, prominent citizens of Dunmore, and horses, came in on the boat Friday afternoon, and returned home by land.

Dunmore.

A little mud, I thank you.

Messrs. Jacobs, Carter, Eskridge, and P. Golden, the Jew hustler, of Marlinton, were in our town this week.

Mr. P. D. Yeager spent a few days with us last week.

J. Lowey, the big drummer, was in town Monday, and had a smile on his face as long as a country minister's salary.

One of the court house carpenters undertook to ride a log down the Greenbrier River, and came out a complete Dunkard, and says a dip in the winter is very refreshing.

Master Clarance McLaughlin, of Marlinton, who has been going to school here, returned home Sunday

Miss Alice McLaughlin closed her school Saturday, at which time the people generally engaged in a big game of football.

Mr. Renick Kerr left yesterday for the Hot Springs to meet Mrs. Amanda Phipphins.

Mr. Harry Taylor returned yesterday from Rockingham county with Messrs. Shank and Simmers, who will commence sawing for Harvey Nottingham.

The body of Mr. John Hull, of Hightown, who was cut to pieces on a sawmill at Davis, passed here Thursday, and was buried at his home at Hightown.

We understand that two unknown men held up Mrs. Tracy, Friday evening, three miles this side of Travelers' Repose, her cloak torn off, her life threatened, etc.

Rev. C. L. Potter preached his last sermon Sunday night for the prasent conference year. We hope to get him back.

Mr. Q. W. Poage was in town today looking after the horny tribe.

Mr. Fulton, of Staunton was in town yesterday. Also Charlie Shoemate, of Monterey, Va.

Jacob and George Taylor left today for Huttonsville to put up some wagons.

Now the bluebird and the robbin
Keep their little tails a bobbin'.

TOM SAWYER.

Clover Lick.

Ice and snow are melting fast,
Conclusive proof that winter's past;
Now the birds begin to sing,
To show the world that this is spring

Professor Adams has been here looking up a music class,

James Meeks' family is on the sick list.

Woods Dilley has prepared a new blacksmith shop near the highway.

A flock of thirty-five wild geese passed the other day.

Clark McCloud has moved to Mr. Joe McLaughlin's, on Back Allegheny. We will miss him very much in our neighborhood.

Mr. Jacob Beverage is building a new dwelling house on Sam Higgins' farm, and expects to move there soon.

Some sugar and molasses have been made. Feed is scarce, but the grass is growing again.

ALMOST A FIRE.

Mr. Oscar Bell's chimney got on fire the other day, and he had some trouble to keep his house from being destroyed. The north wind was blowing a gale and the flames rose high above the mouth of the chimney. Mr. Bell ascended the roof and by dashing water over the roof prevented it from burning. As the water froze on the roof, he had a dangerous time getting down again.

PUMPKINHEAD.

Lobelia.

March, 18, 1895.

A great many of our citizens are adopting the maxim, "A penny saved is two pence clear" and are preparing to save some money by making some maple sugar.

Mr. Samuel Kellison acts on the principle that the early bird gets the worm, and the result is, he has already made four hundred pounds of sugar.

Rev. Hamill preached his farewell sermon for this conference year at Emmauel, on last Saturday night. His text was St. John 9: 4. "The night cometh" Bro. Hamill preached an excellent sermon, and we hope he will be sent te us next year.

The Columbian Literary Society met at Lobelia on the night of the 15th inst. and after organizing discussed the question, *Resolved*, "That man is always justifiable in murder in self defense." The question for discussion on the evening of the 23rd inst. is *Resolved*, "That anticipation affords greater pleasure than possession."

People generally speaking of the "times" have not much good to say now; but it is not so said of the POCAHONTAS TIMES, for that is a visitor always welcomed. B.

Green Bank.

We have had an equinoxtial storm on last Sunday, with a little snow.

Mr. Guss Eskridge, of Academy, was in this vicinity last Sunday.

Miss Nora E. Riley, will on next Tuesday, start for Mt. Clinton, Va., to attend school a session, which is a good move.

Rev. J. A. Taylor was in our town awhile last week.

Mr. John G. Sutton is suffering intense agony with a cancer on his face, at this time.

Died: at his home near Top of Alleghany, on the 15th inst. of cancer, Mr. David Wilfong; after three years suffering.

Rev. E. F. Alexander preached a very good sermon at Liberty last Sunday, from Eph. 1: latter part of 4 verse.

Rev. Howard, the Presbyterian evangelist, is expected to hold a series of meetings at Liberty church about June.

Rev. C. L. Potter left here yesterday for conference, which meets in Washington D. C. on the 27th inst.

Mr. W. A. Gladwell and wife made a trip to McDowell, Virginia, this week.

Mr. J. W. Oliver started to Staunton with a wagon last Tuesday

Messrs G. D. Oliver & Bros' wagon got in from Beverly last week, having been gone since December.

Mr. J. P. Wooddell started for his wagon Tuesday, which has been at Laurel Fork since December, for a load of goods. C.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE DAYS AND THE YEAR.

What is the world, my own little one?
Our world belongs to that clock the sun,
Steady its sytem; while the clock beats true
Days and seasons for me and you.
And tick-tick-tock! goes the mighty clock
While time swings on below,
Now left—now right; now day—now night,
With a tick-tick to and fro.

The pussy-willow in coat of fur;
A sweet pink rose in the wind astir;
A maple leaf with a crimson blush;
Then falling snowflakes, and winter's hush—
While tick-tick-tock goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below,
Budding—blowing; shining—snowing—
With a tick-tock to and fro.

A little song when the heart is glad,
A little sigh when the way is sad;
Whether the shadows or sunbeams fall,
Sweet rest and dreaming at last for all,
While tick-tick-tock goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below,
Smiling—sighing; singing—crying—
With a tick-tock to and fro.

So this is the way, my own little one,
Our world belongs to that clock the sun,
And the hand that somewhere keeps the key
Is the same that holdeth you and me,
While tick-tick-tock goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below,
Now left—now right; now day—now night,
With a tick-tock to and fro.

—Harriet F. Blodgett, in St. Nicholas.

CASWELL'S EXPEDIENT.

BY EDSON KEMP.

ONE evening a group of delegates to the convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers sat in the rotunda at the Palmer House in Chicago, telling stories.

Among them was a grizzled, oldish man from the Old Colony, who had a curious red scar bending around from his forehead across his right temple and down upon his right cheek, with almost as regular a curve as if it had been marked there with a compass. The redness of its color indicated that the mark had been inflicted not very long ago.

The man who wore the scar had taken no part in the conversation. Presently one of the Western delegates said to him:

"Come, Brother Hawkins, you ought to have a story to tell. How did you get that scar, now?"

The Old Colony man colored a little and looked uneasy.

"You fellows can tell stories," he said, "and I can't. But I will say this—I was never thankful for a hard blow in the face but once, and that was when I got this scar."

Then he subsided into silence, apparently supposing that there was nothing more to say. Of course the engineers about him raised a loud demand for the rest of the story, which seemed to surprise the Old Colony man. Under this pressure he went on, a little awkwardly.

"I hain't had the scar moren'n about a year," he said. "I was running the three-thirty passenger out of Boston on the Cape Cod Division, as I am now when I'm at home. We had passed Wareham one blustering, blowing, rainy November afternoon; it was half-past five by that time, and as the sky was thick with clouds, it was just as dark as pitch.

"Between Wareham and Buzzard's Bay there's a stretch of woodsy, scrubby country where the track is pretty tolerably crooked, crossing and dodging the salt-water inlets. You can't see far ahead of you at any time.

"But if I'm going to tell you this story anywhere near right, I've got to get you out of my cab and onto the Flying Dude; and that's a great privilege, I can tell you, for they say it takes a patent of nobility to make you eligible to ride on that fast express. It's a swell affair, that runs down on the east shore of Buzzard's Bay.

"By the hour I mentioned the Dude should have been at Wood's Holl, her run made; but she had stopped at Middleboro on account of a hot box, and was way behind time. She had gone on, and was flying along through the woods between Wareham and Onset, not more than fifteen minutes ahead of our time, when that same box began to smoke again, hotter than fire.

"There was nothing for them to do but haul up and cool her off. But they knew that we were coming right behind. The Dude had just made a curve where the track follows the bend of the bay, and it was a bad place. I shouldn't have seen the Dude's rear lights around that curve until we were right on her. Of course they sent a man back with a lantern to signal us. The man they took for the duty was a young brakeman, not over nineteen, by the name of Jimmy Caswell. He hadn't been working for the road more than two years, but he came of a very good family of folks down to Falmouth, and was a mighty bright, gentlemanly sort of a youngster—just the kind that the swells who travel down to the bay like to have on the Flying Dude.

"He'd been put forward a good deal for a fellow of nineteen, and it was somewhat the result of favor, I dare say, that he was on that train; But they all had a great deal of confidence in him. I'll leave it to you to say whether the confidence was justified.

"Well, Jimmy set out in the dark and rain and wind with his red lantern back along the track. He had to go quite a piece, for there's a second curve along back a little ways on that crooked line there, and after that a long, clear stretch, and he wanted to get around the second curve and warn us there.

"He was making pretty well along toward the second curve, running his head against the storm, and was just where he was out of sight of both trains—the Dude standing still and we a-coming—with woods along the inner side of the curve, so that nothing whatever could be seen of him or his lantern at that point from either train. Then suddenly he heard my train rolling up in the distance.

"He started to run, Jimmy, did, to get around the second turn in season to signal me there. It seems that he knew he had plenty of time to make the bend, as he owned up afterward, but he wanted to be mighty sure.

"Just as he started up, what do you suppose happened? A stronger gust of wind than any of the rest come whistling through the scrub, and that and the motion of Jimmy's start to run blew out his lantern. Then my train coming along roared louder yet, for the wind was coming to him from my way.

"Jimmy wasn't at all scared. He knew he had time to strike a light. He put his fingers in his upper vest pocket after matches. No matches there. That made him feel kind of queer. Then he put his fingers in his other upper vest pocket. None there, either.

"He heard my train roaring nearer and nearer. It was coming around the second bend. Then, he owned up, Jimmy was a good deal scared.

"He jumped right down the middle of the track in the dark toward my train, not knowing what he was going to do, but feeling that somehow or other he was going to stop the train before it went on and crashed into the express. As he run, my headlight loomed out on him through the mist coming up around the bend.

"He yelled like a madman, but his voice might as well have been the squeak of a mouse. Not a sound could be heard through the racket that the storm and the locomotive made together, as you all would know very well.

"As for me, I never heard nor saw a thing on the track before me, though Jimmy stood straight in the middle of it all the while, waving the lantern with no light in it, and hollering till he was black in the face. My headlight seemed to me to be shining about a dozen feet into a kind of thick pudding of rain and mist.

"Jimmy told me that he stopped all at once, when it seemed that my headlight was not fifty feet away from him. Probably it was more than that. It occurred to him that he hadn't time to be scared. He must take time to think. So he thought; and the lives of two hundred people depended on his thinking to good advantage.

"He wondered if it would be best to throw himself down on the track and let the train go over him. He was willing to do it, if it would do any good. But he thought that the chances were ten to one that his body would throw the train off the track, whereas there was at least a small chance that if my train went on I might bring it to a stop some way in time to save a bad smash-up.

"Anyhow, he resolved not to throw himself down, but to do the thing he did do. He stepped off the track—and by this time I saw him dimly by the light from the headlight—and measuring his distance coolly, he threw his lantern with all his might straight through the side window of the cab!

"As luck would have it, the lantern got free of the broken glass before it struck me, and the bottom of it hit me fair and square in the side of the head, here, just where you see the mark. For an instant it stunned me, but by the time I had got back my senses I found that I had reversed the engine and put on the air-brake, and the train was coming to a stop.

"It was just second nature to any engineer—and Jimmy Caswell knew well it would be—to know that any human being wouldn't do a thing like that unless there was good cause for the engine to stop. My fireman would have stopped the train if I hadn't, when he saw the lantern come in; but he says that he hadn't more than heard the crash of the lantern through the window before he saw me jump for the throttle and the air-brake.

"After the train had come to a stop, and I, without knowing what had really happened, was wiping the blood off my face and thinking that somebody had tried to kill me and wreck the train, that boy came running up alongside the cab, panting, clean out of breath, and climbed up, all wet, into the cab. 'My gracious!' he managed to get out, pretty soon, 'did I hit you?'

"'Somebody hit me,' says I; 'I don't know who 'twas nor what 'twas.'

"'I threw my lantern at you,' says he, as cool as a frog.

"'You did!' says I; 'well, what did you do that for?'

"'To keep you from running into the Dude,' says he.

"By this time he was up in the cab, and he and the firemen were sopping my face with water. And then my head was swimming around again, and I didn't know any too well what was going on.

"But by the time the conductor and train hands and about two thirds of the passengers had come swarming around, I was able to order 'em back, and we pulled up and overhauled the express, slowly.

"Jimmy, he was full of apologies to me. 'My goodness,' says he, 'I hoped I shouldn't hit you, but I was bound to stop you anyway.'

"'That's so,' says I. 'Don't talk about it any more. I might have passed you and never seen you, or if I had noticed you waving your arm by the side of the track I should have taken you for some fool of a tramp, and like as not paid no attention to you, and gone on at full speed around that next bend. But,' says I, 'you'd better go on to your own train now.'

"'I wish some of you fellows would lend me a lantern,' says he.

"I looked at his lantern, and saw that the glass had smashed when it went to the cab floor after hitting me.

"'What's the matter?' says I. 'Haven't you any more lanterns on your train?'

"'I'd rather go back with one,' says he.

"That made me laugh. He wasn't going to let on but what he'd stopped my train in the regular way. And I don't believe he did. There was no occasion to report to anybody. That boy wasn't after any hero's honors, or any of that kind of business.

"But of course it came out, because, though I didn't ask for any leave, I had to go around for quite a spell with my face all plastered up.

"Doctor down to Yarmouth fixed me up all right. Jimmy offered to pay the bill, but bless you, I'd never let him do that, even if the doctor had charged me a cent, which he didn't.

"I was mighty glad to get out of that scrape with a scar on my face, and I reckon it won't amount to much after it's bleached out.

"How is Jimmy getting on? Oh, first-rate, I guess. If they ever thought of reprimanding him for not making sure he had matches with him, when he started out to signal that train, I guess they reflected that he'd shown qualities that redeemed that fault, and that the chances were that he'd make a first-rate railroad man.

"He's still braking on the Flying Dude. But it won't take many years to see him a conductor—you can depend on that."—Youth's Companion.

The Tide Turning South.

"Georgia ought to get thousands of settlers from Ohio and Pennsylvania," says "Sam" B. Webb, who has just returned from a trip to those States in the interest of the Central Railroad. "The people in those States are discontented and are moving away. They do not want to settle in Kansas or Arkansas or Texas, where so many of their friends used to go. If Georgia only had some literature descriptive of her resources, it would attract thousands of good, honest, hardworking people of the agricultural and mechanical classes. The tide of emigration is now setting toward Tennessee, which State issued, probably a year ago, one of the most complete books on its resources that any State has ever got out. That book catches a possible immigrant as soon as he examines it. If our State will just let the world know what we have in the way of climate, soil, minerals, woods, water power and that sort of thing our uncultivated and low-priced lands will soon be in demand and the taxable property of the State will increase in value a hundred million dollars in a few years."—Atlanta Constitution.

Fine Funeral of a Pet Pug.

Paris is laughing over the extravagant funeral of the pet dog of an American family residing in the gay capital. The body was placed in two caskets, one of oak, the other leaden, conveyed in a hearse covered with flowers to Vaucresson, and there buried. A number of mourners in carriages followed the hearse to the cemetery, and a monument costing $300 was erected over the grave, the total expenditure for the funeral amounting to over $500.—Chicago Herald.

Substitutes Petroleum for Coal.

United States Consul Richman, at St. Gall, Switzerland, has transmitted to the State Department diagrams and a detailed description of a new device for burning petroleum to generate steam, known as the Gleeman-Baumgartner apparatus. The results obtained were strikingly successful, and in the opinion of experts indicate the displacement of coal as a steam producing fuel wherever petroleum can be procured.—New York Advertiser.

LOADING A CATTLE SHIP.

A CIRCUS LIKELY TO FORM PART OF THE PROCEEDING.

Wild Cattle That Will Do Anything Except Go on Board—Occasional Chases in the Water.

THE Le Fevre, belonging to the Jersey City Central stock yards, lay alongside a White Star liner bound for Liverpool, says the New York Sun. Three or four hundred cattle had already been transferred to the hold of the steamer and had made but slight objection to the process, the gangplank being almost level. The remainder of the herd were to be accommodated on the steamer's upper deck, to be "saloon passengers," as one of the ocean drovers remarked, and getting them up into their elevated quarters was the topic under consideration.

The steep ascent being pronounced impracticable, and other gangways with which it was proposed to reduce the grade being condemned as too weak, the upper end of the gangway was lowered with ropes some distance below the deck, so that it was at an angle of about forty-five degrees. High board sides were affixed to prevent the cattle from jumping overboard, and up this steep incline the cattle were forced, reaching the deck by a jump from the end of the gangway. There was much protest in the way of bellowing.

Two monstrous bullocks, one a dark red with a broken horn, the other dappled with white, were first to arrive at the end of the gangway. They looked up anxiously, and then turned as if seeking some way of escape, but their companions were crowding thick behind them, and on either side cowboys stood urging them on with admonishing blows and shouts. In spite of themselves they were forced a short distance up the gangplank, but there they hesitated, and no amount of urging and jabbing with long poles could induce them to climb further. Their eyes had the desperate, hunted look of wild creatures at bay. The spotted white bullock advanced a step or so ahead of his companion. A cowboy, young and vigorous, whose overcoat had lost nearly all of its outside glory from repeated exploits amid such scenes, took advantage of this amiable disposition on the steer's part to give his tail a twist. This device caused the huge creature to advance a few steps higher. The bullock with the broken horn stood rooted to the spot. He lifted his head and looked over the side of gangway as if contemplating a leap overboard. Then he turned and looked back, and seemed determined to do anything rather than climb to those unknown regions above. One of the steamer's crew put some hay temptingly at the top of the passage. The cowboy tweaked again at his victim's tail, the others shouted like madmen and waved their long poles, and the spotted white steer sprang forward in desperation and almost gained the top of the gangway. The long poles were dug into his panting sides. He made a mighty effort and grabbed a mouthful of the hay. More blows, more cheers, and, after pausing irresolutely for another moment, he made the final leap up onto the deck.

In the meantime no amount of coaxing, poking or pushing could induce the red steer to stir. Again and again he looked over into the water as if meditating a leap. The prowess of his companion only seemed to convince him of the impossibility of his doing likewise. He glanced around in terror, then, undeterred by the crowding horns at the foot of the passage, he turned in some indescribable way, though the space seemed much too narrow for him, and dashed down among his companions to seek his old quarters.

The men let him go and devoted their attention to the others. Now that one steer had scrambled up the steep incline it was not so difficult to persuade the rest to follow his example, particularly with fresh wisps of hay as inducements. Some proved intractable, and, after scrambling partly up the gangway, retraced their steps, and created panic among their fellows waiting at the foot. The cowboys did not permit these to have their own way, as did the red steer. They seized them by the horns and forced them to turn and again essay the difficult passage. The red-checked cowboy, whose tattered coat attested his valor, was particularly efficient in managing the rebellious spirits among the herd.

"That's Dave Erricson. He's a rare hand with the cattle," commented the Captain. "One night, when we were loading further up the river, and had a particularly wild lot of Colorados to deal with, two bullocks jumped overboard. Quick as a flash, Dave was over after them. He straddled the back of the nearest one, got hold of his horns, used them as a rudder, and steered that steer exactly where he wanted him to go. We got them both back, and it was a pitch dark night, too."

"Cattle swim well, don't they?" asked the reporter.

"Swim splendidly. If the weather if hot and they happen to be thirsty they would just as lief jump overboard as not. They're not as silly as sheep, though. When we're loading sheep, if one jumps over into the water the whole business follow whether they want to or not. That's their nature."

"Are the cattle ever seasick when there's a heavy sea on?" asked the reporter.

"No, never. I never knew one of them to refuse its food. Horses get seasick, but not cattle. Sometimes when there's a big storm all the compartments that restrain the cattle, and the railings to which they are tied, are washed away. Then the ocean drovers have work trying to keep them in order. Sometimes everything is washed away, and cattle and all go to the bottom; but the owners don't care, because each bullock is fully insured as soon as it leaves the stock yard."

Every one of the cattle destined for shipment is inspected at the stock yard by a United States Inspector, and has a numbered metal tag inserted in the right ear. This is a matter of courtesy to the English Government, and to certify that the cattle are sound.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The demand for farms in Matabeleland, South Africa, continues to be in excess of the supply.

Egyptian lamps, dating, it is believed, from 3000 B. C., have been discovered in the catacombs along the Nile.

The French claim that gas-making was invented by Lebon, in 1802, who made gas by the dry distillation of wood.

In 1300 splinters dipped in oil were used in England and France to furnish light for guests retiring to their rooms.

Near Modena, in Italy, the petroleum gatherers dig a hole in the ground, and it is speedily filled with the oil.

A Maine physician certified that one of his late patients "died of old age, and that said disease is not contagious."

Although "Robinson Crusoe" was written 175 years ago, it is, and probably always will be, a classic for the children.

There are forty-eight different materials used in constructing a piano from no fewer than sixteen countries, and employing forty-five different hands.

A tramp dog caught a burglar in Annunciation Church, New York City, on a recent Sunday evening, and held him until the police came to take charge of him.

E. W. Abbott, of Elkton, Me., says that if his dog isn't the biggest in the country he wants to know whose dog is. The beast is thirty-three inches high and weighs 180 pounds.

It is said that Rubinstein owed his musical success largely to his personal magnetism, under the spell of which his auditors did not feel the false chords, which he frequently struck.

In the Sheriff's court at Berlin, Germany, the other day fifty-six cases occupied the judge from 10 o'clock in the morning until 1.30 in the afternoon, or an average of about four minutes for each case.

At Baden-Baden, the celebrated spa and summering resort, the municipality has restored and put into order Roman baths that were dug out in one of the parks. They were in good shape except the hypocaustum, and are now accessible.

The Sheriff of New York gives a bond of $100,000 and his sureties must qualify in double the amount, or $200,000. The Under Sheriff's bond is $50,000, and his sureties must qualify in double. The deputy sheriffs give bonds in $25,000; their sureties qualify in double.

The Duke of Athol has twenty-three titles, the Duke of Hamilton seventeen, the Dukes of Argyle and Buccleugh each sixteen, the Marquis of Bute fifteen, and the Duke of Abercorn thirteen. The Duke of Richmond has only nine, but three of them are dukedoms in Great Britain and one in France.

A portrait in oil of Peter the Great, believed to be the finest in existence, was discovered lately by an English traveler in a small village in Russia. He had stepped into a peasant's cottage to ask for a cup of tea, when he saw the picture hanging on the wall, framed in a tea tray, the edges of which were folded over the canvas, and bought it for a few shillings.

A Great Painter's Masterpiece.

Stupendous as are the dimensions of many pictures exhibited year by year on the walls of the popular galleries, and which would seem to appeal for attention more by reason of their quantity than of their quality, it is interesting to remember that Meissonier's little masterpiece commonly known in France as "The Five-Franc Piece," and representing two men discussing the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, the whole being painted with the greatest accuracy and finish on a surface smaller than that of a five-shilling piece, is yet valued at close on $5000. The precious little picture was painted by the great artist for a wager in a few hours.—Cincinnati Commercial.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN TO WHOM NOISE WAS TORTURE.

Prostrated by the Least Excitement—Physicians Baffled By Her Case.

(From the Gate City, Keokuk, Iowa.)

Mrs. Helen Meyers, whose home is at 3615 Vernon avenue, Chicago, and whose visit to Keokuk, Ia., will long be remembered, was at one time afflicted with a nervous malady which at times drove her nearly to distraction. "Those terrible headaches are a thing of the past," she said the other day to a Gate City representative, "and there is quite a story in connection with it too.

"My nervous system sustained a great shock some fifteen years ago, brought on, I believe, through too much worrying over family matters, and then allowing my love for my books to get the better of my discretion where my health was concerned. Why, whenever my affairs at home did not go along just as I expected, I would invariably become prostrated from the excitement and I would consider myself fortunate indeed if the effects of the attack would not remain for a week. I was obliged to give up our pleasant home not far from the Lake shore drive, because I could not stand the noise in that locality. I could find no place in the city which I deemed suitable to one whose nervous system was always on the point of explosion. To add to my misfortunes my complexion underwent a change and I looked so yellow and sallow that I was ashamed to venture from the house at all.

"'Madam,' said my doctor to me soon after an unusually severe attack of the malady, 'unless you leave the city and seek some place of quiet, you will never recover.' So I concluded I would visit my uncle, who lives in Dallas County, Iowa, and whose farm would surely be a good place for one in my pitiable condition. I picked up the Gate City one day and happened to come across an interesting recital of the recovery of some woman in New York State who was afflicted as I had been. This woman had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought that if Pink Pills cured that woman they might do the same for me. I began to take the pills according to directions and I began to feel better from the start. After I had taken several boxes of them I was ready to go back to Chicago. My nervousness was gone and my complexion was as fresh as that of any sixteen-year-old girl in Iowa, and Pink Pills is what put the color in my cheeks. No wonder I am in such high spirits and feel like a prize fighter. And no wonder I like to come to Keokuk for if it had not been for Pink Pills bought from a Keokuk firm I would not have been alive now," laughingly concluded the lady.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

If the present rate keeps up, all the men will finally be lawyers, and all the women stenographers.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and $1 bottles.

New York has 1,000 Chinese laundries.

A Gloomy Outlook

is that of the dyspeptic, but his face will brighten when he knows that Ripans Tabules cure that terrible disorder and will make him a cheerful and happy man.

In certain Prussian restaurants a shilling is charged for the use of the table-cloth.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures
all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and consultation free.
Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

Of all the royal arms of Europe those of Great Britain and Ireland are the most complicated.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts. 50 cts. $1

Mexico has a pulque famine.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 c. a bottle

Tasmania boasts diamonds.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—MRS. ALLIE DOUGLASS, Le Roy, Mich., October 20, 1894.

Molasses is made from maize.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Scrofulous Taints

Lurk in the blood of almost every one. In many cases they are inherited. Scrofula appears in running sores, bunches, pimples and cancerous growths. Scrofula can be cured by purifying the blood with Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sarsaparilla. This great remedy has had wonderful success in curing this disease. It thoroughly eradicates the humor from the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the sores and eruptions by removing the impurities in the blood.

Cures

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

P N U 4

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SALAD DRESSING THAT NEVER FAILS.

One teaspoonful of mixed mustard, one-half teaspoonful of salt, yolks of two eggs (raw). Mix thoroughly and stir in slowly, drop or two at a time, one cup of the very best sweet oil; then add cider vinegar to taste. When finished it is a thick white cream. The juice of a lemon makes it extra nice. —New York Recorder.

CAKE CROQUETTES.

Mrs. Rorer's receipt for cake croquettes calls for sufficient stale cake that when rubbed between the hands will produce one pint of crumbs. Cover this with about a half pint of milk and soak for twenty minutes. Turn into a saucepan and stir over the fire until thick and boiling hot. Add the yolks of two eggs and a teaspoonful of vanilla, and turn out to cool. When cold form into pyramids, dip in egg, and then in bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. Dust with powdered sugar and serve. They may also be served with a liquid pudding sauce.—New York Times.

APPLE FRITTERS.

Make a batter as for pan cakes, using three cups of flour, five beaten eggs, one quart of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the batter very hard, then add three large apples, pared and sliced, one tablespoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Select apples that are easily cooked, or if they cannot be obtained, cover with water and cook until half done, then drain off every drop of the liquor, and when cold, stir into the batter. Fry at once in large spoonfuls.—American Agriculturist.

VEAL CURRY.

Cut up about two pounds of lean veal into small pieces. Cut a large onion and one large sour apple into slices, put them into a saucepan with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and stir them about till lightly browned; then stir in a good tablespoonful of curry powder and a tablespoonful of flour. Add a pint of water and the veal, season with salt, stir around two or three times to mix thoroughly and cook gently an hour and a half, or until the veal is perfectly tender. Add the juice of half a lemon and stir it around very gently. Turn the curry on a hot dish and serve with a border of rice.—Boston Cultivator.

BREAD GRIDDLE CAKES.

Put a pint of stale bread and a pint of milk into a deep bowl, and after covering let them stand over night in a warm place. In the morning rub through a colander and add to the mixture a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda (previously dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of cold water), one cupful of flour and two eggs beaten well. If you choose you may also add a light grating of nutmeg, and should you have a few spoonfuls of sour cream the cakes will be improved by using it at this point. It takes more time to fry these cakes than the plain flour griddle-cakes.—New York World.

POP CORN DAINTIES.

Corn pops easily and nicely if the popper is passed gently over the lids of the stove, where there is a bright fire.

Corn Balls—For eight quarts of popped corn take one cup molasses, half a cup of sugar and a small piece of butter; boil until it hardens in water (not brittle), then mix with corn and make into balls.

Sugared Corn—For eight quarts popped corn take one pound of granulated sugar, one teacup of water; boil until the syrup "strings" or forms soft ball in water; flavor and pour over corn, and stir with wooden spoon until the syrup sugars.—New York Journal.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Once a month is often enough for a dry shampoo. Too much washing is not good for the hair that inclines to be dry.

In baking bread or rolls put a saucepan of boiling water into the oven. The steam will keep the crust smooth and tender.

The merest dash of cinamon in a cup of chocolate after it is poured is said to add a piquant and undistinguishable flavor.

Much of the heavy cake and bread is the result of the oven door being banged when closed. Close the door as gently as possible.

Wear well fitting shoes about the housework. They will be less fatiguing than loose, untidy slippers that are supposed to be worn for comfort.

If the children have no appetite in the morning insist on each drinking a glass of hot milk, salted. Do not allow them to go to school without food.

When you wish to use very dry bread for any purpose, soak it in cold

There is little doubt that an immense number of persons habitually sleep on the left side, and those who do so can never, it is said, be strictly healthy. It is the most prolific cause of nightmare and also of the unpleasant taste in the mouth on arising in the morning. All food enters and leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation, which is anything but conducive of sound repose. The action of the heart is also seriously interfered with and the lungs unduly compressed. Hence it is best to cultivate the habit of always sleeping on the right side, although Sandow and other strong men are said to invariably sleep on their backs.

A Gentle Corrective

is what you need when your liver becomes inactive. It's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets; they're free from the violence and the griping that come with the ordinary pill. The best medical authorities agree that in regulating the bowels mild methods are preferable. For every derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels, these tiny, sugar coated pills are most *effective*. They go about their work in an easy and *natural* way, and their good *lasts*. **Once used, they are always in favor.** Being composed of the choicest, concentrated vegetable extracts, they cost much more than other pills found in the market, yet from forty to forty-four are put up in each sealed glass vial, as sold through druggists, at the price of the cheaper made pills.

"Pleasant Pellets" cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in sealed glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. Whether as a laxative, or in larger doses, as a gently acting but searching cathartic, these little "Pellets" are unequaled.

As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve the distress arising from over-eating, nothing equals one of these little "Pellets." They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules. Any child readily takes them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be *better for the dealer*, because of paying him a better profit, but *he* is not the one who *needs* help.

A free sample (4 to 7 doses) *on trial*, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card.

Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Case Altered.

The sort of sentiment which the French system of mariages de convenance, or in plain English, of marriage for money, produces is well illustrated by a story which a French paper tells.

Marie, a young lady, announces to her parents that she has accepted the hand of Monsieur X.

"Child, you are crazy!" exclaims Marie's mother.

"But why, mamma?"

"Young X will have no money for many years, because it all belongs to his grandfather, and after that comes his father, and you will be old before you get at the property."

"But, mamma—"

"No buts about it—you are a bad and undutiful child!"

"But, mamma, it is the grandfather whom I've accepted!"

"The grandfather! Oh, you little angel!"

All the Same.

"Many days you have lingered about my cabin door; hard times, hard times come again no more." All the same Merry Christmas and Happy New Year passed as though the land was flowing with milk and honey. Some bought one thing and some bought another, but one of the best investments for a small sum paid well. It was not for a Christmas bush, but thousands got it and thousands who had suffered long and wearily with rheumatism were made doubly happy in being cured by St. Jacobs Oil. It leaves no trace behind, and all the same, the harder times will come no more to them. The luxury of health is worth a fortune.

Paper plates are used in some German restaurants.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

More than 20 villages in Italy are in ruins owing to the recent earthquakes.

Paris Ever Famous.

Paris was a famous and cultivated city ages before Venice. If we search for them, we may find in it historical associations that may vie with those of any city in the world, except Rome and Constantinople; and even its antiquarian and artistic remains are seldom equaled or surpassed. At Rome, Florence, or Venice, the tourist talks of old churches, palaces, and remains; at Paris he gives himself up to the boulevards, the theaters, shops, and races. The profoundly instructive history, the profuse antiquarian remains of the great city, are forgotten—carent quia vate sacro.—The Spectator.

Millions in Charity.

England's poor rates amounted to over $85,000,000 last year.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.

Got this Letter day before yesterday.

Penn Yan, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1894.

Your Discovery has done so much for me I am only too glad to tell everybody about my case.

When I began taking it, one year ago last July, I had DYSPEPSIA in its worst form. I was constipated, so much so as to always use injections, and I had a constant PAIN in my STOMACH and LEFT SIDE. My knees were stiff, and I could not sit down on a stool or get down to fix anything on the floor. But now I can sit, or get down on my knees, or do anything in my garden. I feel like a new person. You must know I was discouraged, as I have lost two sisters and an older brother with STOMACH TROUBLE. But I truly believe if they had known of your remedies they would be well, as I am. You can fix up my letter to suit yourself, only do publish it, that women may know what the Discovery has done for me. Yours truly,

Mrs. MARY C. AYRES.

Send a postal card for Dr. Kennedy's book.

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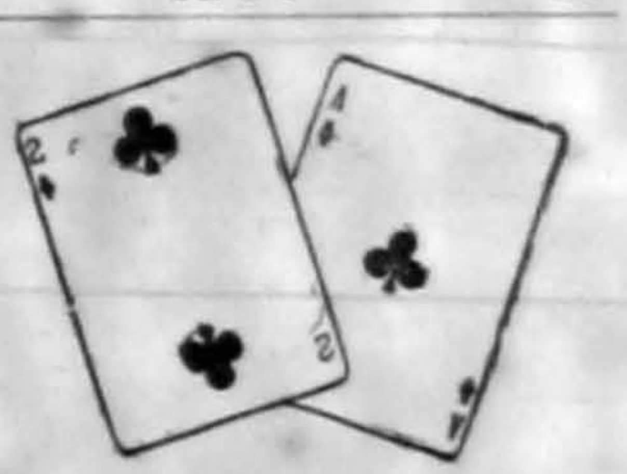

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They illustrate that greater quantity is
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foul breath
loss of appetite
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depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world, especially of women; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book, free at your druggist's, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York. Pills, 10c. and 25c. a box.

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like Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Marasmus; or for Coughs and Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Loss of Flesh and General Debility. Scott's Emulsion has no equal as

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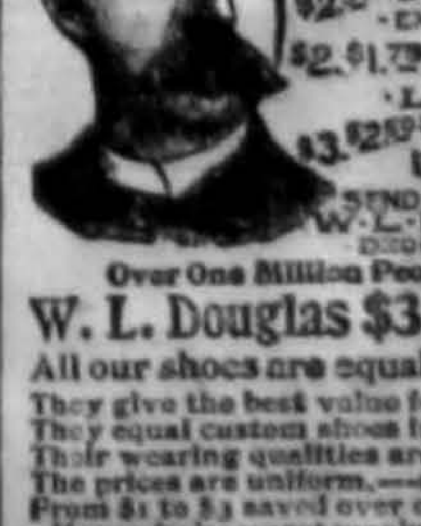

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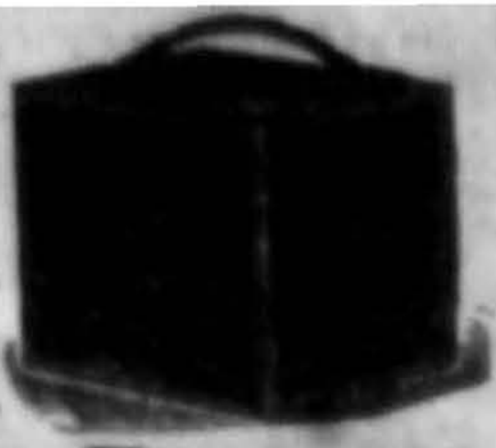

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Drugs, Paints and Oils,

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All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broke to ride or work.

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Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day 1.00
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Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

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means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

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If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

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Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Neuralgia, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

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The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention,

All country produce taken.

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Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop,

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They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

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THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

☞ Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,

Letter From Texas.

Editor Pocahontas Times:

Thinking that a few jottings from the Lone Star State might be of interest to some of your readers, and as I was once a citizen of your county, will give you a few points from this part of the moral vineyard. Cornplanting is the order of the day at present. Farmers are very busy on account of the late backward spring. The past winter has been one of the hardest that Texas has experienced for many years, though it would have been a very mild winter indeed for a Pocahontas native. Texans think a little freezing, a few frosts, and a little snow just simply dreadful. One fellow says that for three weeks his feet was near zero all the time, and had blown his nose until he had a gum boil on the end of it. But spring is opening up nicely now and we hear no more growling about cold weather. This is strictly a farming country; almost all kinds of grain grow well, and cotton to perfection. There is more cotton cultivated in Texas than any thing else, but on account of the low price of cotton last year, the cotton acreage will be greatly reduced this year. I do not like raising cotton. Prefer raising corn and feeding it to hogs, as I think I can realize more clear money in that way than any other, though W. P. Shiplet, formerly of Huntersville, Pocahontas county, now of Waxahachie Tex. says cotton is the most profitable thing he can grow on a farm. By the way, Pat has been very successful here and thinks Texas the best country on earth, and it seems to be for him financially speaking, but it does not improve his looks one particle, he is just as ugly as ever excepting his nose, which sunburns until it is a beautiful red.

Texas grows most all kinds of fruit except cherries. Apples will not grow on what is termed blackwaxy soil, because it contains so much alkali that the tree will live but a short while. Vegetables as a general thing do well, and the parts of the prairie that are not cultivated are just covered with wild flowers of numerous varieties. Yet while there is "no place like home" and especially amid pleasant surroundings our mind will sometime carry us back to old W. Va., even to Pocahontas, and we think of the many pleasant hours we have spent among her hills in "days of auld lang syne."

M. W. BEARD,
Hellenville, Ellis county, Texas.

ON the day of the adjournment of the Indiana Legislature five minutes before 12 o'clock, the Secretary of the Governor tried to reach the Speaker of the House with a veto from the Governor. The Democratic members pushed the Secretary forward inch by inch the Republican members fighting back the whole time. The Democrats made the goal just as the Speaker adjourned the meeting. He refused to read or recognize the veto.

A SPECIAL election is ordered to be held in the Fork Lick district of Webster County on April 9th, for the purpose of issuing $15,000 in bonds as a subscription to a railroad company formed to build a railroad from Pickens to Addison. The condition is that the road shall be completed by January 1st 1897.

AS A prominent candidate for Governor next year on the Democratic side, Hon. Andrew Edmiston, of Weston, is most prominently mentioned by the press. The Edmistons of Lewis County went there from Pocahontas.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay

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Spring term begins February 18th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, $2.25 to $2.50 per week.

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J. D. SWEENY, Principal,

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Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

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Warranted Superior to Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker,

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

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Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN—The Waverly Scorcher and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for $85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

High Frame, Wood Rim, Detachable Tire, Scorcher, weight 22 lbs . . $85.

Steel Rims, Waverly Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs $85

Regular Frame, same weights $85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires . . $75

26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs . . $74

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LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran

and the

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 35. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, ... J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, ... R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, ... S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, ... J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, ... C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor .... George Baxter.
Coroner, ... George P. Moore

Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, [illegible] H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

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Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

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Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

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HAS LOCATED AT

FROST, W. VA.

DID it ever occur to you that the Democratic party was at the present time wholly without idols in the way of leaders? We have the grand old Democratic principles to comfort us. We feel assured when we think of the party as the one which is composed of free men who will not submit to any domination by the men they put into power. We feel that in our party each man is equal, and that the party is composed and held together by the sure knowledge that they are allowed to exercise their right as free agents, the sovereigns of the land. But if the question were asked who are our gods, we would find it hard to name a single man in whom the whole party places implicit confidence. We certainly are no singleman worshippers. It would be better for the success of the party if we were. If we could bow down and call one man infallible, instead of acknowledging his fallibility when he makes mistakes, it might be soothing to our proud and haughty spirits, but it would be to borrow the plan of the Republican party, who aim to keep up appearances though the heavens fall. We demand of our leaders direct and immediate accountability to the people, and when they fail in this they fall from our good graces forever. Four years ago we had any number of bright stars in the political firmament. Cleveland was worshipped as the man who had held a Republican Congress down, and who was expected to do many wonders when he got the chance. Carlisle, Gorman, Springer, Wilson, Hill and company were expected to revolutionize the government when they had the opportunity. We put them all in one little Congress together, and they were not great enough to keep down discord. Now we do not see any of them glorified to any great degree by their independent party. The Republican party has Reed, McKinley, Ben Harrison, Belzebub, and the rest, and "what they do is right if it aint right," but with us it is different. We want men who will carry into effect those safe and fair principles of Democracy which cannot be obliterated. It looks as though we needed to have a man raised up for this purpose. Perhaps a year from now, when we are in the first bloom of the campaign of '96, we may have found him, but unless we do find the right man to lead us to victory, we had as well retire from the field first as last.

* * *

ONE of the most famous books of its time was Uncle Tom's Cabin which appeared about 1854 and did much to prepare our people for the war between the States. It was once the author's pride, but recent intelligence is to the effect that Mrs. Stowe cannot bear to have it referred to. It is believed the story would have fallen out of mind soon as read had it not been for the personality of Frederick Douglass. Wherever he spoke people believed that Jim Crow and thousands of others were embryo Fredericks, and must be rescued, and their splendid abilities secured and saved for the use of our common humanity.

* * *

THE *Morning Advertiser* demands an explanation from Spain for the firing on the American flag

THE NEW LAW.

WE have thought it advisable to print in full Senate Bill No. 48, so that our readers may see the exact words which make so great a change in the former law. This bill took effect February 20th, 1895. The defect it is meant to remedy is that it enables a man to borrow money on unencumbered property. Heretofore it was no sign that you were safe in lending money to a man on a piece of land to find that there was nothing in the Clerk's office recorded as a lien or encumbrance on such land. You had to go still further. You had to know that the man to whom you were lending the money did not owe more than he could pay. If he did owe in this degree and was insolvent, then the lien you took for your *bona fide* loan was worth nothing to you, for the other creditors could come in, prove the insolvency, and make use of the lien which was to accrue to the benefit of all. This worked a great evil. Men with money did not care to risk lending it when they could not tell from the county records whether they were safe or not. They never could have felt safe unless they had employed a private detective to find out how the borrower stood with the world. This very law wrecked a number of men during the few years of its existence. In some cases the business men had to assign because they could not raise a loan on their security, and in other cases, capitalists have lent their money to a merchant, who used it to liquidate a number of his debts, probably, but was not able to clear himself, and became bankrupt, and those capitalists whose money had gone to the creditors at large, found that they must come in and take *pro rata* with all the multitude of creditors, who had dealt with the insolvent debtor for profit, and who had been negligent and not taken the trouble to secure themselves. This law makes it possible to secure a *bona fide* loan, and interprets and clears up other parts of the section:

Be it enacted by the Legislature of West Viginia:

1. That section 2 of chapter 74 of the code of West Virginia, as amended and re-enacted by chapter 123 of the Acts of 1891, be amended and re-enacted so as to read as follows:

2. In this section the word "transfer" shall be taken to include every gift, sale, conveyance, and assignment, and the word "charge" shall be taken to include every confessed judgment, deed of trust, mortgage, lien, and incumbrance. Every transfer or charge which is not upon consideration deemed valuable in law, shall be void as to creditors whose debts shall have been contracted at the time it was made; but shall not upon that account merely be void as to creditors whose debts shall have been contracted, or as to purchasers who shall have purchased after it was made; and though it be decreed to be void as to a prior creditor, because voluntary, it shall not for that cause be decreed to be void as to subsequent creditors or purchasers. Every transfer or charge made by an insolvent debtor or attempting to prefer any creditor of such insolvent debtor or to secure such a creditor or any surety or indorser for a debt to the exclusion or prejudice of any other creditor, shall be void as to such preference or security, but shall be taken to be for the benefit of all creditors of such debtor, and all the property so attempted to be the debts owed by such debtor the time such transfer or charge is made; Provided, that any such transfer or charge by an insolvent debtor shall be valid as to such preference or priority unless a creditor of such insolvent debtor shall institute a suit in chancery within one year after such transfer or charge was made to set aside and avoid the same and cause the property so transferred or charged to be appiied toward the payment *pro rata* of all the debts of such insolvent debtor existing at the time such transfer or charge is made, subject, however, to the provision hereinafter contained with reference to creditors uniting in such a suit and contributing to the expenses thereof. But if such transfer or charge be admitted to record within eight months after it is made, then such suit to be availing must be brought within four months after such transfer or charge was admitted to record. Every such suit shall be deemed to be brought in behalf of the plaintiff and all other creditors of such insolvent debtor, but the creditor instituting such suit or proceeding, together with all creditors of such insolvent debtor who shall come into the suit and unite with the plaintiff before final decree, and agree to contribute to the costs and expenses of said suit, shall be entitled to have their claims first paid in full *pro rata* out of the property so transferred or charged in preference to any creditor of such debtor who shall before final decree decline or fail to so unite and agree to contribute to the costs and expenses of said suit, but not in preference to such creditor as may attempt to sustain the preference given him by such transfer or charge; Provided, further, that nothing in this section shall be taken to prevent the making of a preference as security for the payment of purchase money or a *bona fide* loan of money or other *bona fide* debt contracted at the time such transfer or charge was made or as security for one who at the time of such transfer or charge becomes an indorsar or surety for the payment of money then borrowed; Provided, further, that nothing in this section contained shall be taken to affect any transfer of bonds, notes, stocks, securities, or other evidences of debt in payment of or as collateral security for the payment of a *bona fide* debt or to secure any indorser or surety, whether such transfer is made at the time such debt is contracted or indorsement made or for the payment or security of a preexisting debt.

* * *

TRILBY is the book of the year. The author sold it to Harper Brothers for $5,000 which was considered a lot of money for the book, but had he held on to it, it would have meant a large fortune to him. As for the book itself. you are imprssed while reading it with the idea that the scenes and characters are real. The author uses the English, French and German language, very promiscuously, and in reading you are continually running into a quagmire of idiomatic French or German. The heroine, Trilby gets sick, goes into a decline and dies. So does the hero, Little Billee. It is quite remarkable how the author dotes on disease. He likes these diseases which lead to a painless and lingering death. Trilby dies, and so does little Billee and nothing more can be desired. This is a good book to read, it brushes you up in your modern languages, and throws you into a state of tender melancholy that is very edifying.

* * *

THE inference of modern experience is to the effect that there is nothing calls more earnestly for

News to Us.

(Greenbrier Independent.)

A special of the 14th inst. from Monterey, Va., to the Staunron *Daily News*, tells the following story of a terrible outrage near Travelers' Repose, in Pocahontas county:

"Last Friday Mrs. Dora Tracy, accompanied by her little boy, went to Travelers' Repose to make some purchases at the store. It was quite late when she left the store, and the little boy, who was walking, gave out and was left by his mother at a neighbor's house, she riding on alone. When within one-half mile of her home two unknown men stepped out in the road and caught her horse by the bridle and dragged her off and took her about thirty yards into the brush and outraged her—each one repeating the dastardly act several times. After completing the terrible deed they drew pistols and said, 'We will kill you if you ever tell this.' They left her in the brush, where she was found a short time afterwards by her neighbors in an almost dying condition. The neighborhood is in a state of excitement, and if the guilty parties are found they will be summarily dealt with. Suspicion points to two certain men in the vicinity.

"This terrible outrage occurred within a few miles of the scene of the Ham Collins murder. Mrs. Tracy is a respectable middle-aged widow lady, her husband having been shot a few years ago by David Bright."

If there has been an occurrence of this kind it has been kept very quiet, and it has not been reported at the county-seat.

Astronomical.

The Lunar eclipse March 10th, was observed with special interest by astronomers in its bearings upon the question whether the light that prevents the moon from becoming invisible is reflected light or radiated light. Should it appear that this body radiates light instead of reflecting, it will be news to us older people, who have always regarded the moon as shining with borrowed light.

April 12th, Good Friday, another interesting event is looked for, that will be something towards making the current year a historical year, not only from astronomical consideration. but also from a religious point of view. The planets that move around the sun, will be precisely in the same position they occupied in the skies, the day Jesus was crucified. It is the first occurrence of the kind that has happened since Christ died on the cross, just eighteen hundred and sixty-two years ago. At about half past ten on the night of the 11th of April, the moon will hide the constellation of the Virgin for more than an hour.

Conference Appointments.

The Virginia Conference, of the M. E. Church, which met at Ronceverte last Tuesday and adjourned Sunday night, made the following appointments for this—

Greenbrier District.—D. C. Hedrick, P. E. Augusta and Rockingham, G. P. Hannah; Edray, W. A. Sharp; Greenbrier, S. C. Morgan; Monroe, J. Halpenny; Pocahontas, C. M. Fultz; Highland, Remus Clark; Rich Patch, C. M. Neff; Paint Bank, J. D. Mays; Forest Hill, C. B. Mays; Pendleton and Circleville, S. L. Gilmer and John Adamson; Ronceverte, to be supplied.

The next Conference will meet at Chesapeake, Va.—*Greenbrier Independent.*

* * *

There is a phenomenally large number of men in this country whose incomes are $3.999 and less.

* * *

In spite of her boasted indepen-

Oh, I am thinking of the current of cool
water that is swinging,
The blossoms of the lilies in the rill,
And the mocking birds a-singing, ever singing, singing, singing,
In the basket on the border of the hill.

I am dreaming of my mother's face, the
glory of my childhood,
And my father dear, so stalwart and so
strong,
And the little cabin home that he builded in
the wildwood,
In the country of fair weather and sweet
song.

Oh, the sky, I feel its wonder, and the sun, I
feel its splendor,
And nectar-rich the waft adown the dell,
While the lowing of the cattle sounds so far
away and tender,
And the bleating of the sheep along the
fell.

Long, long the way and weary that I've
wandered from my mother
And my father in the lowly cabin home;
Now I'm going back to see them, and our
lips to one another
Will be better than the honey in the comb.

Oh, mocking birds! flute louder in the
fringes of the wildwood,
I am coming, fast as dream can flow along,
Across the lonely desert to the Eden of my
childhood,
In the country of fair weather and sweet
song.

—Maurice Thompson, in Independent.

THE RECTOR OF ORLESTONE

THE rector of Orlestone sat in his study gazing into the fire. He was alone; he was always alone, for though he loved his sheep, and tended them, they were not companionable. He had lived alone now these many years—how many he sighed to remember. Once upon a time—oh! but before the flood—he had been young and strong and hopeful, and had loved a woman passionately; so passionately that honor and his plighted word had become as nothing to him, and he had broken faith with a gentle girl he was engaged to marry. And then he had found out that his passion's queen had not the least intention of marrying him. As he looked in the fire this October evening he remembered so well how she had told him that on which he had staked his whole life's treasure could never be.

"I must marry a rich man," she had said, "for my poor father's sake," with tears and many kisses she had said it, and he, with kisses and the tears, the heart bleeds in solitude, had believed her.

It was many years now since he had left behind him the world that held her, and had accepted the rectory of Orlestone, with its miserable £150 a year. And still o' nights, when the curtains were drawn and the wind outside was wild in the laurels and cypresses, when the bare, thorny rose sprays tapped at the window like bony fingers, he sat by his fire and thought of the woman he had loved, and loved still. He had her portrait in the secret drawer of his shabby old writing desk—the one that had been his father's. And sometimes he would take out the portrait—the bright girlish face—and look at it, sigh, and yet with a half gladness that the knife was still sharp in the old wound.

Celia Ringwood, the woman who loved him, the woman he should have married, had told him that time would dull the pain. But time had not dulled it, and he was glad. He had given up ambition and friends and dreams, the old life and the old life's hopes to shut himself up alone with the daily plain duty—and his love memory. And if the memory had failed him, had grown dim, what would have been left of him? Celia Ringwood in her little lonely house in the market town, thought there might be much.

He came to see her once a week and talked about the parish. Once he had been used to talk of the other woman; he did not mean to be cruel; she had taken his confession of unfaithfulness so calmly, and so gently begged to be his friend, that he at once believed she had never cared for him. But such talk was over now. He had not spoken of her now for years. Celia began to think, almost to hope. Then she looked in the glass at her faded face, her pale hair, from which all youth's colors had gone; and she sighed a sigh that was half a shudder, put on her demure bonnet and cloak and went out through the rain to see a child who was ill, because that was her only ease for her heartache.

Miss Celia Ringwood was washing up the breakfast things—not, as all genteel people in stories seem to do, in the parlor, but in a workmanlike manner in the back kitchen. She had just hung up the tea cloth to dry, when her heart stood still, and then began to beat violently. At thirty-eight one's heart can beat just as quickly as it can at eighteen, and much more plainly, if one hears a certain footstep on the threshold or a certain hand on the door-knocker.

"Good morning, James," she said

still lingered on her face, but the rector did not observe it; his own thin face was slightly flushed, and his gray eyes were shining.

"May I come in?" he said. "I want to talk to you."

She led him into the little parlor—spotlessly neat. Miss Celia instinctively turned the blind so that the sunshine should not fade the carpet, and said:

"Well?"

"You've always been such a true friend to me," he said nervously. "I've always told you everything."

"Yes," she said, and her heart knew his errand even before he spoke.

"Celia, her husband is dead, and she has taken the Hall at Orlestone."

Celia Ringwood held out her hand to him. The light went out suddenly in her face, but it left the kindly mouth and eyes as he had always seen them, and one who had loved her would have noticed the change.

"Only last night," he said, "it seemed to me there was nothing left in life but duty and the blessed faith in the life to come. But now—oh, Celia!—I feel young again."

"Shall you ask her again to marry you?" There was a harsh note in her voice which she herself noted with dismay. But he did not perceive it.

"Yes, of course," he said simply.

Miss Ringwood bit her lip.

"You are very poor," she said, "and Lady Mountdew is very rich. People will say—she might think—"

"You don't know Eva Mountdew," he said, proudly.

Celia was ashamed of her words before he had answered them.

She held his thin hand a moment between her soft palms and looked at him wistfully.

"Whatever happens," she said, "I know you will not forget old friends." Her voice trembled a little as she said it.

"Dear Celia," he answered—and some faint subconscious stirring of remorse made his voice very gentle and tender—

"Dear Celia, I am very selfish. You have been too patient with me; you have spoiled me."

She laughed a little and took her hands away.

"An old maid must have something to spoil," she said. "If it had not been you it would have been a cat or a canary bird. When shall you see her?"

"This afternoon. She has asked me to come up to tea. She has let the Ashford people furnish a few rooms and she is camping out, as she calls it, till the rest of her furniture comes from London."

There was a pause. Then he got up suddenly, and began to walk up and down the narrow space between the door and the window, with knitted brows and hands clasped behind him.

"Well?" said Miss Ringwood.

"It isn't that I doubt her constancy," he said, "but I don't know whether it's fair. I'm old, you see, and I have grown dull. It is rather like offering her the dry husk of—of——"

"Of what she threw away fifteen years ago."

"You are unjust," he said.

"No, no; I didn't mean it, James. Now you must go. I am very busy; and be sure you come in and tell me about it. You need not be afraid because your hair is gray. If she loved you—well, good-by."

He went off down the street with a new hopefulness in his step. When he was gone Miss Ringwood went up to her room; she leaned her elbows on the little white dressing table, among the prim wool mats and the little daily text-books, and looked again at herself in the glass. Her eyes were very sad, though no tears stood in them. Presently a smile stirred the corners of her mouth, where a dimple still lingered.

"After all," she said to herself, "she is fifteen years older, too."

Then she blushed at the two feminine thoughts, and the new color in her cheeks became her so that she turned away from the glass in confusion.

"But he is just the sort of man not to care how old any one was if he loved them."

Then the pretty color faded quite away, and Miss Ringwood went slowly downstairs to cut out petticoats for the Dorcas meeting that afternoon.

For four days Miss Ringwood looked hourly for the rector. He had brought his sorrows to her always; surely he would bring his joy, too. Next morning there was a letter. It was not from him; she saw that while yet it was in the postman's hands, for she had been watching at the window, and had to run to the door when she saw the postman cross the road. It was from his housekeeper.

"Please forgive the liberty," it said, after decent heading of address, date and "Honored Madam"—"but master is very bad, and he says 'No doctors.' He has been ailing these three days. If you was to think fit to come over you might persuade him for his good. Your obedient command, Emma Wellings."

"I'm going out," she cried to her little maid, "at once."

The shortest way to the rectory lay through the fields, and Miss Ringwood took it. She hurried on through the

consciousness, all personal doubts and dreams. When she saw the blue smoke curling from the red chimneys of the rectory above the laurels and cypresses she quickened her pace, stumbling a little now and then on the rough pasture.

The housekeeper opened the door.

"How is he?" Celia had to clear her throat twice before the words would come.

"But poorly," the woman answered. "He was out up at the hall Tuesday; and all day Wednesday walking the wet woods, as I well know by the state his boots was in. And then he coughs all night, he does, and the next morning he sends out his breakfast, and so it's gone on; and he won't let me send for the doctor—and—well, yes; p'raps it 'ud be better for you to see him at once."

Celia clenched her hands as she went in. He did not hear her open the door. He was sitting gazing into the fire with his head on his hand and his elbow on his study table. His head was bowed, and Celia realized for the first time that he was no longer young. He looked, indeed, an old man.

She laid her hand on his arm and he started and looked at her with a look of sudden joy and tenderness she had never hoped to see. But it faded at once. "He did not know who it was; he thought it was—some one else," she said to herself, but not bitterly.

"You are ill, and you never sent for me. And you never came as you promised," she said, with only the gentlest reproach.

"I could not," he spoke hoarsely, and then a fit of coughing took him and he sank back in his chair.

"But you are ill," she said. "I must send for a doctor at once."

"But he could do me no good. What nonsense it is!" he went on irritably. "Who told you I was ill? I'm all right, only very tired."

"I've brought you some beef tea and things."

His brows contracted. "Now, Celia, I will not have it. There is nothing the matter with me." The grieved look in her eyes stopped him.

"You always trusted me before."

"I did—I do—I will! Celia, I went to see her. It is all over. I have wasted all my life on a shadow. She never did care, I think. She did not even know me at first. She only wanted to see the parson about her pew, and sent for him as she sends for anything else she wants! She did not know me at first, and—when she did. I have thrown away life, and youth, and hope, and love, everything, everything, for the sake of a woman who never was at all, except in my dreams and my fancy. And there is nothing left in life."

"Poor James!" she said. She had taken off her prim bonnet and seated herself near him. "But all our poor people; you still have them to live for."

"That's what I keep saying to myself, but all the sunshine is gone and it looks such a long way to the end."

"But it is better to know the truth," she said, rather lamely.

"I don't know; I didn't realize before and that is why I couldn't come to you. Oh, Celia, you don't know—I didn't know till just now—all that you've been to me all these years, and but for my own folly and madness you might have been with me, close at my side all these long, long years, for you did love me once, didn't you, Celia?"

She was silent.

"At least," he went on hesitatingly, "if you had been my wife you would have learned to love me."

"Learned to love you! Oh, my dear!"

Her tone thrilled him to the soul. Her head was down on the arm of his chair, and his hand very gently and uncertainly touched her smooth, faded hair.

"You didn't mean—why, Celia, my dear, my dear!"

For her arms were round his neck, and her face against his, and for that one good minute the long years of sorrow seemed not too heavy a price.

"And now," said Miss Ringwood, lifting from his shoulder a face that had grown young and pretty again—"and now perhaps you will take the beef tea!"—Quiver.

The Sample Was All Right.

As Burton, the comedian, was traveling on a steamboat down the Hudson, he seated himself at the table and called for some beefsteak. The waiter furnished him with a small strip of the article, such as travelers are usually put off with. Taking it up on his fork and turning it over and examining it with one of his peculiar, serious looks, the comedian coolly remarked: "Yes, that's it; bring me some."—Detroit Free Press.

The Most Valuable Stone.

Beyond all question the ruby stands supreme as the most precious substance in the world. So many persons know, but few are aware that rubies, sapphires, Oriental amethysts and topazes are all practically the same gem. They are the corrundum, or crystallized alumina, but with infinite different values. It is curious, but true, that a ruby is only a red sapphire, and a sapphire only a blue

LIKELY TO BE ADOPTED AS RATIONS FOR THE GERMAN ARMY.

European Savants Have Found Out That Cooked Peanuts Are Nutritious—Peanut Grits and Meal.

THE humble and slightly esteemed peanut is beginning to assume importance in the world. It is likely to be adopted for rations by the army of Germany, the Department of State is informed. In that country the oppressive cost of a gigantic military establishment makes demand for the cheapest possible food for soldiers. This requirement is met by the "goober," which is more nutritious than the best beefsteak and highly digestible when properly prepared.

Such, at all events, are the conclusions arrived at by Dr. Nordlinger and other German savants who have been investigating the subject. They have found that peanut "cake"—the residue after oil has been expressed from the nuts—is a highly concentrated food suitable for human beings. It is calculated to be of great value to the peasant and industrial classes of Europe, which have suffered from a long and nearly exclusive diet of bread and potatoes. Hitherto it has only been employed as forage for cattle, sheep and horses. The problem confronting the experiment scientists was to convert this crude material into a palatable, nutritious and wholesome human food, easily cooked. This they have perfectly accomplished, producing several preparations suitable for different purposes, which have already been placed on the market. One of these is peanut grits—the coarse stuff dried, purified, bolted and packed in one pound boxes. In this form it is used for soups and cakes, or as a vegetable.

Peanut flour is similar to the grits, except that the material is ground and bolted like ordinary flour. Another preparation is in the shape of dry, light and palatable biscuits of "crackers." The new food is especially recommended for the use of persons afflicted with diabetes. Also a fairly acceptable substitute for coffee is made from peanuts.

One interesting fact ascertained by the German savants is that peanuts raw or roasted are not nutritious at all, for the reason that the digestive functions refuse to assimilate them. It is the same way with almonds and with nuts in general. The "goober" has to be thoroughly cooked in order to be profitable as an article of diet. Boiled peanut grits, for example, are perfectly digestible, even by sick people.

For the sake of a test, peanut soup was fed to one hundred and twenty patients in a public hospital. More than half of them found the new food enjoyable, and ate it gladly whenever it was offered. Others consumed it without complaint, while about a dozen disliked it extremely, being affected with stomach-ache or vomiting after taking it. They complained that it had a rancid taste. But all throve well on it. Such being the case with invalids, some of whom were suffering with dyspepsia and other digestive weaknesses, this cheap and nutritious diet ought to be most valuable for persons in robust health—particularly for soldiers, sailors, workingmen and inmates of prisons and asylums.

The German military authorities, promptly accepting the suggestion offered by the savants, have been making experiments with peanut meal and grits, served to the garrisons at Frankfort and elsewhere. They have reported favorably to the ministry of war at Berlin, and, if further trials are equally satisfactory, the new food will be adopted as an element of the rations and "field sausage" of the army. It is likely also to find acceptance in the navy. One important quality is its sustaining power, enabling the consumer to endure much fatigue. In this particular it surpasses even the hitherto unequaled "soja bean" of China and Japan.

But the most conclusive evidence in favor of the peanut is furnished by analyses made by German chemists of high authority. They have compared it in respect to nutritive value with other food, vegetable and animal. Pease are more nutritious than beefsteak, white beans are more nutritious than pease, soja beans are more nutritious than white beans, peanuts are more nutritious than soja beans. In a pound of peanut grits there is nearly twice as much nutriment as in a pound of pease. One pound of peanut meal is nearly equal in nourishing power to three pounds of beef. Peanut meal only costs four cents a pound in bulk.—Washington Star.

An Enterprising Cat.

A studio cat in Lewiston which has once before jumped out of a three-story window had been watching an English sparrow perched on a telephone wire fifteen feet from the front window of the third story Tuesday morning. Some one opened the window and the cat sprang out like an arrow, and, seizing the bird in its mouth, clung desperately to the wire a minute and then fell. It landed right side up and ran off with the bird.—

Do you want some real estate,
Or a box of paper collars?
Do you lack a chicken coop
Or a pocketful of dollars?
Make an ad—make an ad.

Do you want a billy goat?
Would you sell a house and lot?
Want to rent a lumber yard
Or a tea or coffee pot?
Make an ad—make an ad.

Have you got a horse to trade,
Or a stovepipe, or a bell,
Or a gold mine, or a store,
Or a block of stock to sell?
Make an ad—make an ad.

—Printers' Ink.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Never try to make game of a tame duck.

A long head is a great help in preventing a long face.

Put a beggar on horseback and he'll run into debt.—Puck.

Charity covers a multitude of sins; justice uncovers them.

No one has as much money as people imagine.—Atchison Globe.

Of all the sad words to scribbling cranks,
The saddest are these, "Declined with
thanks."
—Truth.

A word to the wise is sufficient—especially if they have chips on their shoulders.

She—"Do you believe marriage is a mistake?" He—"No; I am a bachelor."—Puck.

Some "jokes" are so utterly bad that they are actually good.—New York Tribune.

Gushing is excusable in immature girls and oil wells.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Kitty—"Oh, Mr. Flirtly is so tender, isn't he?" Judith—"Yes—pretender."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you think Elsie will take her millionaire for better or worse?" "No; for more or less."—Puck.

Never judge a man by the clothes he wears; form your estimate from the clothes his wife wears.—Puck.

The man who has attained a high position must not think himself exempt from the force of gravitation.

One of the sweetest things in neckties is a true love knot made by the girl's own hands.—Philadelphia Times.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the moments speed away,
In a manner far too rapid
When we have a note to pay.
—Detroit Free Press.

The man with nobody to care for is quite as badly off as the man with nobody to care for him.—Galveston News.

When a man makes a success of anything, the conceit of other men is so great that they think they can do just as well.—Atchison Globe.

When man begins to climb too fast
With all his heart and soul,
Invariably he finds at last
He's climbed into a hole.

If you could condense the wisdom of ages into a single short sentence, you couldn't get a young man to remember it for five minutes after he starts out in the world.—Puck.

"This shape doesn't seem to be as becoming as a small hat; do you think so?" Milliner—"Oh, my, yes. You can't see how much of your face it covers up."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

I knocked at the door of her gentle heart,
Which I had so longed to win,
And she came in response to my timid
knock,
But she never asked me in.
—Detroit Free Press.

Harry—"Do you enjoy the idea of marrying a man reputed to be as miserly as your fiance is?" Maud—"Oh, yes! Don't you see that the dear fellow will be saving enough for us both!"—Puck.

The lady was making some remarks about the kind of clothes some other ladies at church had on. "The finest garment a woman can wear," said her husband, "is the mantle of charity." "Yes," she snapped, "and it's about the only one some husbands want their wives to wear."—Detroit Free Press.

By Balloon.

Perhaps the North Pole may be reached in a balloon. The question has been mooted and may be carried out in the near future. A balloon with a cubic contents of 50,000 feet and capable of lifting twenty tons, furnished with a number of smaller balloons containing a reserve supply of hydrogen, would certainly seem to give every promise of success. The balloon would carry five men, with baggage, a number of Eskimo dogs, several boats and a large sledge. It is calculated that from Spitzbergen, where the trip will begin, the air currents which blow steadily from the south, will carry them across the Arctic circle and directly over the North Pole in a flight of about four days' duration. Thus, instead of assisting to destroy human life, the military balloon may be the means of the discovery of a new continent, proving once more that "the glory of a scientific invention is its utility to mankind."—Boston Herald.

A telephone line between Berlin and

MY BLOOD

Became overheated, causing pimples all over me, developing into large and **Dreadful**

Mrs. Caroline H. Fuller
Londonderry, Vt.

Running Sores, the worst on my ankle. I could not step. Soon after I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and two bottles entirely cured me and gave me renewed strength and health. MRS. C. H. FULLER, Londonderry, Vermont. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness

EARLY to bed,
Early to rise,
Eat cakes made of
buckwheat,
To be healthy and
wise.

Hecker's
BUCKWHEAT
MAKES
The
Best
Cakes.
Always
Light
and Dainty.

DON'T BE FOOLED.

You want some RIPANS TABULES.
Your druggist's supply is exhausted.
He has something "just as good."

Why does he say this?
He thinks you a simpleton.

He has a right to his opinion,
But to express it
so plainly
is brash.

His opinion may be right,
But his statement
is not true.

Tell him so!
Get what you ask for,
Or nothing!

LINENE REVERSIBLE

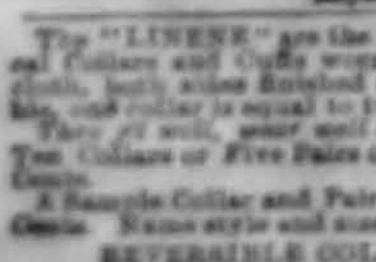
Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.

They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.



AXION ELASTIC TRUSS

RUPTURE Cured
POSITIVELY
HOLDS RUPTURE
Worn night and day. Has an Adjustable Pad which can be made larger or smaller to suit changing condition of RUPTURE. [illegible]
sealed by G. V. House Mfg. Co. 744 Broadway, N. Y. City

Wanted—Agents for Safety Odorless Lantern. The best article in the market. [illegible] J. E. RAY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED. —Lady agents to sell our Table Sauce and Flavoring Extracts. Address THE ROYEE SAUCE CO. Meadville, Pa.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR [illegible]

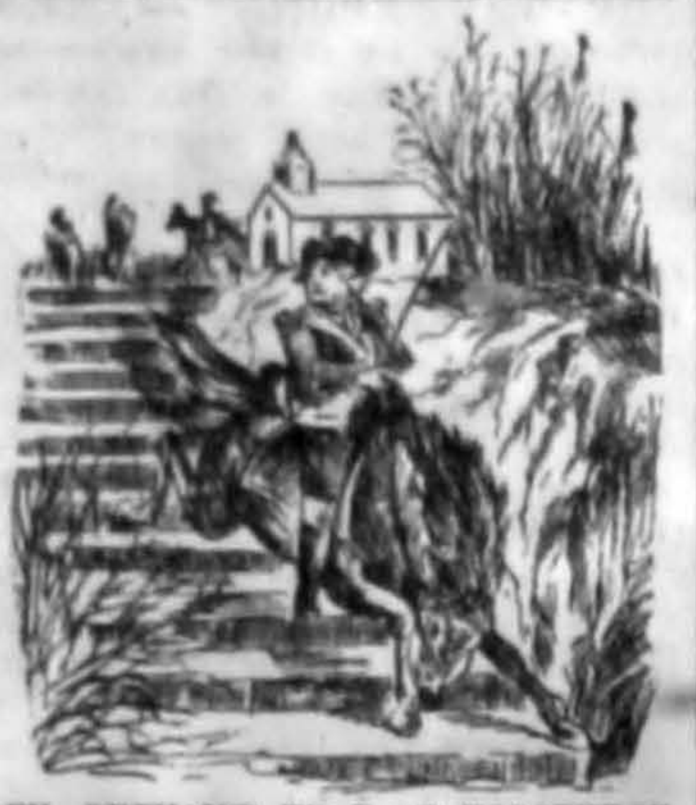
PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. [illegible]

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination [illegible]

WALL ST. [illegible]

a 100-Foot Precipice.

"He dared to lead where any dared to follow," is the inscription upon the tomb of Gen. Israel Putnam, one of the heroes of the Revolution. People are familiar with his encounter with the she wolf in Connecticut, where he entered the wild beast's den and shot it as it was advancing to attack him. More perilous by far was his position in March, 1779, in Connecticut, when a corps of British troops, 1,000 strong, under command of Tryon, advanced on one of Putnam's outposts, Horseneck. To oppose him Putnam had only 150 men with two pieces of artillery. Putnam saw the futility of fighting and he gave orders to his men to retire to a swamp which was inaccessible to cavalry. He himself was hotly pursued and driven to fury rode down a declivity nearly 100 feet high over a series of steps that led to a church on the knoll. In his descent he received a bullet in his hat. Putnam rode on to Stamford, roused the militia, effected a junction with his little body of troops in the swamp and hung upon the rear of Tryon in retreat and took several prisoners. For his humanity to these prisoners he afterwards received a letter of thanks from the English General.



GEN. PUTNAM'S FEAT AT HORSENECK.

Another of Putnam's scrapes was in 1758, when his corps, during the French war, was taken by a party of French and Indians. The Indians had tied him to a tree and had fired brushwood about him when the French general arrived, dashed the burning brands aside, cut his bands and thus saved his life. Gen. Putnam was a man of great physical strength. Decision and personal daring were his most marked characteristics. His last active service was in 1779, when he held command of the Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia troops in the highlands of New York and assisted to complete the fortifications of West Point. He died in Brooklyn as the result of a stroke of paralysis.

Unrecogized Languages.

Young people are prone to form languages for their own use; and of 150 specimens of the kind published by the "Am Ur-quell," a German folk lore journal, a large portion are those of boys and girls; while others were collected from thieves, peasants, and secret societies. For example, there is "Medical Greek," used by medical students; "Dog Latin," or the speech of a baby learning to talk; "Crane language," used in Denmark; "Sa-la language," used in China; "Robber language," "B-language," "Language of the Cat's Elbow," and so on. Many of them are the ordinary language of the neighborhood, modified by the insertion of syllables, a plan which schoolboys often follow. A case in point is the "Gibberish, or Hog Latin, of American children;" for instance, "Willus yoovus govus withusmeevus?" for "Will you go with me?" Others again are formed by replacing the letters of a word by others, as in the "Tut language" of Texas, and the "Guitar language" of Hungary.

"A THING OF BEAUTY."

Mammoth Edition of Hood's Calendar for 1895.

Every one who gets Hood's Calendar for 1895 secures "a thing of beauty." The calendar is formed in the shape of a heart and is ornamented with two beautiful child faces which have always been charming features of Hood's Calendars. On the right is a representation of "Winter," the sweet little face with light brown eyes peeping out from a dainty cap, while the snow flakes are falling all about. The face on the left is a picture of "Summer," and is lighted with blue eyes and the head covered with a hat decorated with bright flowers. The shades are perfectly blended and the whole picture is surrounded by a tasty border. The design was made by Miss Maude Humphrey, one of the most gifted and celebrated water color artists in the country. The calendar gives the usual information concerning the lunar changes, and upon the back is printed a table of astronomical events especially calculated for C. I. Hood & Co.

The calendar is issued to advertise the preparations of the firm, and is regarded as most difficult to manufacture, its novel shape being such as no other concern has ever undertaken to produce in large quantities. During the five months when the calendars were being made there were actually employed every day in this part of the work six printing presses, one bronzing machine, four eye-letting machines, seven wire stitchers, eight large paper cutters and 185 persons. The edition for 1895 was [illegible], or about [illegible] more than last year. If the calendars were laid down in a single line, they would reach almost [illegible] miles, and if the different pieces in the calendar made were laid in this way they would extend

You can make better food with

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Lighter, sweeter, more wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

His Love for Liquor.

A Wilkesbarre (Pa.) man, overcome by the craving for drink and having exhausted all his resources for procuring more rum, emptied the ashes of his wife's first husband out of a silver urn and sold that.

Wild Fires.

The devastation and suffering caused by the flames of the wild prairie and forest fires in the West, last summer, has a horrible detail in the loss of life and destruction of property. Men, women and children, by scores, choked by smoke and roasted alive; their homes destroyed and hundreds maimed and crippled. It is painful to contemplate, but still important and charitable to make it known that St. Jacobs Oil, used according to directions, is one of the best cures for burns and scalds, and should be kept on hand. There is no household that should be without the great remedy for pain, for there are none without the need of it. Little things like slight cuts and wounds it heals and cures like magic and helps the house work on.

At Norfolk, Va., saloons are allowed to open at 6 a. m, and must close at 10 p. m.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Baptists in Russia still continue to suffer deep religious persecutions.

Disorder.

That is the state of your stomach. You know it, you feel it, you show it. The remedy you need is Ripans Tabules. Safe, Sure and Effective.

The bulk of the Morman vote in Utah this year was Democratic.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures
all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Labratory Binghampton, N. Y.

Doctor's prescriptions must not be written in Latin in France.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

The average life of American-built ships is about 18 years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Canadian banks have a paidup capital of about $62,000,000.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine. W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

The Dalles, Oregon, markets are glutted with bear meat.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manu-

Gray Wolves in Montana.

The gray wolves are on the rampage in the northern part of Gallatin County, Montana. Already they have killed hundreds of calves and in some instances have been known to attack steers and cows that became separated from the herd. They do far more damage than the sneaking coyote, for the large wolves are much stronger, are more fleet, and when hungry they are courageous and take desperate chances. The gray wolf is the fiercest of his species, and many a man in the great woods of the East and North has been killed by them, says the Portland Oregonian. A few days ago a farmer in the northern part of the county shut two large-sized colts in a corral while he took his team to a field. When he came back after the colts a few hours later he found both had been killed by the wolves. Another stockman, while riding over the hills, came across two large steers that had been carying on an unequal fight with wolves. The two steers were surrounded by a number of big gray creatures and several coyotes, which had been running the cattle about. The steers were badly bitten and they were nearly exhausted with the unequal struggle. At the appearance of the stockman the wolves and coyotes slunk away. When the winter finally sets in and it becomes a difficult matter for them to get a calf or a sheep, the stockmen fear that these wolves will become desperate. They will then go in bands and will undoubtedly attack almost anything that might furnish them a meal.

A Bond of Sympathy.

I was in the saloon of a steamer on the west coast of Scotland last Christmas holidays, and there fell into conversation with a melancholy man, a brother Scot, sentimental, like all the race, and also, as presently appeared, lamentably drunk. "It's a sair warld this," said he. I said I though there wasn't much the matter with the world, as far as I knew it. "Aye, weel," he said, "but ye ken I'm a plumber, and it's aye a sair warld tae a plumber." I condoled with him, though secretly glad to hear that that perverse and evil race were thus afflicted. "And what's your trade?" he asked. I said I was a schoolmaster. "Gie's yer hand," said he; "I'm fu' o' seempathy; we baith belang tae a puir despised calling."—London Spectator

Dangerous Place to Live.

The number of deaths caused by wild animals is increasing greatly in India, snake bites heading the list last year with 21,000 victims. Of 2,800 persons who were killed by animals, tigers killed nearly 1,000; leopards, 291; wolves, 175; bears, 121, and elephants, 68. Ninety thousand head of cattle were destroyed, an increase of 9,000 over the year before. On the other hand, 15,000 wild beasts were killed, including nearly 1,300 tigers and over 4,000 leopards, besides almost 120,000 deadly snakes.

PHYSICAL STRENGTH, cheerful spirits and the ability to fully enjoy life, come only with a healthy body and mind. The young man who suffers from nervous debility, impaired memory, low spirits, irritable temper, and the thousand and one derangements of mind and body that result from unnatural, pernicious habits usually contracted in youth, through ignorance, is thereby incapacitated to thoroughly enjoy life. He feels tired, spiritless, and drowsy; his sleep is disturbed and does not refresh him as it should; the will power is weakened, morbid fears haunt him and may result in confirmed hypochondria, or melancholia and, finally, in softing of the brain, epilepsy, ("fits"), paralysis, locomotor ataxia and even in dread insanity.

To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunates to health and happiness, is the aim of the publishers of a book of 136 pages, written in plain but chaste language, on the nature, symptoms and curability, by home-treatment, of such diseases. This book will be sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of this notice with ten cents in stamps, for postage. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

For more than a quarter of a century physicians connected with this widely celebrated Institution have made the treatment of the diseases above hinted at their specialty. Thousands have consulted them by letter and received advice and medicines which have resulted in permanent cures.

Sufferers from premature old age, or loss of power, will find much of interest in the book above mentioned.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.
$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE.
$2.$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3.$2.50 $2.$1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS,
BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

EASTMAN National Business College and Shorthand SCHOOL affords the best preparation for business life. Practical work. Both sexes. Positions furnished.

BUSINESS COLLEGE

Thorough instruction in Bookkeeping and Business Customs, Shorthand and Typewriting, Penmanship, English and Modern Languages. For Catalogue, address CLEMENT C. GAINES, President, 30 Washington St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

PNU 1 '95

SECOND-HAND TypewriterS
Phonographs, Graphophones.
PITTSBURG TYPEWRITER CO.,
No. 445 Wood Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Take Measures to make life easier by taking Pearline to do your washing and cleaning. It does away with half the labor, and with all the dirt. It does away with the Rub, Rub, Rub. Nothing in the way of housework is too hard for it; nothing washable is too delicate. All things washable are safe with Pearline. It saves from wear, and it keeps from harm.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 395 JAMES PYLE, New York.

"Brevity Is the Soul of Wit." Good Wife

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, March 29, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

THE editor of this paper has done many foolish and unoriginal things, and many deeds of which he is ashamed, but he has never written an editorial entitled "Whither Are We Drifting."

IN Charleston the Huling Club, a Republican organization, have expelled Messrs. Eugene Dana, John Slack, and Bill Dave Goshorn for supporting the Democratic nominee for Mayor.

IN Frederick County, Va., Thornton Parker attempted to commit a rape upon a white woman on the 7th of this month. On the 15th he was sentenced to hang for the crime. This is the way to discourage lynching, but it looks as though it were all one to the negro, unless he stands on the order of his going.

THE writer is one of those fanatics who claim that the one thing needful in our county to-day is a railroad. To hear the specious arguments that are advanced by some that a railroad would be disadvantageous to the prosperity of our people, reminds us of the objection the old farmer made to the putting up of a telegraph line through his farm, because he did not want the news carried all over the country every time he licked one of his young ones. This objection being overcome, he contended that "he hearn tell how the teiegraft killed the corn." If our people produced their dry goods and groceries, and made their farming implements as they once did, we could get along better. But we have got to be too progressive. We are continually buying things which have beeh imported, and our broad acres are more of an expense than profit. We are cursed, too, with a large and smooth, but swift-flowing river, which is admirably fashioned for carrying everything out of the county, but even the light rowboats of the lumbermen cannot come back into the county by the river, but must be hauled in over high mountains. In the era of prosderity which is now beginning, let us hope that some of the many companies will complete a line which will open up this county. We are tired of hurting horses' backs by the long and tiresome rides to the depot, and announce our intention of only waiting about twenty years longer, and if the railroad does not come by that time, we will vacate the premises and go forth to seek our railroad.

Historical Fact Disputed.

All people who are fond of stating hypothetical cases, and using the word "if" a great deal, have been often reminded by their their friends that "*If* the Dog had not stopped to take a drink he would have caught the Rabbit." These persons will be glad to know that there was no such occurrence as this, at least so a gentleman of this town informed his hearers, but that all that had given rise to this caustic illustration, which sets the best of us back, was that the Dog had gone out to take a drink and the Rabbit saw him and ran off. A Man was standing near and either mistakenly or designedly invented the above reply to be used when hypothetical cases were put to him. It does the Dog an injustice and irritates the supposer, and so it is well that the tale

Outrage Upon Mrs. Tracy.

About two weeks ago it was reported that there had been an outrage committed upon a defenceless woman in the upper part of Pocahontas. We had inquired into the matter as thoroughly as possible, and had come to the conclusion that there was no truth in the report, and therefore made no mention of it in these columns. In the meantime the news was spread far and wide by the daily papers. We have copied a clipping from the Stauntom *News* on the outside of this week's paper under which doubt of the authenticity of the account is expressed.

Since then we have heard the report confirmed from a reliable source, and it seems that though the people of the county did not get up in arms to hunt the ravishers down, yet there was a crime committed in a most secluded section of the county—a crime at the thought of which the civilized world stands aghast.

On that snowy evening in March Mrs. Tracy was dragged from her horse to become the victim of two white fiends. The horse continued on its way home where it arrived with a bit of torn skirt on the saddle. Thinking that she had been thrown from the horse, her friends went to look for her and traced the way the ruffians had hurried her by means of her torn clothing. She was in a most deplorable condition when found. The men were strangers, but she thinks that she could recognize them.

This report is a little tardy, but it was through abundant caution that we refrained from taking the report of the Staunton daily, rather relying on the fact that there was no excitement manifested in this part of the county. The neighborhood, however, is removed from any direct communication with the county-seat, and that may account for it.

A Great Speech.

A lawyer, whose eloquence was of the spread-eagle sort, was addressing the jury at great length, and his legal opponent, growing weary, went outside to rest.

"Mr. B. is making a great speech," said a countryman to the bored counsel.

"Oh, yes, Mr. B. always makes a great speech. If you, or I had occasion to announce that two and two make four, we'd just be fools enough to blurt it right out. Not so Mr. B. He would say:

"'If, by that particular arithmetical rule known as addition, we desire to arrive at the sum of two integers added to two integers, we should find—and I assert this boldly, sir, and without the fear of successful contradiction—we, I repeat, should find by the particular arithmetic formula before-mentioned—and, sir, I hold myself perfectly responsible for the assertion I am about to make—that the sum of the two given integers added to the two other integers would be four!'"

This reminds us of an incident said to have occurred in Lord Justice Davey's court, in which the Lord Justice is said to have asked Mr. Oswald to "kindly state to the Court the exact point of law that he was obscuring by his eloquence."—*The Law Student's Helper.*

Clover Lick.

There is some sickness in Dr. Ligon's family.

James meeks is better.

Mr. S. B. Hannah brought a fine lot of cattle to his place the other day, which he will graze here.

Mr. Philip Kramer has gone to Highland county to attend a land sale.

Some one robbed Mr. Sharp's potato store the other day.

TREMBLE, MISCREANT!

We would be glad if the one who borrowed John Doyle's ax last fall would return the same to same.

PREACHING APPOINTMENTS.

Providence permitting, Rev. E. F. Alexander will preach at Driftwood Saturday at 10 a. m., and at Split Rock on the fifth Sunday of March at ten a. m. and at Mary's Chapel at 3 p. m., and at the Price School House, at 7 p. m. of that day.

PUMPKINHEAD.

A new paper called the *West Virginia Journal of Commerce* is to be started at Grafton. It is to

THE many friends of Brevet Ma. Gen. Henry Capehart, late Colonel of the First West Virginia Cavalry, will learn with pleasure that he has been awarded a medal of Honor by the President for most distinguished gallantry in action in saving under fire the life of a soldier who was in imminent danger of drowning at Greenbrier River W. Va., May 25, 1864.—*Hancock County Independent.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Notice to Contractors.

BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE UNDERSIGNED COMMISSIONER For repairing the bridge across Knapp's Creek at Huntersville, Pocahontas county. Specifications can be seen at the County Clerk's office. All bids must be in by April 3d.

E. D. KING, Commissioner.

Dentistry: Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Valley Head March 15th, and remain 3 days. Mingo, 19th. 4 days. Edray, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Buckeye (Clark Kellisons,) 5th, 4 days. Mill Point, 10th, 4 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
B. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases. Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Allegheny, W Va

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1 256m

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day 1.00
per meal - - - 25
lodging - - 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE.—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention,

All country produce taken.

Commissioner's sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, pronounced at the October term, 1894, in the chancery cause of

Levi Gay
vs.
John T. McGraw, John A. Mc Neel, and B. M. Yeager,

I will on
TUESDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1895,
Offer for sale by public auction to the highest bidder, in front ot the court house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River and on the headwaters of Laurel Creek, a branch of Williams River, in said county, which was conveyed to said John T. McGraw by the said John A. McNeel, by deed of date 7th day of April, 1891, and of record in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No 22, page 13, and which is estimated to contain 1077 acres and 30 poles. This tract is very valuable for its grazing and timber qualities.

TERMS: Enough cash in hand to pay the sum of $3,479.50, with interest thereon from the 15th day of October, 1894, and the costs of suit and sale, and the residue in three equal installments, falling due in six, twelve, and eighteen months respectively from day of sale, bearing interest from that date, taking from the purchaser bonds with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, a lien being retained as ultimate security. W. A. BRATTON.
Special Commissioner,

I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed. J. H. PATTERSON,
m8 4t Clerk.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for said county, on Monday, the 4th day of March, 1895.

W. A. Bratton, trustee,
vs.
W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway Company, a corporation under the laws of West Virginia, George F. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, and Q W. Poage.

The object of this suit is to sell under a deed of trust in favor of the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railway Company, of date October 28, 1881, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, the land of said Ella M. Burr, (nee Poage) devised her by her father, Woods Poage, and to this end, to remove any clouds which may rest upon the title by reason of any claims of said Q. W. Poage to said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, George F. Burr, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the West Virginia Central & Pittsburg Railway Company, is a corpotion, chartered and existing under the laws of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this the 5th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
W. A. BRATTON, p. q. Clerk.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
POCAHONTAS COUNTY to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, March 1st, 1895.

Ott, Bros. & Co.
vs.
J. W. Bolton, W. H. Overholt, E. H. Moore, trustee, George W. Whiting, and J. S. Wickline.

The object of this suit is to enforce a judgment of Ott, Bros & Co. of $418.06 and $14.80 costs against J. W. Bolton, and subject the lands of the said J. W. Bolton to the lien of said judgment and the costs of this suit. And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant, J. S. Wickline, is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month from the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 4th day of march, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 24th day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of Jacob Sheets, Administrator, *vs.* Rachel E. A. Sheets and others, the undersigned special commissioner will proceed to sell on

Tuesday, April 2d, 1895,

in front of the court house of Pocahontas County, at public auction to the highest bidder, two certain tracts of land, comprising the real estate of Jacob Sheets, deceased, situated in Pocahontas County on Back Alleghany Mountain. One containing 135 acres of land, conveyed to said Jacob Sheets by J. H. Arbogast and wife, by deed dated on the 28th day of April, 1877; the other tract containing 164 acres, conveyed to said Sheets by W. A. Gum and others, by deed dated 27th day of June, 1878. All of the timber on said 164 acre tract has been sold to the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company.

Said land is partially improved, and has on it a comfortable dwelling and out houses.

TERMS OF SALE: Sufficient cash in hand to pay the cost of this suit and expenses of sale, and upon a credit as to the residue of the purchase money of 6, 12, and 18 months in equal instalments, bearing interest from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bonds for said deferred instalments, with good personal security, and retaining a lien on said land as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC.
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law. J. H. PATTERSON,
Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale of Valuable Lands

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, W. VA.

BY VIRTUE of a decree entered on the nineteenth day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of William Skeen's Administrator *versus* John T. McGraw, and others, pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, the undersigned Special Commissioner will proceed on

THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1895,

In front of the court-house door of said county to sell publicly to the highest bidder, the following real estate situated in Pocahontas county, to-wit:

3900 ACRES OF LAND

Lying on Knapp's Creek in said county, adjoining the lands of William Curry, and others, formerly belonging to the estate of William Skeen, deceased. This land is covered with virgin forests of white oak, white pine, and other valuable timbers, and is also reputed to have on it valuable iron ore. It lies along the bank of Knapp's Creek in such a way that the lumber can be easily floated from it to market.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-fourth of the purchase money cash in hand, and for the residue bonds with approven personal security will be required, falling due in six and twelve months from day of sale, with interest from date, a lien to be retained as ultimate security.

R. S. TURK,
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer and Real Estate Agent.

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,

HOME NEWS

—R. M. Beard, of Academy, recently sold his brown riding mare to Joe McNeel, Esq.,

—Tom Malcomb moved from Elk to Knapp's Creek, where he will live on some land he recently purchased Points Moore.

—On the 25th instant the trustee of the busted bank at Lexington paid to depositors a payment of 20 per cent. on the amount of their deposits.

—In a recent writ one of our most learned justices describes a mare as having "one white hindfoot of the value of forty dollars." She must be a regular Trilby of a mare.

—Look here, if you have money to spend and want bargains when you come to Marlinton, go to S W Holt's general store, for there you can buy goods cheaper than you ever saw them. Come in and be convinced.

—A drove of sheep was being driven through Charleston a few days ago. The plate glass windows of a store reflected their images, and, no doubt thinking that it was another flock, made a break to join them and filled up the store.

—There is a new illuminant which is said to be the cheapest in the world as well as the best. It is a material which comes in cans, and looks like a white powder. Gas is generated when it is set in water, and the cost is only one-fifth the cost of coal gas in a city.

—Next Staurday the Literary Society will give a public entertainment consisting of a debate, declamations, oration, reading, and dialogue. This Society is very successfully conducted by the young men of the. town, and they always have a large and appreciative audience.

—Married: Mr. Geo. D. Clendennin and Miss Louella McNeel, sister of Samuel McNeel, Esq., were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. A. C. Hamill, March 21st, 1895, at the residence of Mr. J. W. Kennison, near Academy. As wellwishes and congratulations were never more in order than now, they are most cordially extended.

—The postoffice at Dunmore will change postmasters on the 1st of April. Capt. C. B. Swecker has held this position for fifteen years, and has always given perfect satisfaction by means of his admirable management. His appointment was renewed under the present administration, but through some technicality a change was made and Mr. B. F. McElwee appointed.

—Tuesday and Wednesday, April 2d and 3d, I will have another clearance sale for actual cost. The goods that will be sold on those days will consist of Clothing, Hats, Shoes, Dry Goods, Etc. Sale to continue from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. each day. Everybody come out and watch the rush.

P. GOLDEN.

—There has been some excitement over the appointment of a postmaster at Academy. Some months ago Dr. Eskridge was appointed, but was violently opposed by several citizens, who filed affidavits with the department charging him with being a Prohibitionist, and not being in the Democratic party. When this opposition developed, the department decided to give the appointment to some disinterested party, and commissioned Mr. E. I. Holt, who will take charge of the office about April the 1st.

—March has been a failure. We have had some bright skies, but there has been a cold undercurrent in the air that has rendered the month most unpleasant. Taking into consideration the mud we have had as much just cause of complaint against this month as any of the rigorous winter. The winter snow has not gone yet, and is knee deep in some of the mountains to the west. Wherever there is a little shade the snow is to be found. Farmers who usually have finished their plowing by this time have not run a furrow. The snow during the equinoctial storm was about five inches deep. This kind of weather makes our section a dangerous and undesirable place

—Last Sunday night the Christian Endeavor Society was reorganized for the coming Summer. Next Sunday the Sunday school will also be reorganized.

—Let me give you a pointer when you come to town to attend court. You can save money by examining S. W. Holt's complete line of goods, which he is selling at rock bottom for cash.

—Last week an erroneous assessment of a tract of land was corrected by the County Court of Kanawha county. The assessed value of the land was reduced from $168,660 to $7,000, and the taxes from $3475.69 to $140.60.

—Jimmy—"Good morning, Tim, where did you get that Beaver Hat? Tim—Why sure, Jimmy, I bought it at S. W. Holt's general store. It is just the best hat for the money in the county.

—Mr. E. D. King, who as special commissioner receives bids for the repairing of the Huntersville bridge, as shown by an advertisement in these columns, extends the time until the 3d day of April in which bids may be filed.

—NOTICE. Prof J. A. Lowe, the optician, will be in Marlinton on the first days of the Circuit Court, next week, for the purpose of furnishing glasses. Examination of eyes free.

—The justice's court has been busy lately. In the case of Sandridge vs. Ruckman possession of the horse was given to the plaintiff. In the action of J. B. Waugh vs. Edgar Sharp the plaintiff recovered a judgment for $11.11 and costs. In Rankin vs. Jacobs the plaintiff recovered $10.16 and costs.

—A merchant of this town inquired the other day whether the law imposing a license tax of $500 included the business in cigarettes such as he was engaged in, and received the assurance that it did. On being asked if he would take out a license he very emphatically declared that he would not pay $4 for such a privilege. So now for Some moonshine cigarettes.

—In Marion County recently they had a typical justice's case. A farmer agreed to give a young man ten dollars to tame a bull. The young man got a rope on the horns of the bull and the animal fell and broke its neck. Suit was brought, the farmer offset the claim by charging him for board on Sundays, when he was not working but it was not allowed, and the bull-tamer recovered judgment for $10.

—A peculiar case occurred in one of the Valley district justice courts last week. A gentleman had a blacksmith to shoe a horse and after the work was done would not pay for it. The blacksmith found the horse hitched near a store and pulled the shoes off the horse's feet, and then the owner of the horse had the blacksmith arrested for stealing the shoes. We hear the blacksmith was released.—*Barbour Democrat.*

—This is related by a gentleman as to have seen the occurrence with his own eyes, as he was strolling on the banks of the Greenbrier about four miles below Marlinton, with a friend: A rabbit was seen to enter the water with a little bunch of hair in his mouth. It submerged its whole body until only the bit of hair remained above water. Presently the bunch drifted off and the rabbit came out on the bank and shook itself. On examination it was found that all the fleas of the season were clinging to that bunch of hair, and it was very apparent that the rabbit had taken this means to get rid of the pests.

—Pendleton county has a very depraved taste. It wishes for a railroad. Now how it can invite all the woes attending more populous life to come and exist within its bounds passes comprehension. Pocahontas has over eighty acres to every man, woman, and child of its population, and Pendleton county is about as well off. Neither has a railroad. Why they should want to reduce the average acreage of the county by doing all they can to people the county through railroad development, is not apparent. They have desired to submit a proposition to bond the county for $12,000 to induce a railroad to come their way. This is to throw our Meachan road off its proper and legitimate course through Po-

—FOR SALE: One new, two-horse wagon. S. W. HOLT, Marlinton, W. V.

—Swecker, the Silver Tongued Auctioneer will sound his horn at court.

—It is about time you were overhauling your fishing tackle and getting things in shape for the coming spring.

—Mr. O. L. Moore, on Brown's Creek, has a thousand logs or more on the skids ready for extensive sawing operations with a view to building and fencing.

—Hampton, the late Col. Lockridge's favorite saddle horse, died a few days since on Dr. Lockridge's farm, of an accidental injury, aged about thirty years.

—Horse back is the manner in which most of the traveling is done over our roads nowadays. The mud is too deep to make traveling on wheels desirable.

—B. F. Fleshman occupies his new and comfortable dwelling on the lower section of Wm. Cleek's farm, and has good outbuildings in course of erection, and does much of the work himself.

—Capt. O'Connell's rear is at the head of the "Jake Place." A very heavy splash came down from Hunter's early Monday morning. and gave Mr. Lee Gum, who was coming for a physician, some deep fording to do.

—One of the best kept roads in our county is that from Brown's Creek to Harper's Mill, under the supervision of Mr. Sheldon Moore. Like the wise Franklin, Mr. Moore thinks what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

—Mr. Wallace McLaughlin is preparing to manufacture lime on a large scale for fertilizing uses. This is a move in the right direction, and one acre may be made to do as much as two or three have been doing in the production of grain and grass.

—William Curry, Esq. has in his possession and daily use a pair of fire tongs that were procured by the late Henry M. Moffatt, second clerk of Pocahontas County, for the office fireplace, about sixty-seven years ago.

—Teams passed through Marlinton Tuesday moving Mr. Thomas Malcomb from Elk to Knapp's Creek. He will settle on the Geo. Gay place recently purchased from Points Moore. Just as Malcomb's teams were starting from Mr. J. S. Moore's, on Elk, one of them took fright and attempted to run away. The saddle horse fell over the tongue and the off horse fell on him and both were on Mr Malcomb, and in that posture he was dragged about thirty yards by the two horses in front. He was soon extricated by Mr. Moore, Ellis Sharp, and Pat Gay without serious hurt, and is most fortunate in not being fatally injured. It was a wonderful escape from instant death.

Personal.

Hon. Geo. H. Moffatt, formerly of Pocahontas, is now on the staff of the Cincinnati Enquirer. He will make his home at Lewisburg, and will be the representative of the Enquirer in West Virginia.

Mr. J. H. G. Wilson is off on a business trip to Staunton.

The action of the Virginia Conference in retaining among us for another year Rev. S. C. Morgan, Rev. W. A. Sharp, and Rev. C. M. Fultz, meets with the approbation of every one especially the parishioners of these ministers.

Walker Yeager is reading law under the direction of Mr. L. M. McClintic.

Mr. H. M. Lockridge is one of the leading members of the law class at the State University, and his friends look upon his graduating in June as assured. He will locate for the practice of the profession at Marlinton.

Mrs. E. A. Smith, was called to the bedside of her sick mother in Pennsylvania, last week.

After Mr. F. J. Snyder went to Richmond, Va., to enter the Soldier's Home at that place, no word was received from him for about six weeks. Much interest was felt as to what had become of him. A few days ago, however, a letter was received from Judge Snyder, of Lewisburg, saying that the exposure of his journey to Richmond had made his brother ill, that for a good while his life was dispaired of, but that he was much better the last account heard of him.

Dollars Wanted.

As usual next week on the first day of Court many thousands of dollars will be paid and received. The TIMES has come to regard that day as general pay day, and we have never been wholly disappointed. As many subscribers as can will please take advantage of the season and send in their subscriptions from their abundance, and as such we will ever pray, etc.

Another Route.

As the voice of one crying in the wilderness, a correspondent of the Randolph *Enterprise* tells how Cheat Mountain can be successfully flanked so as to let the railroad into the Greenbrier Valley. If the high mountains completely encircling Pocahontas knew how many weak places they have, and how often they are laid bare before the public, these mountains would have occasion to be ashamed of themselves. This is the route:

It is to be hoped that the West Virginia Central railroad will extend their road up the Valley in the near future. The most available route to reach the upper basin of the Cheat River is by the way of Valley Head, thence up the Windy Run to the low place in Cheat Mountain at the head of Windy, then there is a fine grade down Cheat River to Cheat Bridge (Dewing's Camp), thence it is level to the Kerr Top, thence east up the side of Shaver's Mountain to the White's Camp Run, thence down the Greenbrier River, south. This route is available and opens up the greatest lumber section in West Virginia, besides it will catch a large traffic from the counties of Pocahontas and Webster, also the upper part of Randolph, which might direct their trade to the road leading up Middle Fork, the nearest point being about five miles from Crickard. I believe most of the landowners will grant the right of way.

Dry Branch.

IN THE FORDING.

On the 16th of this month Clark Sharp was on his return from the depot at Beverly with a two horse team and heavy loaded wagon. He attempted to ford the Tygart's Valley River, near Adam See's in Randolph county, which was raised considerably. When about half way across the river, his lead horse which was on the lower side fell and his harness tied him down so he could not get up. The off horse pulled the wagon loaded with 2500 pounds, and and the fallen horse to the bank. Then Mr. Sharp walked out upon the tongue of the wagon, cut the hame strings, and let the horse up. While they were getting the wagon out of the water, two sacks of salt were washed out of the hind end of the body, and damaged other things pretty badly.

IN EARNEST.

Rev. Powers is holding a protracted meeting at this place. He says he is a going to twist the devil out of the people like he and his brother used to do the rabbits when they got them in a hollow tree, and got a forked stick in their fur. We wish him much success in his new scheme.

WHITE MARBLE.

W. H. Beady found a very fine specimen of clear white marble. It dresses beautifully.

People are plowing and making sugar.

Mrs. Smith who has been to visit her son at Dunmore, stopped over to visit her daughter Mrs. Mollie Beale. She is on her way to her home at Pickens.

Mr. Cameron Beal has been very sick, but is better at this writing.

We are having fine March weather. We heard very heavy thunder last night. TUCKER.

Public Sale.

I will sell at public auction, on Tuesday, April the 9th, 1895, the following property, to wit:

3 head of horses,
4 head of milch cows,
4 two-year olds,
1 one year old,
4 head of hogs
Some grain.

Household and kitchen furniture, farming implements, carpenter tools, etc. Terms made known on day of sale. PERRY A. BUZZARD.

Dunmore.

The weather seems to be a little changeable.

Rev. John A. Taylor took a boat one night last week for Ronceverte, and from there he will go to conference.

Mr. Jacob B. Taylor is off to the Levels for a load of grain.

Mr. Harry Moore and Mrs. C. B. Swecker are on the sick list.

Dr. Barnett was in town last week.

Mr. Cam McElwee, of Driscol, was in town to-day.

Mr. C. B. Moore and family spent Sunday with relatives.

Mr. Ed. McLaughlin has geen doing some work on the road. Overseers should get out early and fix bridges and open up ditches before the hard spring rains.

Attorneys L. M. McClintic and S. B. Scott were in town Saturday.

Mr. B. M. Yeager passed through town Sunday, on his way home from Grafton and other points.

Some teams are out to Staunton. We understand that wagons cannot cross Alleghany Mountain yet on account of snow drifts.

The football game on Thomas Creek Saturday last was immense. Francis Hambrick got two or three ribs cracked, and had to call on the doctor. The next match will be at Dunmore, Saturday the 30th.

Mr. Perry A. Buzzard has sold his farm to Mr. Emby Shinneberry. Auctioneer Swecker will sell Mr. Buzzards personal property, etc., at auction April 9th.

Messrs. Simmers and Knisely have commenced sawing for Zack. Nottingham.

Mr. John Beverage contemplates building a fine house this summer. John A. Noel purchased the lumber from Col. S. C. Pritchard.

Mr. Ott Kline, of Frost, was up, and will commence carding soon.

Miss Lucy C. Siple spent a week in town.

Mr. Lewis Yeager is canvassing for a fine book, the History of America for 500 years. Every body should have a copy.

The latest when a lady makes sleeves for a dress if she has any cloth left she makes a dress to them. TOM SAWYER.

Green Bank.

Mud and rain and snow and thunder and lightning.

Mrs. George Tacy who has been very low with pneumonia, is improving and is able to walk about the house.

Attys. McClintic and Scott, were here last Friday 22nd taking depositions.

W. L. Wilmoth, Esq., and wife, of Top Alleghany, passed through our town one day last week.

Mrs. Harvey Nottingham was visiting her daughter Mrs. J. Curry one day last week.

Mrs. W. H. Hull was visiting her father, Harvy Curry, Esq., last week.

E. H. Patterson, Esq., of Marlinton, is among his many friends at this place.

Lew Yeager, Esq., of Huntersville, was in this town last week convassing with his history.

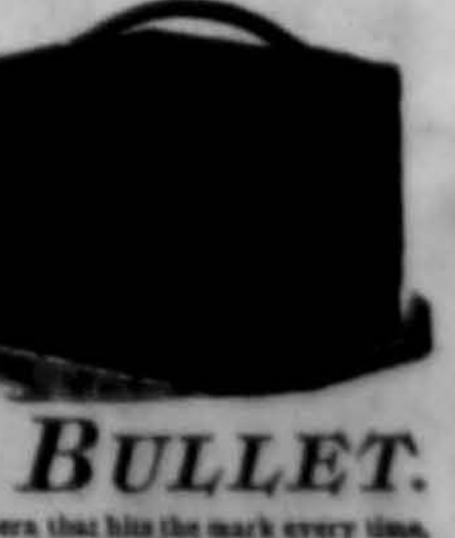
Mr. and Msr. E. F. Arbogast, are all smiles because of the new boarder who came to stay, on the 15th inst. A fine boy and a true Democrat.

Mrs. John Patterson, of Glade Hill, is visiting at her father's W. L. Brown.

Mrs. N. J. Rock, of Dunmore, was in our burg last week.

Asbury Dysard, Esq., and daughter, passed through our town last week, enroute to Driftwood.

J. H. Curry, Jr. is suffering with rheumatism at this writing, also his hand is almost as sore as it was before he had his finger amputated. Can't some one furnish a cure? Two years gone and nothing done is too bad. BABBLER.



$8.00

Size of Pictures 3½x3½ in.

Weight 21 oz.

THE BULLET.

A roll film camera that hits the mark every time. It's a repeater too; shoots 12 times and can be

Reloaded in Daylight.

The Bullet is fitted with our new automatic shutter. One button does it all—sets and releases the shutter and changes from time to instantaneous. Achromatic lens. Handsome finish.

An Illustrated Manual, free with every instrument, explains its operation and tells how to finish the pictures—but "we do the rest" when you prefer.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

The population of the German Empire is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale says that only eleven per cent. of the American people are illiterate.

The old Lincoln homestead, near Hodgenville, Larue County, Ky., where Abraham Lincoln was born, is to be purchased by an association of the citizens of Hodgenville and made into a public park. The homestead is now known as the Creal Farm, and lies about two and a half miles south of Hodgenville. An electric railway is to be built out to the farm, announces the New York Sun, and in a general way it is intended as another Mount Vernon.

Creameries scattered over many parts of the East are making considerable change in the conditions of farming, the Chicago Herald takes note. The dairy is becoming more and more important, and poor farms are enriched by the presence of many cattle. The creameries buy milk by the hundred pounds and farmers like the simplicity of this wholesale trade. Meanwhile there is a constant interest in creamery prices and local newspapers publish quotations from time to time as news items.

Certain tables of longevity just published in England by Professor Humphreys leave the whole matter pretty much in the dark. Of the 824 cases in which the subjects have reached ages varying from eighty to over a hundred years, one-third were small eaters, and only one-tenth appear to have had robust appetites. Physicians, as a class, were found to fall below the average age. The usual directions for prolonging life by diet, sleep and exercise are not strikingly confirmed by those tables, maintains the New York Tribune.

A notable example of a big result produced by small means is found in the fact that lead pencil users have whittled away several big forests of cedar trees in Europe, and the supply of wood suitable for lead pencils is practically exhausted in the Old World. An order has just been placed by a noted German firm of pencil makers with a California lumber company for a large quantity of sequoia wood, which is found to be the best wood now available for pencils. The sequoia is the big tree of California. It seems too bad to the New York Sun that the grand old giants should be sacrificed, and especially that their end should be lead pencil shavings.

The London Times says that the Manchester ship canal is both a financial and commercial failure. It was opened eleven months ago, and it is not doing as much business now as at first. It is stated that the gross receipts of the canal for a year will be less than $400,000—not enough to pay the interest on the first debentures. The city of Manchester in building this canal, which has cost upward of $25,000,000, expected that ships carrying cotton and other merchandise would use the canal and unload their cargoes at Manchester docks, instead of at Liverpool; but upon the completion of the canal the railroads immediately reduced their rates so that manufacturers found it more to their interest to continue to use the railways.

The death of Robert C. Winthrop recalls to the New York Times the events and struggles of a period extending over the average lifetime of two generations. He was eighty-five years old at the time of his death. At twenty-four he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. At thirty-one he was the best-known speaker in the Harrison campaign and a Whig member of the House of Representatives. At forty-one he was United States Senator for a brief term, by appointment. His last active participation in National politics was as a supporter of General McClellan in 1864. After that his time was devoted to study and charity—his chief work being the charge of the great and fertile benefactions of Mr. Peabody. His was a noble life, which, if not sufficiently distinguished to pass into history, exerted an influence that cannot be lost. American citizenship is better and more secure for the work

A VOICE FROM THE NIGHT.

O heron, from the lonely shore
Unceasingly thy cry,
Ill-boding, dismal, harsh,
Arises through the mist of night
That gathers deep and cold and white
Upon the silent marsh,
Dim, drifting shrouds that folded lie
Around my door.

What shadow of the future's needs
Dismays thy simple heart,
Poor dweller in the fog?
What evil spirit of unrest
Disturbs the quiet of thy nest
Beyond the tussocked bog?
Do demons even ply their art
Among the reeds?

Perhaps thy bright-eyed mate is led
Across the winding creek,
Belated, tired of wing.
Then grieve not! Soon thy loving note
As beacon's blaze to storm-tossed boat
The wanderer will bring.
O heron, can the words I speak
Recall the dead?

O heron on the lonely shore,
The east is gray above;
Thy watch is well nigh done,
And gentle dawn will bring thee sleep,
While I my endless vigil keep,
Unwelcoming the sun;
For she, my light, my life, my love,
Will come no more.

—H. Prescott Beach, in Lippincott.

ON EVEN TERMS.

YOU appear to forget that this fellow Vaughan has the reputation of being one of the most desperate criminals that ever stepped. 'King of the Coiners' he is rightly named; but it is chiefly because he is at the head of a dangerous gang. And because, by a lucky chance, you have found out that he is living in private lodgings under an assumed name, makes it none the less risky for us two alone to attempt his capture."

It was in a decidedly dissatisfied tone that Mr. Roche, the detective, urged upon his superior officer the hazardous nature of the business they were upon; but Arnold Bond merely smiled good humoredly as he responded:

"Whatever risk there may be, Roche, I think I shall face. And as I expect to take our man entirely by surprise, in the very bosom of his family, I don't anticipate much resistance. Still, I am prepared for it, and don't think that he will easily give us the slip. For the rest, you will simply carry out my instructions."

The two detectives knocked at the door of an unpretentious looking house in a quiet street of the east end of London.

Almost immediately, a respectable looking woman opened the door, and, stepping back, said, before Bond could speak:

"Ah, sir. I don't believe they expected you again to-night; but it's well you've come, for the poor mite is very bad, they say."

With the ever ready wit of a shrewd detective, quick to take advantage of the slightest error, Bond instantly checked the exclamation of surprise which sprang instinctively to his lips, and, stepping in, quietly observed:

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear that. Our usual friend could not come himself, but, as his partner, I thought it advisable to look in again. Let me see—Mrs. Sutton, second floor, is it not?"

Neither of the detectives scarce ventured to breathe as they anxiously waited to see the result of this rather haphazard remark.

"Oh, I took you for Dr. Dalton himself, sir! Yes, second floor. It's rather dark, but I daresay you can find your way up. Lor'! I never knowed before as how the doctor had a partner."

"This gentleman is merely a friend of mine. If you don't mind, he will wait for me in the passage. I don't suppose I shall be many minutes," Bond said, inwardly chuckling with satisfaction at the lucky mistake which had, undoubtedly, saved him and his companion no little at the outset.

Leaving his subordinate—who had previously received careful instructions—Arnold Bond, with heart beating a little faster than usual, cautiously mounted the dark, narrow staircase and tapped at a closed door facing him.

Then, without waiting for any reply, he instantly opened it, and as quickly stepped into the room and shut the door after him again.

"Surrender yourself my prisoner, Michael Vaughan, alias Ralph Sutton," he said, sternly, as a tall, bearded man sprang hastily to his feet with a startled exclamation, and confronted him.

A momentary pause; then, with an oath, the coiner snatched up a chair, and raising it above his head, was about to hurl it at the detective; but as quickly dropped it, as his eye rested on the revolver steadily levelled at him.

"Trapped!" he ejaculated, savagely, glaring at the officer. "And in this tom fool fashion, too. But there's treachery here," he added, fiercely.

"Michael, Michael," interposed a woman's voice, in pleading tones, "you're forgetting poor little Jess. You know the doctor said she must be kept perfectly quiet."

"Ah, Jess, poor mite," said the coiner. "No, wonder I forgot everything, when Bond himself jumped up before me like magic! Well, I'm fairly nabbed; but if it wasn't for her," he added, with a bitter emphasis, pointing to a bed in a corner of the room, "you'd never take me in this squeamish fashion."

The bed was occupied by a little girl of about six years of age, who, it needed no second glance to perceive was very near to death indeed. She was wide awake, staring in mute terror from the detective to her father and back again. Nor did the white face of the coiner's wife, who stood trembling by the bedside, express much less alarm than the child's.

"Let's clear out before you frighten my young 'un to death," said the coiner, in a quieter voice. "Never mind, Jess," he went on, turning to the child and speaking in such a tender and soothing tone that Bond stared with astonishment, "Perhaps, soon, I shall come back, and then you'll be better, and we will—"

Vaughn's voice faltered, and he paused.

"Ah, take him away, sir, but don't hurry him over what he very well knows must be the last goodby he'll ever say to his child! What hope there may have been you'll take with you but to take it at this moment—"

The wretched mother, unable to articulate another word, sank into a chair, hid her face in her hands, and gave way to a sudden outburst of grief.

"Is the gentleman going to take you away, then, daddy?" the child said freely. "Oh, don't go! I do so want you to-night." Then looking at the detective with great, earnest eyes, little Jess continued, half indignantly, half pathetically: "How would your little girl like you to be taken away if she was ill, and wanted you to stop with her dreadfully bad?"

An involuntary smile gathered for one brief instant on the stern countenance of Bond.

"It's true, worse luck," whispered the coiner, stepping near his captor. "Poor little beggar, she's mighty bad, and the doctor says the next few hours means life or death. More'n anything she's got to be kept particular quiet, so let's clear out and leave 'em; and, please God, I'll see her again yet. Yes, my prince of traps, you can see what makes me such a miserable coward, eh?"

As if ashamed of the tremor in his speech, the coiner turned, and, taking down his hat, crushed it upon his head and approached the door with a rigid countenance and twitching lips. Apparently, he dared not trust himself to take even a farewell look at his child. But, as Arnold Bond moved toward the door also, his glance fell for an instant upon the thin, white face of little Jess, who had already fallen back exhausted.

She was gazing steadily at her father, who, however, kept his face carefully averted. The pitiful, pleading expression in the sick child's eyes struck the detective to the heart, for it was a look which expressed more eloquently than any words the bitter disappointment she felt at seeing one she evidently dearly loved about to be taken from her this night of all nights.

The detective paused abruptly, hesitated a moment, and then the resolute expression on his features softened suddenly, and he said, in a half jocular tone, to hide the emotion he could not entirely conceal:

"Stay, Vaughan; I can't do it after all. I can't take such a cruel advantage of even you at a time like this! That's all and good night."

"Bond, Bond," cried the king of the coiners, springing forward as he recovered from his momentary stupefaction, "Heaven prosper you for this! Bad as I am, I hope I'll be able to give you your reward for this, if it's years to come."

A moment later the detective had gone. He had sacrificed an opportunity of adding enormously to his reputation.

It was a year later before the authorities succeeded in discovering the "factory" where Vaughan and his confederates turned out the cleverly made counterfeit coins which had so long been passed with impunity in most quarters of the metropolis.

But after infinite trouble Bond found out all he wanted to know, and one night he surrounded with his men the counterfeiter's den.

Bond got within a few feet of the door, and was already thinking how neatly he had managed everything, when suddenly, and without the slightest warning, the whole floor seemed to cave in beneath his feet; and as he threw out his arms with a startled cry, the trap he had unconsciously sprung turned completely over and threw him into a large well-lighted cellar below. Before he could rise some seven or eight men had seized him, and amidst a storm of oaths and threats, bound him hand and foot, despite his strenuous struggles.

"You fools!" cried Bond, exasperated beyond measure. "Let me tell you the game is up! My men surround the place, and any violence will only make matters a great deal worse for you. You'd better—"

"Joke," repeated one of the coiners, with a fierce laugh. "Well, we'll see. What say you, boys? What says our oath?"

"Death to the trap who bowls us out!" answered a burly, villainous looking fellow. "Surrounded we may be, but what of that? Haven't we means for getting away through the burrow at the first alarm?"

"Aye, but not if we stand chucking precious minutes away in empty talk," interrupted another of the gang. "Quick, pals! Here's an end to our snug little business, and so let's make an end of this interfering sneak before we cut. The traps outside may smell a rat if he doesn't soon give 'em the cue."

Without another word one of the coiners stepped up to the prostrate officer and, with a savage exclamation slipped the noose of a rope over Bond's head and drew it uncomfortably tight round his neck. Another of the desperate crew at once threw the other end of the rope over one of the beams which supported the flooring above.

The detective now recognized to the full extent the really serious nature of his position; and, half dazed by the terrible calamity which had so suddenly befallen him, was giving up all hope of escape, when for the first time the leader of the gang—Michael Vaughan—himself spoke.

"Leave him to me, lads, and get you along while you may. There's not a jiffy to lose. Hark! hear the traps! They're breaking in already."

"We don't go until we've choked the life out of the rat. Who's put 'em on our trail? Run him up sharp and have him a pleasant surprise to his friends," replied one of the ruffians.

With these words the unfortunate officer was jerked off his feet, but at the same moment Vaughan snatched up a formidable knife and at a single stroke severed the rope above his head.

"I'm with you, Mr. Bond," ejaculated Vaughan, with grim determination stamped upon his white face. "Aha! see how my mutinous crew sink back from your bulldog! And by all that's lucky for us both, here come your men. Another minute's delay and I reckon it would have gone a bit hard for us both."

Almost before he had finished speaking the long cellar-like room became for a short space a scene of desperate struggling, the walls echoing a chorus of savage cries and shouts.

Of all the members of the gang their leader alone offered no resistance, but lapsed into moody silence.

Only when the opportunity offered did he whisper in the detective's ear—

"You see, I haven't forgotten what I once promised, sir, although you only had a smasher's word for it. Perhaps you didn't know it, but I reckon you had the life of my little Jess in your hands that night a year ago, and maybe you'll agree now that I've paid a fair price for it. As for me—but there, we're on even terms once more."—London Tit-Bits.

A Defense of Dirt.

Every few years somebody raises the question whether St. Paul's Cathedral in London ought not to be cleansed from the soot with which it is encrusted, and restored to something like its primitive whiteness. Some time ago an experiment of the sort was made on one of the porticos, which forthwith assumed a mottled or piebald appearance. Now the matter has come up for discussion again, and the following interesting point is made in a letter to the Times by a well known architect: "I have had the opportunity, when examining some of our London stone-faced churches, of removing the coat of dirt with a view of seeing the condition of the stone under it, and have found it to be perfect. The casing of dirt appeared to be made chiefly of road dust which had adhered to the stone (only the outer coat of all being gray black). All the deleterious chemicals must have gone out of the lower layer, so that the dirt was a perfect protection. If it were all cleaned off, the stone would be subjected to the strong chemicals in our London atmosphere. It must be remembered that this dirt only adheres to the parts which are not completely washed by the rain, and that it is just these parts, therefore, which are in most need of protection. If at some future time the atmosphere of London should be as pure as the atmosphere of the country is now, it might be wise to act on the suggestion, but until that time comes I sincerely trust that no such experiment will be made."—Washington Star.

The Sham Fight Was Getting Serious

A volunteer sham fight took place recently in England. During the retreat a Scotch volunteer, in scrambling through some bushes, stuck fast in a hedge. One of the advancing foe, seeing the situation, for a joke came toward the unfortunate volunteer at full charge with the bayonet fixed and a ferocious look on his face. The poor fellow in the hedge, seeing the threatening aspect of affairs, bawled out at the top of his voice.

"Haud on, you idiot; dinna you ken it's only in fun?"—Australian

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Bryn Mawr's Freshman class is hard at work on the basket ball field.

Mrs. Astor gave a Thanksgiving dinner to 800 New York newsboys.

Ribbons are profusely used as garniture for corsages as well as skirts.

Susan B. Anthony wants to start a big daily newspaper exclusively for women.

Mrs. P. T. Barnum complains that $40,000 a year does not pay her living expenses.

The court plaster patch on chin or cheek has been revived by modern "grand dames."

One of the most famous folklorists of the world is Miss Mary Alicia Owens of St. Joseph, Mo.

About sixty foreign women have been naturalized in New York during the last three years.

There are about 170,000 women in Connecticut. At the recent elections less than two per cent. voted.

The wise father of marriageable maidens will insist on a cozy recessed window seat in his new house.

Mrs. Bradley Martin, a New York society leader, has bought the diamond crown of Marie Antoinette.

Princess Louise, of Denmark, sister of the King, is dead. She was abbess of the convent of Itzehol, Holstein.

The Czarina of Russia is an accomplished typewriter. All her family correspondence is indited on that machine.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Michigan includes nineteen associations, with a membership of 2000.

Mrs. Gladstone is eighty-one years old and she possesses that vigor and vitality which is so remarkable in her husband.

Carolus Duran, the French portrait painter, is to visit New York this winter to paint the picture of Mrs. George Gould.

The Turkish fez for little boys has become fashionable to the extent of being common. Now mammas look for something new.

Twenty-four young women are taking graduate courses at Yale College this term. The number is increasing each year.

Velvet collars in all shades and shapes are very popular this season. Some of these stocks have one large or two tiny buckles.

Miss Isabella Lockwood has been appointed Deputy County Recorder at Muncie, Ind., and the courts will decide as to her eligibility.

Lena McClellan, of St. Paul, Minn., is the youngest stamp collector. She is four years old and pursues her fad with untiring energy and interest.

The women's clubs in and about Washington have federated under the title of "The Federation of Women's Clubs of the District of Columbia."

The newest lace pins have bullet heads, either iridescent, green, mauve or deep blue, sold in pairs, united by a chain—an old fashion which revisits us.

Washington will have among its permanent residents this winter a coterie of not less than a dozen widows of social celebrity and apoplectic bank account.

The class of '97 at Wellesley is the most athletic class in the college. Its members excel in every kind of sport, and have earned honors both at home and abroad.

Lillian Russell, the opera singer, instead of bonbons, keeps a dish of boiled carrots constantly on her dressing table, and declares that they are fine for the complexion.

Countess Giannoti, who is mentioned as one of the favorites among the ladies in waiting to the Queen of Italy, is an American, daughter of a cigarette maker of Newark, N. J.

Misses Judson and Lamson, of wealthy Cleveland (Ohio) families, the former the daughter of a judge, have joined the Salvation Army, and are living in the army barracks in that city.

A Miss Sterling, at Aylesford, Nova Scotia, has an industrial farm and schools, established at her own expense, where she brings waifs from Scotland, and teaches them how to make a living. She has something like 100 of the unfortunate children there now.

An enterprising organizer has formed a foot-ball team of women in north London. The players will be "professionals" and receive a share of the gate money. It has not been decided whether the referee shall be a man or a woman. The novel team has already booked a number of games.

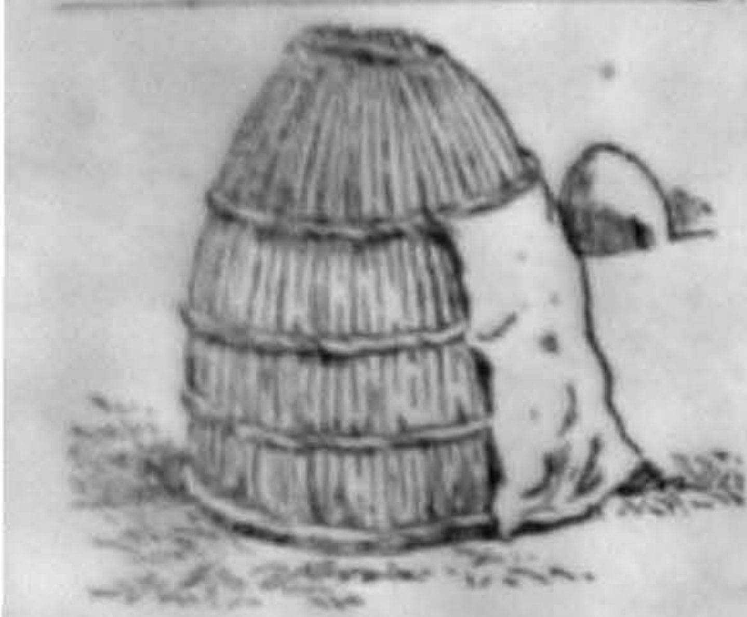
The custom of having women pallbearers at funerals will probably be permanently established here, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. There have been several of that kind in the last year. At a recent funeral the pallbearers were eight young girls, dressed from head to foot in white. The young ladies wore white caps,

THE PROCESS OF EVOLUTION IN MAN'S HABITATIONS.

Some of the Primitive Forms—Influences Which Controlled the Early Dwelling Builders—Men Lived in Caves.

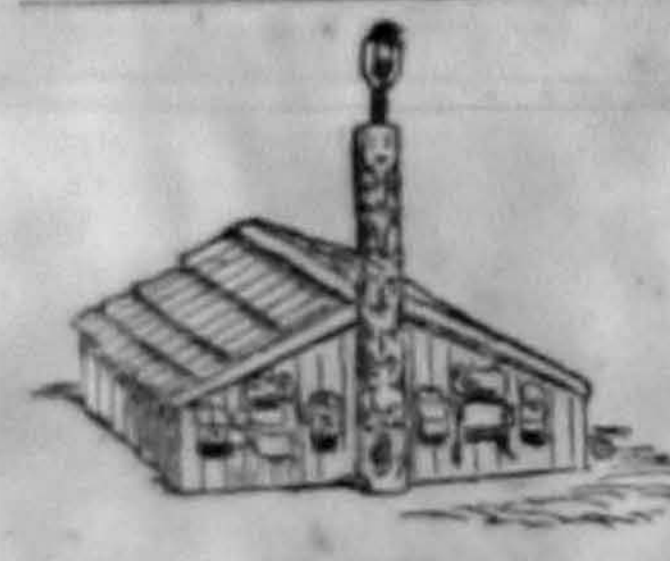
PROFESSOR MASON has formed the nucleus of what is to be a new and important collection at the National Museum. It will illustrate in its multiform aspect, according to the Washington Star, the human dwelling, the feature of life conditions, which has enabled man to occupy all territories of the varigated planet and successfully to combat the forces which limit the freedom of the simpler organisms of the earth.

The first idea in this exposition will be the influence of climate—the primary factor in the production of dwelling structures. The tropical man, as far as climate is concerned, needs take account only of the wealth of physical energy which floods about him, and he builds chiefly for shade and protection from the tropical rains. One flat reed-like structure in the collection, supported by poles, typifies this class


A SOUTH AFRICAN RESIDENCE.

of abodes, and a more elaborate example is the Samoan house, with thatched roof, post supports and raised floor.

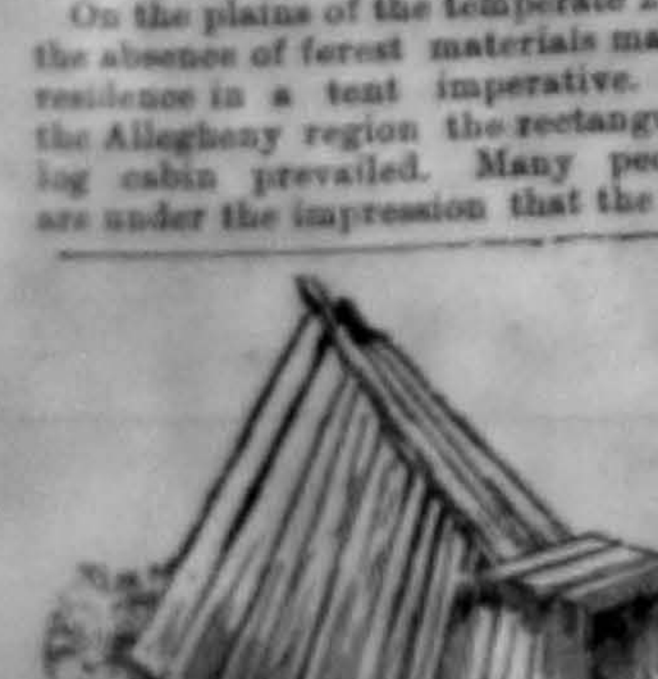
The needs which prompt to house building in temperate climates are varied. One day will be cold, another warm, and rain and snow add to the variety. Safety is also to be considered, and the provision of a defense against wild beasts and hostile men—the habitation is not only a house, but a castle, especially as seasonal changes require that it be furthermore a store house, containing objects of temptation to the covetous or needy. The home of the arctic man is a burrow, like the home of his neighbors—the fox, wolf and bear. In this region he


IN ALASKA.

does not attempt to build, but crawls under ground. Where he cannot do this, he imitates the burrow with the snow hut.

In those arctic regions where drift wood abounds an underground house is made by the building of wooden frames, which, covered with turf, form the igloos of the Eskimo and the yourts of the Siberian native. Whale ribs in places are used to form arches, over which earth is spread, and the entire lack of timber, or its substitute, compels the circumpolar man to use snow. Both the turf and the snow types of dwelling are attractively represented in the case, and added interest is given to the snow house by a presentation in section, showing the long entrance passages and the skin beds and fireplaces of the interior.

On the plains of the temperate zone the absence of forest materials makes residence in a tent imperative. In the Allegheny region the rectangular log cabin prevailed. Many people are under the impression that the red

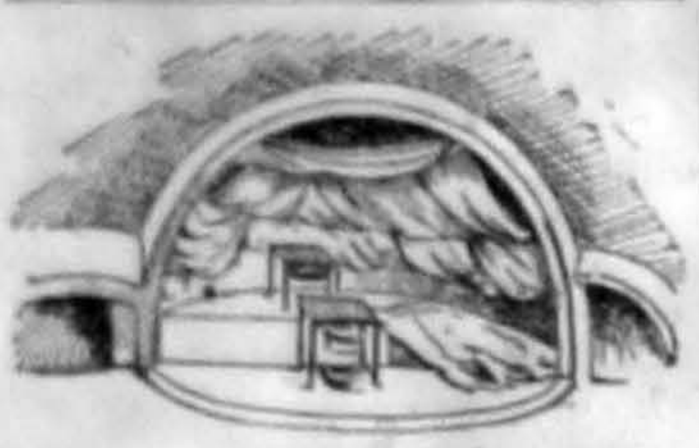

IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

man learned of the invader to erect dwellings of timber, but if any imitation was practised it was on the part of the white man, for the Indians used this form of shelter and protection before the advent of the European.

great slanting roof required for its erection considerable architectural ability. The walls are decorated with curious designs, and from the entrance rises a hugh tree trunk, carved into grotesque images. In the tropics the palm, the bamboo and other growths give form to the architectural products of the natives.

Thirdly will be presented the influence of family organization on the development of the house, and, finally, evolution, invention and progress will embrace the multitudinous designs of civilized conditions. "All the great forms of architecture," said the curator, "come out of some primitive form of abode."

"What peoples," he was asked, "live without homes of any kind?"


AN ESKIMO HUT.

"None. The crudest peoples wil at least go into a cave or pile sticks against a rock."

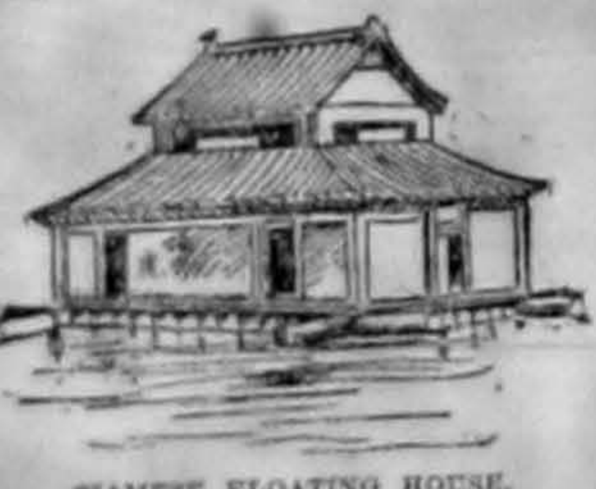
The cave is conceded to be the primitive form of abode. Simple cave dwellers still live in the deep and torrid canons of the Sierra Madre, in Mexico. They were recently visited by a learned traveler, Mr. Carl Lumholtz, who finds them a very crude race (the Tarahumari), going about almost entirely naked, except in cold weather, and seldom adding anything in the way of improvement to the natural recesses in which they seek shelter. The cliff dwellings of the United States are quite different, being pretentious structures akin to the Pueblo town houses, which are well represented by extensive models in the museum.

Occasional references are made in ethnological writings to a somewhat obscure race, dwelling underground, in parts of Asia and Northern Africa. These people aggregate in towns, which, of course, cannot be seen by the traveler until close upon the entrances to the rooms excavated beneath the surface. The dead are placed above ground, these people reserving the sepulchre-like excavations for themselves during life. Their homes suggest the subterranean houses in which some residents of India take refuge from the heat—an unsatisfactory, cellar-like refuge, from which the occupants are glad enough to emerge into the more cheerful outdoor air.

Tree dwellers are found wherever danger from animals or water makes desirable an elevated domicile. Several models represent houses of the low lands of India perched on stilts, as a protection against poisonous insects, venomous snakes and dangerous quadrupeds.

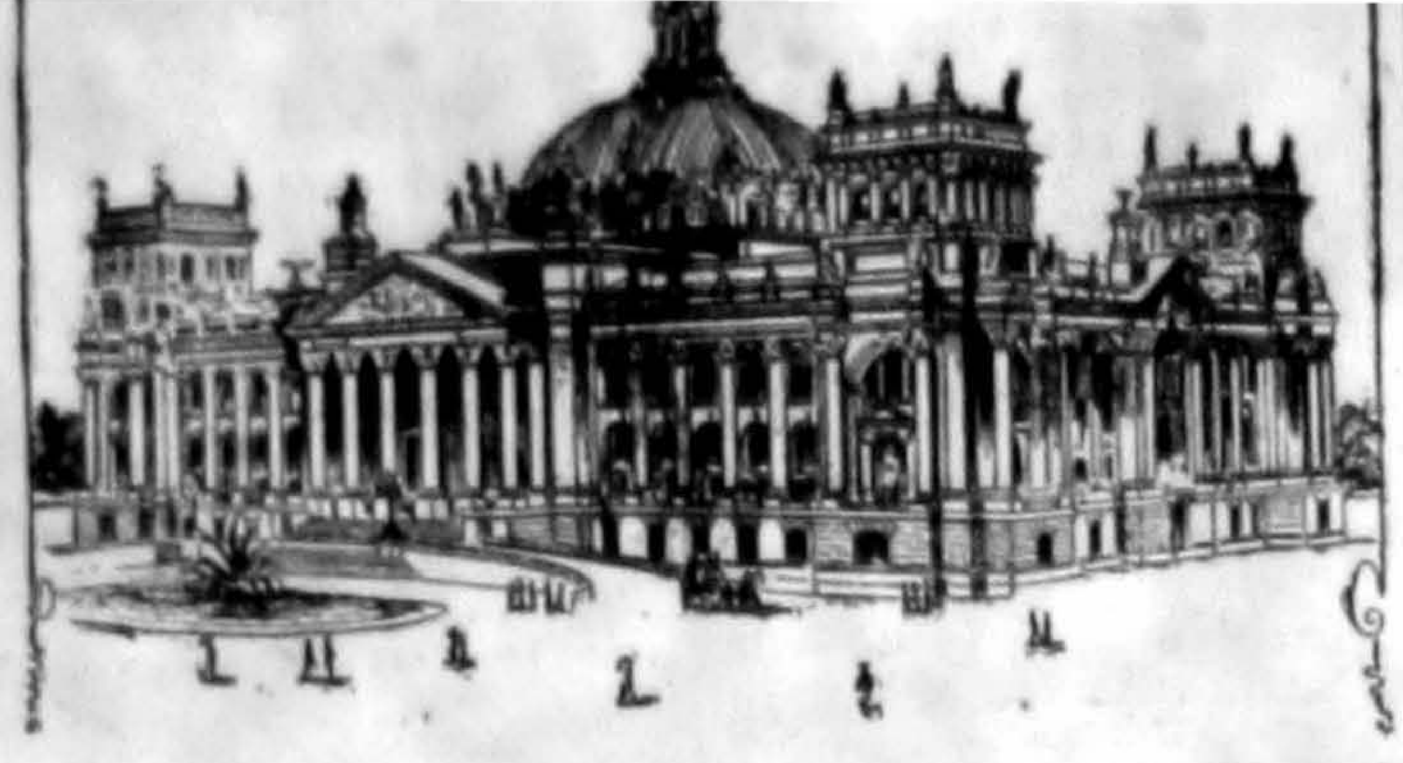
Many of the Chinese live in boats, and in the Malay archipelago houses are built on great bundles of bamboo which float in the water—a model of one of these is contained in the collection.

"The house is the product of environment in some way or other; there is always a connection between them." One of the most interesting


SIAMESE FLOATING HOUSE.

results of environment were the lake dwellings of prehistoric Switzerland. It was a social environment, for nothing but a desire for safety from human foes can be regarded as a motive sufficient to induce a people to move from the abundant land to habitations erected over the surface of a body of water. Although some references to these tribes were made by the ancient classical writers, it was only in comparatively recent years that a somewhat thorough knowledge of their habits of life are status of civilization was obtained through archaeological study, following upon the discovery of the submerged remains of the ancient piles. Industrious search made known the existence of great numbers of these, and the ethnologist at work in the deposits under the long since destroyed platforms found that these lake dwellers made use not only of many of the domesticated animals and cultivated plants, including some cereals, that are in present use, but also the flesh of wild animals that long ago ceased to be included in the fauna of Southwestern Europe.

The humming bird is protecting its



The new Imperial Parliament House in Berlin, which has cost upward of $7,000,000, is one of the most striking of the public buildings in Europe. It was planned to be an appropriate outward expression of the legislative majesty of the German Nation.

When the foundation stone was laid in 1884 by Emperor William I., Bismarck, as one of the main founders of the Empire, struck the stone with the builder's hammer. As he did so, he said:

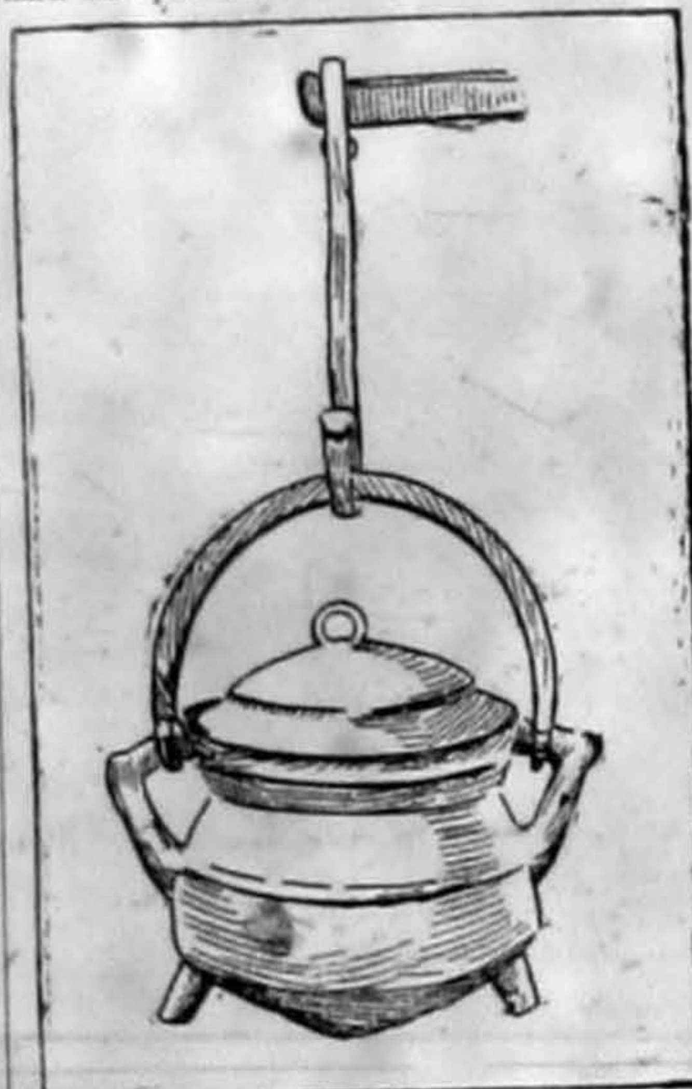
"Be this house forever a symbol of those indissoluble bonds which in the days of glory and enthusiasm united lands and sections in the German Empire."

The palace stands on the east side of the broad Koenigsplatz, in the centre of which rises to a height of 200 feet the monument of Victory, commemorating the three campaigns (1864, 1866 and 1870) which made Germany one. It may be said that the building, which seems to be a mixture of many styles, is not altogether in harmony with the general architecture of the German capital or with German architecture generally, but what it may lack in harmony it makes up for in hugeness and in those florid details which seem to dominate latter-day Teutonic art.

The central dome of glass is surmounted by a gorgeously gilded cupola, The interior has been done with great elaboration, the carved woodwork of the assembly hall and committee rooms being exceedingly rich. The entrance hall is adorned with a large stained glass window, emblazoned with the arms of all the Federal States and free cities, and the light falls on a rich mass of variegated colors on the marble floor.

An Ancient Kettle.

Among the riches of mineral wealth and the products of the metallurgical


FIRST AMERICAN CASTING.

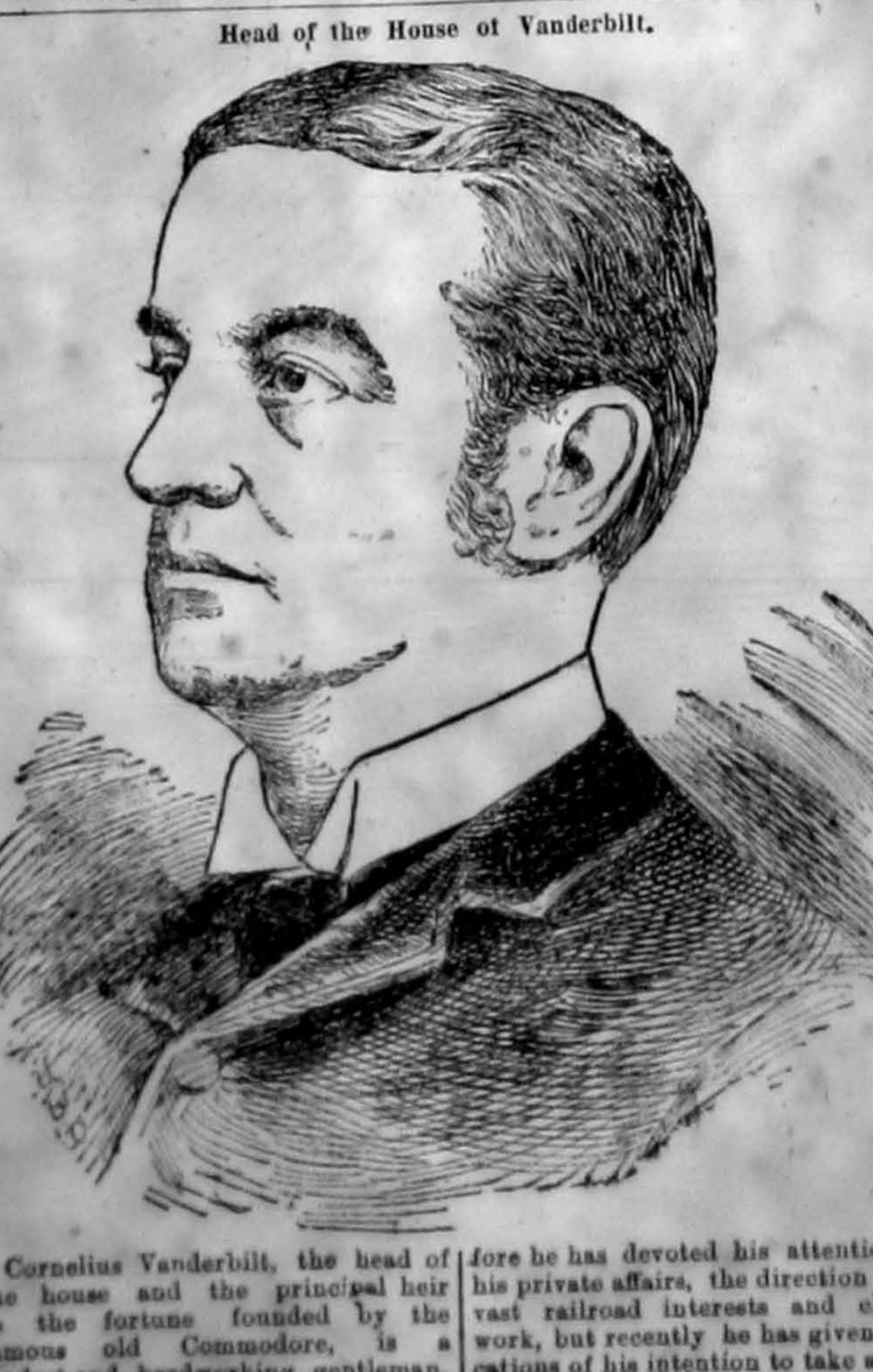
arts in the mining building at the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, there was not anything which attracted more serious interest on the part of those acquainted with the founding of metals than a modest glass case in the gallery of the building, containing a tiny iron kettle, of about one quart capacity, swinging on a minature crane. The cause of this attraction was not due to any peculiarity of design or material or skill in workmanship, but to the fact that the kettle was well authenticated as the first casting made in America and the precursor of the vast iron industry of the country.

The kettle was cast at the Saugus Iron Works at Lynn, Mass., in 1642, probably in the autumn, and was given to Thomas Hudson, as the consideration for sixty acres of land, comprising a portion of the iron works property. This Thomas Hudson was, undoubtedly, the younger brother of that name, of Henry (Hendrik) Hudson, the eminent English navigator. The kettle was kept as an heirloom in the direct descent from Thomas Hudson, for over a century, when it passed into the female line, and thence back into the possession of John E. Hudson, Esq., of Boston, a direct descendant, who presented it to the city of Lynn a few years ago. A number of the citizens caused it to be placed in a suitable case, with a table, and it is now kept in the city hall.—Cassier's Magazine.

Fifty-two date palms have reached Sydney, New South Wales, from Algeria for cultivation in the northern territory.

The population of Spandau, the Prussian fortress town, has increased within the last eight years from 30,000 to 60,000.

Head of the House of Vanderbilt.



Cornelius Vanderbilt, the head of the house and the principal heir to the fortune founded by the famous old Commodore, is a modest and hardworking gentleman, in violent contrast with many other flamboyant triflers who move in his

fore he has devoted his attention to his private affairs, the direction of his vast railroad interests and church work, but recently he has given indications of his intention to take a more active part in public matters. When the Committe of Seventy was formed in New York City to institue reforms

Sign of the Red Cross—Formidable Sword Wielded by the Executioner—Strangling a Prisoner.

THE execution of the two Japanese spies whom we Americans delivered up to the Chinese, and the decapitation of a man-of-war's captain accused of cowardice in the sea fight off Ping-Yang, were recent notable instances of the use of the headsman's sword here in China, writes Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly. There have been other beheadings, for offences growing out of the war and for the ordinary criminal offences, and these have lent a new interest to the subject, even to foreigners resident in China, who frequently read of such punishment, but seldom witness them or hear them described. I have been so fortunate as to fall in with a distinguished European who witnessed the legal slaughter of a number of criminals in Pekin. The account he has given me of what he saw is so unlike the popular idea of the methods of justice here that I have written down the substance of it.

"The official on duty on the morning of which I speak, having reached the mat shed, clothed in all the glory of a mandarin's dress—button, necklace, breast-cloth, and all—ordered the men brought before him one by one. The law says that in such cases the condemned men shall admit their guilt, and ask that punishment be no longer deferred. Like almost all good law and almost all good logic in China, this regulation is turned into mere ceremony and pretence. The prisoners neither say nor do anything, but a man who stands behind each one pushes him over, bumps his head on the ground and says, 'Yow.' This word, or one with that sound, means 'I want,' and the presiding mandarin understands it to have been uttered by the prisoner, and to mean, 'I want to be punished.' While the official ticks off the man's name upon the list before him, the man is pressed down upon the ground and a red cross is painted on his neck. This is done in order that the right head may be fitted upon the right body afterwards, if proof of the man's death is required for official entry.

"The prisoner thus painted is pulled away to the execution ground, where the headsman is heating his swords in a great caldron of hot water. The swords are rather more like knives than swords. Each is a yard in length, half an inch thick at the edge, and an inch and a half or two inches thick at the back. If you should weld together nine or ten of our heaviest axes, one laid beyond the other, you would make something like one of these knives. The victim is laid upon his face, and his legs are tied together. A long piece of whip-cord is looped under the man's jaw and tied into his pigtail. So much of its free end is left that two men go off with it to a distance and pull on it with all their might, while a third one sits on the condemned man's back. The executioner seizes a knife and stands over the victim, whose neck is seen to pull out—and out—and out. The knife falls, the head is severed, and frequently the men who are pulling the whip-cord fall backward and roll half over, like tumblers in a circus. The executioner picks up the head and holds it towards the mandarin, who looks at it carelessly and calmly, and makes a mark upon the tally list in front of him. I was less stolid than he, especially when, happening to glance at one of the heads, I saw it open its mouth just as it was held up to the mandarin's view. It was then placed beside the body, and the next felon was brought out and treated in the same way.

"Two or three prisoners were to be strangled on this occasion, and though I went away twice, from sheer inability to witness their execution, I was urged back by a friend who accompanied me, and thus I saw enough to be able to describe that mode of punishment also. The executioner tied a short bit of whip-cord around each man's throat, and then putting a stick of wood in the slack of the cord at the back of the neck, turned the stick and tightened the cord until it was evident that it could not be made tighter. For some reason he immediately loosened the cord (in each case, others said), and then tightened it again and fastened it. The victims made no sound, but a quiver passed over their bodies, and their fingers were seen to curl in as if their fists were being clinched. That was all. The mandarin sent a clerk to check off the names of these victims, and thus the law was vindicated, or avenged."

A Simple Water Filter.

A new filter is being brought out which possesses many advantages. It consists of a piece of rubber tubing an inch and a half long, which fits into a small metal case or tube perforated at its extremity. Inside the tube at the bottom against the holes is pressed a small piece of sponge which comprises

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA. S. W. HOLT

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON POCKET HEALTH

West End of Bridge.

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles,
Neuralgia, Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

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NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Renick's Valley. Four miles from turnpike, and near the line of the B. &

FEED, LIVERY
—AND—
SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

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A limited number of Horses boarde.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broke to ride or work.

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Incorporated March, 1869
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Wagon Repairs.

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Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

FOR RENT! My store-house at Edray lately

neighborhood selling books last week.

Squire Cook held a large court on the 14th.

One of our near neighbors had the misfortune to lose a fine cow a few days ago.

George Irvine, who has been absent a long while, has returned home.

Two of our farmers have made over 300 pounds of sugar.

No plowing has been done as yet

The Pine Grove school, taught by Professor D. L. Barlow, will close next Friday.

A. L. Mays will move to Academy in a few days. RAMBLER.

March 22, 1895.

C. R. McGAHEY, of Elkton, Va., about a year ago patented a fuel-saving engine, and now has a fine factory running day and night filling orders. The engine has no rival when economy of fuel is considered.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay!

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Spring term begins February 13th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, $2.25 to $2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

J. D. SWEENY, Principal,
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—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop,

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Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

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ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

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Drugs, Paints and Oils,

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Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

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What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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Boston, Mass.

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The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Waverley BICYCLES.

Are the Highest of All High Grades

Warranted Superior to Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

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Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN—The Waverly Scorcher and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for $85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

High Frame, Wood Rim, Detachable Tire, Scorcher, weight 22 lbs . . $85

Steel Rims; Waverly Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs $85

Regular Frame, same weights $85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires . . $75

26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs . . $74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business awaits the right man. Get our Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES
Colic,
Cramps,
Diarrhœa,
Flux,
Cholera Morbus,
Nausea,
Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS
Cuts,
Burns,
Bruises,
Scratches,
Bites of Animals and Bugs, etc.

Tastes Good.
Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. [Formerly of Weston, W. Va.] SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran

and the

Pocahontas Times, $1.65.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 36. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, ……………… J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, ……………… R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, …… S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, …… J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, ……………… C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor …… George Baxter.
Coroner, ……………… George P. Moore.
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, [illegible], H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
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LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

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Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

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MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

IT has been asked of us several times why we did not print a list of the jurors drawn previous to the present term of this court, as has been the custom. To explain this publicly is perhaps the best. A little before the October term last it was observed that in several instances influential members of the grand jury that were to be, were besieged by certain men who stood in danger of being indicted. These grand jurors were compelled to listen to defenses out of court by the men who wished to obtain their influence. It is repugnant to all ideas of justice that a juror should be compelled to hear things that may warp his judgment—we say compelled to hear, for he does not understand how to shut up such communications as a judge does—and the jury when assembled are not prepared to view the matters from the same point of view. As soon as the names of the grand jurors are published, the set that feels apprehensive when a grand jury term comes around, precipitate themselves on the jurors who live near them, and many an indictment has been changed. It is not very wonderful then that many of the most thoughtful persons should advise that the jury lists be kept quiet and everything done that is possible to bring them together with unbiased minds ready to hear the testimony of all cases alike. The same is true to a less extent of the petit jurymen. Juries should be made as perfect as possible, for it is a sad fact vouched for by many that the wider the experience a man with juries, the less willing he is to trust life, liberty, or fortune to twelve of his peers sitting as jurymen.

THE *Wheeling Register* for March 17, publishes notes of travel prepared by a lady correspondent who visited the Holy Land last October. The article is graphic and very instructive and leaves vivid impressions of that wonderful country and the Holy City as it now appears. The Valley of Ajalon was passed where Joshua issued his memorable orders during battle. She was reminded by what she heard while in Jerusalem of what occurred at the consulate on one occasion. An Englishman, a Frenchman, and an American were present, and when the toasts were being responded to the Englishman compared his nation to the sun, whose influence was felt from pole to pole, and without which there could be no civilization. The Frenchman compared his nation with the moon whose influence was felt a little less. The American observed that as his friends had compared their respective countries to the two great luminaries, he could do no better than to liken America to Joshua who commanded both the sun and moon to stand still. Her party rested awhile at the Kahn built over the site occupied by the Inn where the good Samaritan procured boarding for the wounded traveller. Near it is the brook where Elijah was fed by the ravens. Then a cave was pointed out where a hermit lived on four raisens a day until he died. She observes that the saintly successor of Elijah might have lived on one a day just as well.

A PARTY of gentlemen contemplate the establishment of a steam tannery at McDowell, Highland

POETRY.

For the Pocahontas Times.

The Curse of the Town.

Growl, growl, growl, morning and noon and night,
The old cantankerous sinner is running the village right.
He's offended if his neighbor stays out until rather late,
He's personally insulted if he goes to bed at eight;
He worries the poor school teacher, who s working her life away;
It's his own particular business if anyone rests a day;
He lies on the patient preacher; he's forever casting slurs,
And that we're all on the road to ruin, he most cheerfully avers;
And whether its roads or bridges, churches or school or state,
He finds they are all mismanaged, and he is disconsolate.

No one smiles to meet him—all leave him to growl alone,
Like a mangy old dog in the manger, polluting his bed and bone;
He's a drawback to any village, an offense to his kith and kin,
And even the boys of the township hate his looks like sin.
We won't elect him mayor, for other ways there be
Of paying him some attention, suited to such as he,
For as long as the pine trees flourish, and the gray geese do not fail,
We can treat him to tar and feathers, and ride him around on a rail.

The Long Word.

Many know to their sorrow what it is to have the laugh against them. Sometimes it is malicious, and at such times it is well that the butt should get out of the company as soon as possible, unless he can say something that will rankle in an adversary's heart until that man wishes he had touched hot iron in preference to waking up a man who could take care of himself.

Many years ago a local character named "Doctor" Barnes, now deceased, got the laugh on a young school teacher, who was rather inclined to throw off at the Doctor's homely appearance. One day the Doctor, who, by the way, was the best ditch digger in the country, came by where the school teacher taught, and, it being the noon hour, they engaged in a passage of wit. The teacher was scoring on Doctor Barnes, to the amusement of the crowd, until that worthy got off on the spelling of a word. He then said he would give the professor a word he couldn't spell, the professor being willing to try, having a great deal of confidence in himself as a speller. The "Doctor" said, "Naw how would you spell constantinobilitetillitetatrebuscreatonlancomdiscomperomity?"

The teacher did not see anything funny, but it seemed to take with the crowd. There are many who have learned the word, and can repeat it with great gusto, with the old man's peculiar drawl.

IT would seem self-evident that the best intelligence of a country should be utilized in the management of the governmental interests, or there will be an end of national progress. Strange to say, however, all modern tendencies are just in the opposite direction. The best prizes attainable are not conferred upon politicians but given to those making brilliant discoveries in science, art, or literature, and to those most successful in financial and commercial transactions. Strong men are greatly admired in history and the current journals, yet there is too much reason to suspect that such characters are merely puppets in the hands of astute but silent managers. To accept an office thrust upon a person of more than ordinary talent and mental superiority by a coterie of wire pullers, discharge its duties in the face of ridicule, calumny, and bitter hatred, and then be thrust aside for one more available is hardly an alluring career. And yet such are about the inducements placed before strong men by

For the Pocahontas Times.

Innovations in Our Office.

We have decided, now that spring has burnished our complexion with a brighter iris, and we find that we are what you might call an able-bodied man, that we will run our paper on somewhat different principles, and we will take down our physical courage from the shelf, and altogether act in a more independnt style. We do not intend to give offense, and will never do so knowingly, but if we do, the injured party had better eat his head off in silence than to come monkeying around this office with any tale that savors of the realty of woe. We propose to imitate as near as possible the style of the editor of the Arizona Kicker, who for many years has covered himself with gore and glory while pursuing his daily avocations. We do not wish to be interrupted by men in an angry frame of mind, and if we are, we will know the reason why.

Last Saturday morning while we were engaged in preparing a painstaking article by clipping it out of one paper and crediting it to another, and giving our whole attention to the duties of our profession, we received a call from Col. Cyrus Foster, who wished to know why we had failed to publish an obituary notice he had written concerning the death of Timothy Showen, Esq. We very politely doubted his right to write an obituary of Mr. Showen, we setting up the fact that he was not related to the decedent, and that he could not be his pastor, and asked him how his right, title, or interest in the deceased came in. We added that we had already printed three lengthy resumes of the life of the deceased, which would insure him peace on that score in whatever state he found himself. The Colonel, not knowing the new rules of this office commenced to cuss and invited us out into the big road, thinking that would squelch us as it had so often in the past, Not so, however. We broke the skin where we hit the Colonel with our lignum vitæ fist, and at this writing the Colonel is doing as well as could be expected. On the massive head of that gentleman is a bump of veneration for the editor that was not there before his visit.

Owing to having but recently adopted the plan of running our office by force and by arms, we committed one little act of indiscretion which damaged the looks of our office building. We were constrained to throw Jim Sullivan through the front window. It is needless to add that no window is improved by the passing of a large man like Jim. This is all due to Jim's ignorance of our having declared our independence and having a regular 4th of July every day since. Jim expected to find us the same lamb-like editor as usual, and demanded that we pay him for a bushel of potatoes he had brought to our house a few days before. We replied very firmly that we had credited on his subscription account, and that it would take some more potatoes to square it up. Soon after that the sound of breaking glass was heard, and we must drop the veil of forgetfulness over the remarks of Mr. Sullivan. He then sued us for damages before a justice of the peace. Instead of wasting our substance in hiring a lawyer, we invested in a bottle of the best and paid homage to the court. The court's first action was to compell the plaintiff to give security for costs and then gave us a judgment of ten dollars, which we made the court a present of.

It is needless to add that so far our method has worked like a charm, and we propose to hew to the line and let the chips fall where they want to, and if any body has any grievances against the editor or wishes to dispute his subscription, we are at home to him from Monday morning to Saturday night.

Obituary.

[Republished from the Randolph Enterprise by request.]

ADAM MARSHALL.

Died at his home near Mingo, this county, November 10th 1894, of typhoid fever, Adam Marshall in the 17th year of his age.

The subject of this brief sketch was the youngest son of Capt. J. W. and Mrs. Georgianna Marshall. His mother died when he was but nine years of age, and because he was the youngest, he became the special pet of the entire family. He was his father's pride and the favorite of his brothers and sisters, and this was not strange, for Adam Marshall was a boy of many and varied attractions, manly in his instincts, generous in his nature, possessed of a bright and quick intelligence and of a kind and gentle disposition, every body loved him.

His friends were not simply those of the neighborhood in which he was born and raised, but when at school in Lewisburg and Marlinton, the same attractions made for him fast friends and every one spoke of the bright promise of his life.

His business judgment for a boy was remarkable. Handsome in person, sound in judgment, generous in disposition, no wonder the loss of one so full of promises, should have filled every heart with sadness.

The attack of fever which ended this life of so much promise, was from the first severe and stubborn, and baffled every effort of his skilful physicians. And although everything was done that a human skill could suggest for his restoration, after four weeks of suffering, which he bore with fortitude and resignation, he succumbed to the destroyer.

His funeral services were conducted from his late home by the pastor of the Presbyterian church of Mingo, and then friends and schoolmates buried his body in the Mingo grave yard by the side of his mother, believing that even in this sad disposition of His providence, the Judge of all the world hath done right.

HENRY ARMENTROUT, of Rockingham County, Virginia, a married man, eloped a few weeks ago with a Miss Painter, leaving a wife and family. He was arrested at the Longdale Mines and brought to Clifton Forge, where his wife came on to join him. He promised to send for her as soon as he could get money to set up housekeeping in Clifton Forge, comforted by which his wife returned to Port Republic. As soon as she was gone, Armentrout and his paramour left for the west.

JOHN GILMORE, a native of Highland county, was knocked down and robbed in Chicago last Saturday night. He was sent to the county hospital suffering from a severe wound on the head. One of the assailants, John Riley, was arrested. After acting as clerk in the Treasurer's office in Richmond for two years, Gilmore removed, about three months ago, to St. Lawrence, and, it seems, he then went to Chicago.—*Staunton Spectator.*

VIRGINIA juries seem to have very confused ideas of justice. Within less than a week after the acquittal of Goodman, the murderer of Col. Parsons, a Staunton negro was sent to prison for life for stealing a side of bacon. You may commit murder over there, but bacon is sacred.—*Gazette.*

GARTEN the boy homicide in Monroe county was indicted for murder, and tried. The jury was four in favor of acquittal and eight for conviction. Judge Campbell not presiding, Captain A. F. Mathews, of Lewisburg, was elected special judge.

JUSTICE ADKINS who sued the proprietors of the Charleston Gazette for $50,000 damages for slander failed to get a verdict, and will

"The long day closes."

The thrushes sing in every tree;
The shadows long and longer grow;
Broad sunbeams lie athwart the lea;
The cows low;
Round roof and tower the swallows glide;
And slowly, slowly sinks the sun,
At curfew tide,
When day is done.

Sweet sleep, the night-time's fairest child,
O'er all the world her pinions spreads;
Each flower, beneath her influence mild,
Fresh fragrance shed;
The owls, on silent wings and wide,
Steal from the woodlands, one by one,
At curfew tide,
When day is done.

No more the clanging rookery rings
With voice of many a noisy bird;
The startled wood-dove's clattering wings
No more are heard;
With sounds like whispers faintly sighed,
Soft breezes through the tree-tops run,
At curfew tide,
When day is done.

So may it be when life is spent,
When ne'er another sun can rise,
Nor light one other joy present
To dying eyes;
Then softly may the spirit glide
To realms of rest, undisturbed by none,
At curfew tide,
When day is done.

—S. Cornish Watkins, in Chambers's Journal.

A BLUNDER RECTIFIED.

MRS. MORLEY was a widow at last. Not, of course, that she had ever longed for that state, for Mrs. Morley had a good, sensible head on her pretty shoulders and she knew she had taken her late husband not only for better but also for worse, probably. Then, too, she was a young woman of conscience and she had tried to bear all the deceased Mr. Morley's ill points as a good, true wife should. In fact, she had succeeded so well that, when the poor man finally realized that he had to die, he honestly confessed that he had been most wrong in his past treatment of her and died with a half-finished, penitent sentence of praise for her on his white lips.

However, Mrs. Morley all at once woke up to the fact that there was just a hint of relief in the realization that there was no longer a craven-minded, coarse-bodied man to scatter discord along her whole pathway of life. She was deeply ashamed of herself when she finally recognized this disloyalty, and cried half the night in sheer fear and doubt for her future.

Nevertheless, by the time that her lawyer had brought order out of the chaos of her husband's small means and had graciously informed her that grim starvation stared her in the face, she had arrived at the point where she could swallow her last sob, give her pretty, tired eyes a farewell dash of tears and set her snowy little teeth in firm determination.

But what should she do? She didn't know a typewriter half so intimately as she did a sewing-machine, and she was as completely ignorant of the latter apparatus as a girl of twelve. She could manage a house, it is true, for hadn't she presided at the head of the late Mr. Morley's stormy household for the last five years? However, after she had answered the advertisement of a gay young bachelor who smiled altogether too fondly, and called to see a crusty old widower, and found that she was supposed to play mother to half dozen irritable, neglected little sons, she gave up all hopes in that direction.

She even contemplated selling tape in a large store, but after she had watched a poor, harassed salesgirl for a few minutes she gulped down a choking sensation in her throat and forswore that as a possible opening. Her best pair of gloves were out at the tips; she had had to eschew sugar in her tea last night, and, taking it all in all, poor little Mrs. Morley, for the first time since his death, began to feel a rising indignation towards the man whose unfeeling selfishness had left her so thoroughly helpless.

It was raining sharply, and the demure-mouthed young widow had drawn her curtains close, extravagantly heaped her last coal on her toy-like fire, and settled herself for her lonely tea, this time not only lacking in the usual sweetening accessory but flanked by only a half-share of wafers.

Suddenly there came a most peremptory knock on her outside door. Instantly all signs of loneliness vanished in the face of this new calamity of a visitor when she was so unprepared. While she flew into her next room and made a frantic toilet before the tiny mirror she gave a sigh of relief when she realized that it couldn't be a visitor on such a stormy evening and just at 6 o'clock.

So with a brave front she threw open the door, and the look of perplexity on her dear little face gave

perior charms of the then dazzling Mr. Morley.

There was nothing to do but to ask him in, and when he was seated before her miserably meagre fire it was hard to tell which face wore the more puzzled look—hers, why he had come, and his, how this dainty, lovely woman managed to subsist in a rented parlor, where the carpets didn't reach the north wall by six inches and where the one pitiful lamp was gruesomely pale.

"It's raining, isn't it?" began she desperately, as though she hadn't just helped him to deposit his dripping mackintosh and umbrella in the hall without.

"Yes, pretty hard," he admitted. Then it all at once struck him that a call under such circumstances and at this unusual time of the evening might need explanation, and he went on: "You see, I happened to be passing on my way to the club and—and I heard the other day that you were here—and—and I thought I'd just stop a few minutes to see how you were."

"Thank you," was her only reply. It was a source of deep shame to this woman that she was at a great loss for something to say, as if she had been a schoolgirl. Finally his eyes lighted upon the tiny table, which she in her haste had forgotten to hide in some way, and he said, with a great show of ease:

"Oh, please, Mrs. Morley, make me some tea—it's decidedly chilly out, you know."

"Who would expect a man of his wealth to know?" asked poor Mrs. Morley to herself, as she set about her task with trembling fingers. "I'm afraid the alcohol will give out before the water is even warmed, and the sugar—and the wafers—oh, dear!" and two big tears rose so unexpectedly that the fine, blond-bearded face across from her became all at once blurred.

Mr. Orr saw the tears, noted with quick terror how palely the little bue flame burned, a hasty glance at the plate before him revealed only three little wafers, and he was kind enough to turn his head away so that she could slip the cover over the low sugar bowl to hide its emptiness.

The bachelor showed remarkable grace for one of his kind, for he smilingly declined her invitation to one of the three thin wafers with the remark:

"I'm not actually hungry, you see. I dined downtown." (She knew he was prevaricating.) "I just wanted to see you working with your pretty things."

Mrs. Morley nodded back at him gratefully, and had half a mind to confess that these bits of china were the last relics of her old home, and that she had been wondering a half hour before he came how much they would go towards paying the rent, which was now two weeks overdue. But, some way, she couldn't just bring herself to it, and he heroically sipped at his weak, savorless tea, and didn't blink an eyelash when she looked him fairly in the face and told him that she had finished her evening meal before he had come in.

As conversation lagged, Mr. Orr finally folded his hands over his knee and fixing his eyes on the fast-dying fire, said:

"Do you know that I do not like to call you 'Mrs.'?"

The little widow's pale cheeks lighted up with an encouraging glow as she replied:

"It is ever so much better than to be 'Miss,' you know. It's vastly better to be 'Mrs.' than 'Miss' at twenty-six. I prefer to be a widow to an old maid."

Mr. Orr's lips set a moment in fierce effort to keep back his thoughts, but at last he answered, bluntly:

"Perhaps so if one doesn't mourn for the late departed."

A glow, half of shame, half of anger, flew to her very eyes, but his strong, steady gaze conquered her, and her chin began to quiver.

"I see that you know me," was the low reply, "and I am glad of it. I am not sorry that Mr. Morley is gone. While he lived I was loyal in deed and thought, although I knew then that you—that all my friends—pitied me. Still, I was true to him in spite of all, but now that there is no further use in it I will not be hypocrite enough to pretend that I love his memory. I think that you will hate me less to know that I no longer sham than to think that I am so blind as to love such a failure of a man as he. Life is unbearable in many ways, but it at least has the charm of being no longer a farce. Pretense is over. Yes, it is a relief to quit shamming, but I've got to go to work, you know, and that isn't very funny."

A sudden light of hope flew into Orr's sympathetic eyes, and he asked eagerly:

"That is an excellent idea—a little work will take you out of yourself. What can you do?"

"Nothing," was the nervous reply, as she held out two empty white hands. "I'm absolutely useless. I've tried and tried, and everybody wants typewriters and stenographers, and I can't see a bit of sense in all the little scratches and dots and things."

"That's true," granted the man,

dull-clicking machine in a [illegible] cled downtown office rose before him. "You mustn't think of working among men, you know."

"But there isn't any demand for china-painting, and I can't find any old lady who wants a companion."

"But you embroider?" asked he, his tongue faltering a little over the unusual words. He had a picture, a far-off memory of a brown, girlish head bent over a big strip of some gay cloth, while her full red lips pouted prettily because the impossible blue flower would insist on coming out wrong.

"A little. I can't sew, you know; I never tried it except to my baby's clothes, and they weren't well done, even when I tried so hard."

He didn't reply to this. In the first place he knew that the greatest joy of her life had been the baby, and her sharpest grief when the little one had died. Besides, he didn't like to have her talk of Morley's baby.

"You can write beautifully," he began, as under a new inspiration.

"But no one wants long hand now."

"Oh, my dear Mrs.—Mrs. Morley, there is just where you're mistaken. I'm in great need of some one at the office at this present time to do—to do some special correspondence. A typewriter is so cheerless, cold, don't you know, and if you'll be so kind—"

She realized perfectly well that all this was a mere excuse, but a glance at the empty teacups settled her.

"Thank you, if I can do it. When do you need me?"

"To-morrow morning," came the eager answer, as his eyes fairly shone at the success of his little ruse. "Bright and early—no, not that, for you aren't used to early rising. Any time in the forenoon will do excellently, and you mustn't dream of inconveniencing yourself. The work will be light, I promise you, but as—as it's so important, it will be a great favor to me."

All this time he had been getting into his coat, as though fearing that a delay might ruin all his plans. He was new at deceit, and the strain was making him decidedly irresponsible. Besides, he knew that she wanted to indulge in a good cry, and all the way up to the club he was fingering at his crookedly-buttoned mackintosh, while his dinner went untasted as he remembered the sad plate of wafers off there in the dingy boarding house.

He went to the office at daybreak next morning to trump up some plans for this mysterious correspondence, which he had promised Mrs. Morley awaited her dainty chirography. She was early too, however, and he ground his teeth in rage as he noted how pale she was and how frequently she lifted her white hands to her temples.

"The poor darling's hungry," he gasped, as he noticed that her step was a little unsteady.

It was only a few minutes past eleven o'clock, but he couldn't endure it any longer, so he said, with a great show of studied carelessness:

"Won't you do me the honor to go out to lunch with me, Mrs. Morley? Yes, I'll grant it's a little early, but I don't like to be rushed, and I'll have to get back before one. You know, Todd, you're going out at one."

Todd, otherwise Mr. Orr's partner, looked a trifle quizzled, for there hadn't been a word said about lunch. Moreover, the two men generally went out together, and Orr hastened to explain this away by remarking, as he thrust his arm into his topcoat:

"You know, Todd, that man Smith may be here at any minute, and one of us must see him."

Todd nibbled at his pencil to hide a grin, but fell in immediately at the mention of this fictitious "man Smith" and bravely kept down his laughter till Orr had tenderly bundled Mrs. Morley up in her scanty wrap and had softly closed the door behind them.

Orr insisted that he always lunched at the ladies' tea room, though Mrs. Morley noticed that he had to ask a man which was his floor. It was a place where she had often come in her good old days of shopping, and, without a word, led the way to a further corner and set her teeth to keep back the tears. Aftewards she marveled how even a woman can give herself up to the baser occupation of mere eating, but he was so glad in watching her that he couldn't touch a morsel. All at once she noticed what he was doing and a flush of shame flew to her face. An answering, reassuring smile met her glance, and all barriers of pretence between them finally went down in an ignoble heap.

"I was so hungry," she faltered, simply.

"I knew it," was his low reply. All the reserve, the awkwardness of the night before had left him, and at last he was master of the situation. "You were hungry last night, too, Ruth, but you won't be ever again."

Her eyes fell slowly on her folded hands, lying helplessly in the cloth before her, but she said never a word. He went on softly:

"There is no use in my telling you that I love you. I told you so once, and you know I have never changed. You wouldn't listen then, but the mistake is all past now," and he laid his palm over her two little trembling

"When will you remedy that mistake, Ruth? Do not make us suffer any longer for a past blunder."

She was suddenly conscious of the fact that he had slowly drawn off her wedding ring, and a gasp of fear broke from her lips; it hadn't been removed since Mr. Morley had placed it there, one flower-laden June night five years ago. Then the full purport of his words came to her, and she was frightened that he had let it go so far.

"Don't," she sobbed, trying to release her hands. "This is too soon; he has been dead only six months; why did I not stop you long ago?"

"Because," laughed Mr. Orr, happily, "because your heart was prompting you until your sense of propriety came in to spoil it all. Other people have been considered too long in our case, and it is to be only you and I in the future. Come, when will you put aside this long black gown, and—"

The consciousness that she was powerless before his pleadings overcame her, so she merely smiled up in a tearful reply:

"I can't very well dispense with this gown, you see, and I haven't been able to afford any more than this."

Orr's joy was becoming ridiculous, for he leaned nearer towards her chair and answered:

"Then I am sure that you'll not keep me waiting long. A woman's pride may keep her alive on tasteless wafers and insipid tea, but even Mrs. Grundy loses her terror before the fact of only one decent gown."

And evidently Mrs. Morley agreed with him, for she picked up the old-time ring and slowly dropped it into his open hand, as she said:

"There take it, and keep it, so I shall never see it again. And you may bring another one next week."

And the waiter smiled in sympathy as he bore down upon them with the finger bowls.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

It takes a snail exactly fourteen days and five hours to travel a mile.

The Russians are the most religious persons on the face of the globe.

Single stones in the walls surrounding Baalbec weigh 3,000,000 pounds each.

The eggs of the Bahama cuckoo are held at $100 per set by dealers in birds' eggs.

A 222-ounce gold nugget, in the shape of a horse shoe, has been discovered at Hargraves, Australia.

Vienna, Austria, is to have an elevated railroad with the wheels on top of the cars, which will hang suspended from the rails.

Robbing graves is the only crime under Chinese law for which the thief may be justly killed on the spot by any one finding him out.

There is a miniature Indian corn grown in Brazil. The ears are not larger than a little finger, and the grains are the size of mustard seeds.

In Napoleon's early wars one out of each twenty-eight was killed, and in the early British conflicts as high an average as one death to each nineteen engaged is reported.

A man in Melbourne, Australia, has a trained kangaroo. He makes it jump long distances by prodding it with a red-hot poker. Its longest jump is thirty-four feet seven inches.

Allen W. Whittington, of Wilkes County, North Carolina, is the oldest magistrate in the State. He is now over ninety-four years of age, and lately married Miss Mariah Vannoy, aged forty-one years.

A great sensation has been caused in Austria by the imprisonment of a fourteen-year-old boy on the charge of high treason. He was tried in secret and condemned to hard labor in prison for two months.

In the year 1803 a perfect shower of stones fell in the farming country adjacent to L'Aigle, France—upward of 3000 separate stones falling upon a wedge-shaped section of country eight miles long by about four miles wide.

The battle of Gettysburg resulted in the greatest loss of life of any battle of the Civil War. There were 3070 Federal troops killed, 14,497 wounded and 5150 missing. The Confederate loss was 2592 killed, 12,706 wounded and 5150 missing.

Consume the Smoke and Save the Fuel.

Homer T. Yaryan, proprietor of the local hot water and electric plant at Toledo, has demonstrated, says the Manufacturing Gazette, that not only can smoke be suppressed, but a saving of twenty per cent. on fuel bills can be effected. This is accomplished by feeding the fire from underneath instead of from the top, as has been the custom ever since coal became a fuel. A mechanical stoker introduces a uniform quantity of fuel at regular intervals under the boiler, and the combustion thoroughly consumes all the gases and smoke from the green coal as it passes through the bed of incandescent coke above it. The coal with which he fires his boilers is the poorest kind of Hocking valley slack, and is obtained for the freight and the nominal charge of ten cents per ton for

Mr. James B. Sumerville.

HOOD'S BUILT ME UP

"I was attacked by rheumatism very suddenly and was confined to the house for six months. I did not do any work for a year. Hood's Sarsaparilla put me on my feet again and gave me strength to work. Nervous prostration and trouble with my kidneys have also been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I believe this medicine saved my life." J. B. SUMERVILLE, Waitsfield, Vermont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

In Japan.

Envelopes were not used in Japan until recently, letters being always folded in a piece of paper, which was wrapped with great care, according to prescribed forms, differing according to the relation and rank of the person addressed. The triangular corner last folded over was pasted or stamped with a red or black stamp, or, as was generally the case, merely inscribed with the word Fin. "Seal."

Changed Its Name.

A woman's night dress was at one time called a night rail.

LEAVES ITS MARK

—every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time.

Get well: That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength. It's a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, imparting vigor and strength to the entire system.

MRS. ULRICH.

MRS. ANNA ULRICH, of *Elm Creek, Buffalo Co., Neb.*, writes: "I enjoy good health thanks to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I was under doctors' care for two years with womb disease, and gradually wasting in strength all the time. I was so weak that I could sit up in bed only a few moments, for two years. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and by the time I had taken one-half dozen bottles I was up and going wherever I pleased, and have had good health and been very strong ever since—that was two years and a half ago."

A book of 168 pages on "Woman and Her Diseases" mailed *sealed*, on receipt of 10 cents in stamps for postage. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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!HIGHEST AWARD!
"SUPERIOR NUTRITION—THE LIFE."

IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD

Has justly acquired the reputation of being The Salvator for INVALIDS and The-Aged.

AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT for the GROWTH and PROTECTION of INFANTS and CHILDREN

A superior nutritive in continued Fevers.

And a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases; often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed depending on its retention;—

And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable.

Old Winter is a surly soul,
Gaunt, haggard, grim and gray;
His Wrinkled blast sweeps from the Earth
All that is green and gay.

But isn't he a poet still,
Of sweet and gentle art,
Who bears a kind and gentle thrill
Of sunshine in his heart,

When he depicts in dreams wind-e
The flowers of summer's train,
In arabesques of sparkling frost
Upon the window-pane?
—R. K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Weekly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Tell us not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,
When we've had mince pie and doughnuts,
Turkey, cake and real ice cream.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

McSwatters—"I hear Hogo, the humorist, has broken his back?" McSwitters—"Well, that's a funny snap!"—Syracuse Post.

The centre-board of a yacht is most important in a race, but on a pleasure-trip the side-board is most thought of. —New Orleans Picayune.

She—"These horrid photographs don't do me justice at all." He—"My love, it's not justice you stand in need of, it's mercy."—New York Ledger.

A rose by any other name
Might be as fragrant. Still,
We'd all be just as penniless
When settling up the bill.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Twenty per cent. of the Chicago women who registered did not vote at the late election. It is evident that Tuesday is bargain-day in Chicago.—Rochester Herald.

Teacher (to class)—"In this stanza what is meant by the line 'The shades of night were falling fast?'" Clever Scholar—"The people were pulling down the blinds."—Tit-Bits.

Some o' these days the tide will turn,
Though the river looks long and dim;
But while you're waitin' you'd better learn
To swim, my boy, to swim!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Intimate Friend—"Has your husband's love grown cool?" Sarcastic Wife—"Oh, no. He loves himself just as much now as he did when we were married twenty years ago."—Somerville Journal.

"Did I understand you to say that Thompson was a farmer?" "Good gracious, no! I said he made his money in wheat. You never heard of a farmer doing that, did you?"—Indianapolis Journal.

In a suburban Boston pulpit last Sunday morning this notice was read: "The pastor will preach his last sermon this evening, and the choir has arranged a special praise service for the occasion."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The pen may be mightier than the sword,
But many a man is willing
To bet that his little typewriter
Is ever so much more killing.
—Puck.

Traveler (to train-boy)—"Got any funny books—Mark Twain or any of the humorists?" Train-Boy—"No, sir; but I've got a couple of London papers containing comments on the American elections."—Chicago Record.

Minnie—"Did you hear about Molly's fiance falling off the trolley car and breaking his arm?" Mamie—"Yes. I wonder if he will sue the company for damages?" Minnie—"I guess not. I shouldn't wonder if she does though."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Father (to son who is just going out in the world)—"And remember one thing—never marry a gal as is richer than yourself. When I married your mother I had five dollars and she had twelve and a half, and she never ceased to throw it up in my face yet."—Judge.

Diamonds Are Hard.

After perfect rubies and emeralds, and perhaps after great pearls, comes the diamond in value. This, too, has a range of colors, the most prized being red, blue, green and water white, while brown or gray tinges are not quite so highly esteemed. The Koh-i-Noor, of 102¼ carats, ranks low in point of size with some of the world's great stones—for instance with the Great Mogul, 279 carats in weight. Diamond is the hardest mineral known, brittle though it be; acids do not effect it, and it is also the only combustible gem. It has high refractive and dispersive powers ("fire"), and some specimens become phosphorescent by the action of light. It usually occurs as an eight-sided crystal.—New York Times.

He Dotes on Dog.

The Cleveland papers report the curious case of Mrs. Charles Umlauf, of that city, who had her husband arrested for alleged assault and battery. It came out in court that the cause of the domestic unpleasantness was her refusal to cook dog for Charles on the family stove. Her energetic remonstrances against his efforts to convert the children to his own views as to the toothsomeness of that viand provoked him to violence. Charles

Lucky Hunt.

Precious stones are numerous in certain districts of India, but the rajahs who own the property are jealous of all strangers, and resent all trespassing. Occasionally a fine gem is found by a sportsman or traveler. A party of English officers was out one day shooting on the estate of a petty chief, but bagged little game.

On the return from the hunt a young officer picked up a stone which lay in his path, and idly threw it against a rock. It broke into a dozen pieces, and out tumbled a beautiful, brilliant pebble. The Englishman picked it up, looked at it, and was about to throw it away, but changed his mind, and thrust it into his pocket, remarking as he did so:

"I'll keep this thing as a memento of my hunt at this beastly place, where I didn't shoot so much as a rat."

Arrived at Bombay, the officer dropped into a jeweler's store to have his watch repaired. While at the counter his hand came in contact with the pebble which he still carried in his pocket. He showed it to the jeweler, and said:

"Here's a nice stone I found. What'll you give me for it?"

The man looked at the stone, and after examining it carefully, answered, "I'll give you 100 rupees for it."

Had the jeweler offered a shilling, he might have been told to take the stone and keep the shilling, as the officer had not up to that time thought his find of any value; but the offer of 100 rupees, about $50, awoke his suspicions that he had a fine diamond, and he responded with a laugh.

"I dare say you would give me that and a trifle more, but I'm going to take it to England with me."

He did so, and sold his pebble in London for over three thousand pounds.

CHEMISTRY IN INDIA.

Some Curious Answers Given by Natives in a Written Examination.

The uncivilized nations are like children in their simplicity and guilelessness. Every adult knows what odd questions a child will ask and what curious explanations they are in the habit of giving. Nothing could equal the childlike simplicity of the questions lately given in an examination in chemistry held in an Indian university.

"Sulphur is a smellful gas. Nitrogen is a remarkably lazy gas and is good for nothing. Carbon always exists in a dark room. There is no living being in the whole world that does not contain carbon.

"Gas is made by filling a poker with coal and heating it. Chlorine gives botheration to the throat. Hydrogen is a colorless, invincible gas and burns itself without anybody's help. Nitric acid is used in the preparation of currant electricity. It is very bad for teachers to pour it on our hands.

"Soda is formed by heating castor oil and potash. Caustic soda is used in the manufacture of soda water, and this is used in medicine for purgative purposes. Caustic soda is used as a summer drink. Quicklime is made by pouring water on slaked lime. We can eat this substance (CaO); it has the power of digesting food.

"Lime is used as a kind of gum for builders to stick bricks together."

Speech of an African Prince.

Prince Ademuyiwa of Pebu Remo, in West Africa, was lately entertained at lunch by the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House, then taken in a state coach to the Guildhall, where he sat through a session of the Common Council and made a speech to it in English, which the Council directed should be entered on its record. Here is the speech: "The Right Honorable Lord Mayor, My Lord and Honorable Members of the Corporation: I feel I shall not be doing justice to myself and people if I were to leave this court without returning you my hearty and sincere thanks for the honor paid me in allowing me here and to seat next the Lord Mayor. I have been made, whilst seating here, to believe the more that knowledge is power; that free liberty of speech is the great boon of the English nation; that the secret of your greatness is the Bible, and that I was not mistaken when I advised my cousin, the King of Jebu Remo, an independent native State, West Africa, to accept a British resident and place the country under Her Majesty's protection, and that he will be left to his independence to manage the internal affairs of his kingdom. I again return you my sincere thanks, and wish you God's blessing. Good-by."

Discourages High Buildings.

A law has gone into force in Washington prohibiting any building over 110 feet high on a business street and ninety feet high on other streets.

Electric Wires.

Some writer very aptly likens the nerves to electric wires, and the general working of their system to that of electric cars. A man who "slips his trolley" like Mr. Jeremiah Emey, 1512 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md., will need something better than even a gal-

The Rise of the Buckwheat Cake

The leaven of yesterday ruins the cake of to-day. Don't spoil good buckwheat with dying raising-batter—fresh cakes want Royal Baking Powder.

Grandma used to raise to-day's buckwheats with the souring left over of yesterday! Dear old lady, she was up to the good old times. But these are days of Royal Baking Powder—freshness into freshness raises freshness.

And this is the way the buckwheat cake of to-day is made: Two cups of Buckwheat, one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal Baking Powder, one half teaspoonful of salt, all sifted well together. Mix with milk into a thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle.

Do not forget that no baking powder can be substituted for the "Royal" in making pure, sweet, delicious, wholesome food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
{ SEAL }
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo. O.
☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

There are over ten million ruptured people in this country alone! To those of our readers thus unfortunately afflicted we call attention to the advertisement of G. V. House Mfg. Co., 744 Broadway, New York. This old reliable firm make a very comfortable truss which can be worn night and day with ease, and is warranted to retain the rupture under all circumstances. Send for a catalogue or go to see them.

Swallow It.

That is the best way to take a Ripans Tabule, best because the most pleasant. For all liver and stomach disorders Ripans Tabules are the most effective remedy, in fact, the standard.

Roger Mills county is the Democratic stronghold of Missouri.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT cures
all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Labratory Binghampton, N.Y.

Birmingham, England, makes 7,000 guns weekly.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement **and tends** to personal enjoyment **when rightly** used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is man-

Husband's Grievance.

All things have their limits and imperfections, even woman's taste in matters of dress. The Indianapolis Journal represents a "worried-looking" man as saying:

"My wife has the poorest kind of taste about dress."

"Indeed!" answered his neighbor. "I always understood from my women folks that she was one of the best dressers in town."

"Oh, that is all right enough. But I'm talking about my own clothes. She thinks two $15 suits a year are plenty enough for me."

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINKHARD, Springfield, Illinois, October 1, 1894.

LINENE REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.

They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address
REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

AXION ELASTIC TRUSS
PATENTED.

RUPTURE Cured
POSITIVELY HOLDS RUPTURE
Worn night and day. Has an Adjustable Pad which can be made larger or smaller to suit changing condition of RUPTURE. Illus. Cat. sent securely sealed by G. V. House Mfg. Co. 744 Broadway, N. Y. City

Wanted—Agents for Safety Odorless Kettles. The best article in the market for agents to make money selling. One agent reports 20 sold the first day; another 35 in two days; another 100 in ten days. Send 2c. stamp for circular. J. H. DAY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

WALL ST. NEWS LETTER of value sent FREE to readers of this paper. Charles A. Baldwin & Co., 40 Wall St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED. One earned $4,000; many over $1,000 in 1894. P.O. 1371, New York.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

You are all right

IF!

your Stomach,
Liver and Bowels
are performing
their functions
properly. . . . .

IF NOT!

A Ripans Tabule will do the work.

EASILY Carried in Pocket Taken.

50 Cents a Box.
At Druggists.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.&$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE.
$2.$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3.$2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau.
3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for Inventors Guide, or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARREL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Tied Down

—the woman who doesn't use Pearline. She's tied to her work, and tired with it, too. Pearline makes another woman of her. It washes and cleans in half the time, with half the work. Nothing can be hurt by it, and every thing is saved with it. Pearline does away with the Rub, Rub, Rub. Pearline does more than soap; soap gives you more to do.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 390 JAMES PYLE, New York.

"A Good Tale Will Bear Telling Twice." Use Sapolio!

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within the year

office at Marlin-
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there being no near neighbors. It is known as the chief stopping place for travelers between Dunmore and Huntersville. About sunset of that night a well dressed tramp came to the house by a path which he could only have discovered by making a detour from the public road. He asked to stop for the night, stating that he had no money to pay for his lodging. He was taken in to be given a night's lodging.

About eighteen months ago Mr. Dilley's father's house, in this neighborhood, was ransacked and robbed, and since then it has been his custom to lock and bolt his doors at dusk. That night everything was locked and made secure as usual. The stranger, who had given no name, was evidently acting a part and endeavoring to appear a wild and unreasoning crank, but his part was not well assumed and his listeners could but suspicion that he was not as foolish as he would make it appear.

About 8 o'clock the stealthy footsteps of a group of men were heard on the porch, and instantly the door was tried. The rattling continued for some minutes until Mr. Dilley and stood armed before it with a Winchester rifle and pistol. Ligon Marshall stood watch over the tramp stranger.

Just as Mr. Dilley was about to fire through the door, and the party in the house had remained as silent as those trying to force an entrance, the stranger uttered a loud, weird cry that curdled the blood of the inmates of the house, and which was unmistakably a signal of danger to the attacking party. Those outside retreated instantly. Then the stranger begged to be allowed to go, but he was refused the privilege, Mr. Dilley accusing him of being in league with the house-breakers. Directly Mr. Dilley opened the door pistol in hand, and the tramp slipped by him and ran.

Mr. Dilley followed but lost his trail, and on going to his brother's Amos Dilley, to warn him to look well to his horses, found him there. The distance between the houses is about two miles.

This was undoubtedly an attempt to rob the proprietor of that lonely house at Dilley's Mill, and fits in with the plan pursued in all the robberies which have occurred so frequently in the last four years. The thieves come in the evening between supper-time and bedtime, hold up the inmates of the house and go through it systematically. The only thing which foiled them in this attempt was the precaution that the owner of this house had taken according to his invariable practice of locking his doors at dusk, and opening them only when the voice of him who is seeking admittance is recognized.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 19th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, $2.25 to $2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

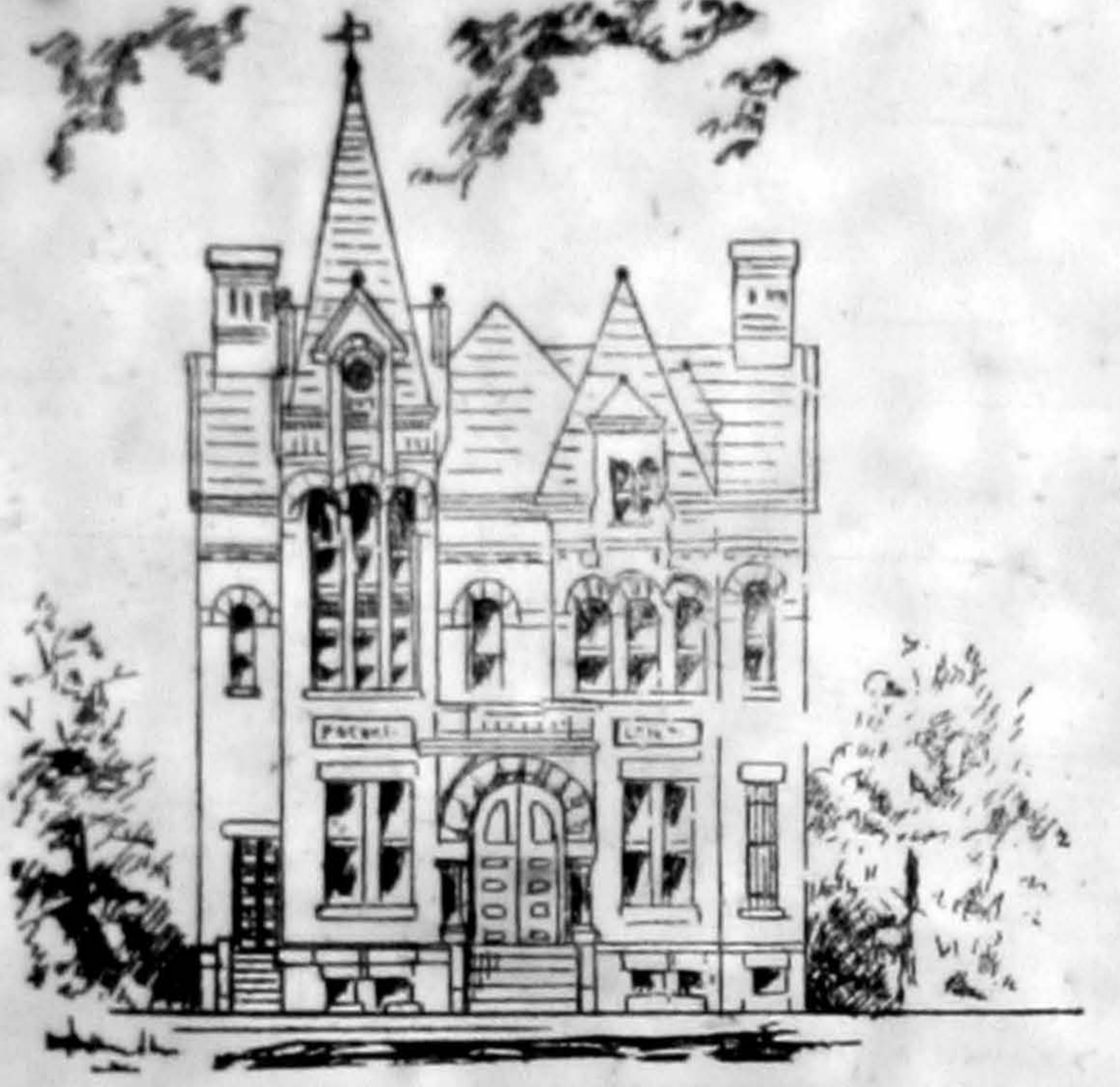
J. D. SWEENEY, Principal,
CONCORD CHURCH,
MERCER CO., - - - W. VA.

Public Sale.

I will sell at public auction, on Tuesday, April the 9th, 1895, the following property, to wit:

Magnificent Mansion for the Criminal.

A DESCRIPTIVE PEN PICTURE.



BY THE ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR.

The wonderful development and growth in values of Pocahontas County in the half decade just passed, may be readily illustrated by relative comparison, and the rapid strides of improvement are shown by examination of her new court house and jail recently completed.

Briefly, the court-house is a well-designed piece of architecture of the most modern design. The building proper is sixty-six feet by seventy-two feet. Consisting of three floors. The basement consists of six rooms and two large halls. In this basement are four large heaters or furnaces, which heat the entire building throughout and will say just here they have been well tested.

The basement has four furnace rooms, one sanitary room, one storage room, one fresh air room, and one foul air room. This basement story is built of stone, and finished with hard finish on all walls. The floors are all grouted and finished with a smooth Portland cement. One exit from this basement is up a flight of stairs made of native Pocahontas oak. Here we land in the side or cross hall of the first story floor. We find this hall to be fourteen feet wide and thirty two feet long, with a fourteen foot wall to ceiling. We then enter the main hall, which is ten by seventy-two feet. From this main hall we gain entrance to all the county offices. First the County Clerk's office which is sixteen by thirty feet. Leading from this room we enter a large fire-proof vault, nine by fourteen feet, with walls of brick twenty two inches thick. The floors and ceilings are made of concrete, and supported by large steel beams, with arches of brick, and finished with Portland cement. The openings are secured with Manly Mfg's. best fire proof steel shutters of the very latest design; the door opening is closed on the inside by a pair of double steel doors, with an outside door of heavy steel with a combination lock. We find the vaults absolutely fire-proof in every respect.

From this hall we again enter a room. This room will be occupied by the County Court. We find this room well lighted with fine ventilation. The exit from this room is through a pair of double doors leading into the main hall. We then pass into the two elegant rooms of the Prosecuting Attorney, which are lighted by the large windows four by eight feet. In this room there is an artistic ebonized mantel of the Queen Elizabeth design. The windows are hung with Gardner's Sash Ribbon, as are all the windows throughout the building.

Now we pass into the office of the

All the doors on this floor are, as are all the doors throughout the building, two inches thick, three feet three inches wide, and eight feet six inches high, with a transom over each door thirty nine by forty six inches. The entire building is wainscotted with oak four feet high with eleven inch molden base, finished with a double braded cup of a tasty design. All the hardware in this building is of the best patents and patterns of solid bronze.

The main stairway leading from this floor lands on the ell-shaped hall on the court-room floor. From this hall we enter the main court room, fifty by fifty with ceiling eighteen feet high. This room is well lighted with nine large windows, and has four exits. This room is heated from the furnaces in the basement story. The doors and windows throughout this building are furnished with six-inch reeded arcestrans with plinth block and turned common rosettes of a neat design. The bar is separated from the main court-hall by a substantial railing, with turned balusters, with a freeswinging gate. In the bar enclosure there is an elevated platform for the jury, surrounded by a neat railing. To the left of this we find the seat of justice, which is a masterpiece of workmanship.

On leaving the main court-room we enter the hall, from this we enter two elegant rooms which are the two Petit Jury rooms; the third room is the Grand Jury room; the fourth, the Judge's room; fifth, witness room; sixth, lawyers consulting room.

The roof of this structure is self-supporting with three How Trusses and one Queen Truss. This roof is first sheated with dressed dry pine, then covered with tarred sun proof paper, and then slated with the best slate that can be secured.

The main tower is eighteen by eighteen and one hundred and four feet high. On the right of this tower can be seen a cluster of minor towers which present a nice construction. On the rear, right, and left sides are two tasty dormer windows. Also the lofty gables, which add greatly to the roof's appearance.

The cut above presents the building from its narrowest dimensions. The jail is directly behind the court-house, which is to be regretted, as it is too tasteful a building to be hid. The cut is a good representation of the front of the building, but does not allow one to judge very well of its size.

This article will be continued next week when a full account of the new jail will be given.

THE president has appointed ex-

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prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases. Address,

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Top of Alleghany, W Va

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. Referencees, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1 256m

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day - - - - 1.00
per meal - - - 25
lodging - - 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE.—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention,

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

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FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
EDRAY, VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

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General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,

creased five per cent. in the past twenty-five years.

About two per cent., or one penny in fifty, which reaches the United States Sub-Treasuries is thrown out as a bad coin, being either damaged or a counterfeit.

Think of the money lying idle in Europe when the Russian loan of $75,-000,000 was subscribed for forty times over, in twelve hours, exclaims the St. Louis Star-Sayings.

The Queen of Sweden, who has always taken an interest in Swedish hospitals and the nursing of the sick, had the first experiments made in Sweden with the new cure for diphtheria.

Russia is advancing rapidly in military civilization. For an instance, the St. Louis Star-Sayings relates, that the lance shafts of her Cossacks are now fitted to be used as punt poles or as the handles of scythes with which to cut hay on the march.

From returns received at the British War Office it is estimated that the number of noncommissioned officers and men entitled to the Queen's medal for long and meritorious service, running from twenty to thirty-four years in many cases, is over 80,000.

The New York Advertiser is reminded that General Washington was the victim of merciless political attacks when he was President. General Gates once alluded to him as that "dark, designing, sordid, ambitious, vain, proud, arrogant and vindictive knave." Political denunciation seems to have grown decidedly tame in these later years.

The surrender by the Mosquito Indians of their rights under the treaty of Managua leaves Nicaragua in complete sovereignty over the Mosquito reserve, and puts an end to Great Britain's pretentions to the right of protectorate over the reservation. The New York Mail and Express states that no fear remains of British interference with the Nicaragua Canal Company's right of transit across the isthmus.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Hamlin has issued an order to Collector Kilbreth, of New York, directing that, until further notice, the inspection of luggage brought by passengers on transatlantic vessels shall not be stopped at sunset, as was done upon the recent arrivals of the Teutonic and Westernland. Hereafter, if the inspection has been begun before sunset, all the luggage must be passed without interruption, thus saving passengers unnecessary inconvenience.

An ostrich farmer in Southern California says in the New York Sun that the ostrich farming experiment is not an entire success, although not a complete failure. He was one of the first to engage in the business of raising the big birds for their feathers, and expected to realize a big fortune quickly. He says that, while much money has been derived from the sale of feathers, the birds do not increase as rapidly as was expected. Then, very many are so vicious that it is impossible to remove the feathers without killing them. He still hopes that, as the farmers gain more experience in the management of the ostriches, the business may become as big a success as was at first expected.

A damage suit, in which the jury found for the plaintiff, has been closed in the St. Louis County Court, at Clayton, Mo., which, it is believed, has no precedent in the courts of the United States or England. The case was one, relates the Atlanta Constitution, in which a father claimed and got a verdict for $5000 for the death of his son, who was killed by a railroad train. It was proved that the boy was standing alongside the track when the train rushed by at a high rate of speed and that he was hurled to the ground and forced under the cars by the current of air made by the swift motion of the train. Deep interest has been manifested in the peculiar and new

Dark hemlocks, seventy and seven,
High on the hill-slope sigh in dream,
With gloomy heads in heaven;
They silver the sunbeam.

One broken body of a tree,
Stabbed through and slashed by lightning keen,
Unsouled and grim to see,
Hangs o'er the hushed ravine.

A hundred masts, a hundred more,
Crowd close against the sunset fires
Their late adventure o'er,
They mingle with the spires.

But one is lying prone, alone,
Where gleaming gulls to seaward sweep,
White sand of burial blown
In sheets about its sleep.

When lightning's leashed and sea is still,
Ye sacrificial mysteries dread,
Scapegoats of shore and hill,
Your riddle may be read.

—Helen Gray Cone, in the Century.

LOVE IN A SNOWSTORM

BY M. DARINGTON BAYLEY.

SHE was a little Puritan maiden, with honest gray eyes and a sweet, bashful face. Her parents called her Dorothy; her friends, Dolly. She had been brought up very strictly, and it was not without misgivings that her family allowed her to visit her rich uncle and aunt in in London, but they could not well refuse the invitation.

Dolly had been in London only one short week, and she was bewitched with everything she saw. She loved her uncle and aunt, both of whom displayed strong affections for her, and indulged her in a freedom she had never tasted before. She was delighted with the substantial old house, with its large rooms, big fireplaces and comfortable furniture. More than all, she admired London itself. The busy streets, with their palatial shops; the colossal buildings—St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the broad, quiet squares, which seemed to have been dropped down at random among the wilderness of houses; the gay restaurants and the brilliant, fascinating theatres. She particularly liked it at night, when illumined by countless lights, whose reflections glittered on the pavement; and when the black darkness of the sky, unaccompanied by the deathly silence that it brought in the country, seemed rather to enhance the noise and bustle of the prodigal streets. There was something romantic about it all. It thrilled her, she knew not why. Her heart beat faster, her pulse bounded more quickly. She felt more alive than she had ever felt before.

There was another source of pleasure. Never before had she been thrown into the company of so engaging a young gentleman as her cousin Tom, the only child of her uncle and aunt. He was Dolly's senior by some half dozen years. Had Dolly's parents suspected what manner of young man he was, they would have made a special journey to London to bring their daughter home. Fortunately, they were ignorant. There was nothing really bad about the lad. He had a very good heart, but he wanted steadying a little. He was exactly the sort of dashing, reckless, freehanded young Englishman that a handsome, manly fellow becomes when placed in circumstances of wealth and freedom. The first time he saw his cousin Dolly he decided that she was a very pretty girl, but shy, and that it would be worth while to draw her out.

He found it not easy; and that, notwithstanding the fact, had he known it, that there was in Dolly's heart an intense willingness to be drawn out by cousin Tom. But that shyness of hers was a fashionable barrier. She could not chatter; the thing was impossible. Her silence had been inbred so long that it had become part of her anatomical structure; and Tom, in spite of all his conversational talents and social polish, frequently found himself reduced by it to a corresponding state. On the other hand, if Dolly could not speak, she could look. She had extremely eloquent eyes; eyes that spoke far more than her lips. Tom soon began to watch those eyes and to love them. He no longer attempted to make his cousin talk; her eyes rendered conversation unnecessary.

One afternoon, in the first week of January, he sauntered into his mother's sitting room, and there discovered Dolly, sitting, like the historic Miss Muffit, on a buffet in front of the fire. Her fingers were busy with some crochet work. Tom drew a chair to the fire.

"Are you going out to-night, Dolly?"

She lifted her eyes from her needle. "Not to-night."

"Not. Are you sorry?"

I like it. But auntie and I are going to have a quiet evening to-night, and I shall like that just as well."

There was a pause.

"Are you sure you will like it just as well?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Dolly.

He moved on his chair. "Well," he said, "I want you to come out with me to-night, if you will."

She looked at him in amazement. "Out with you? Why, where to?"

"The theatre," he responded.

Pleasure shone in her face. She gasped with delight. "Oh, you are kind! But do you think auntie will allow me?"

"I'll ask her," said naughty Tom. It was really very wrong of him, for Dolly's parents would have been scandalized at the idea of their daughter being seen in a theatre. However, they were not there to see it. It never occurred to Dolly that it could be wrong for her to go after Tom had proposed it, and so, as Tom's parents raised no objections, they started in due course. The only condition imposed on them (and the sequel proved it a sound one) was to wrap up well, which they did.

How Dolly enjoyed the performance it is unnecessary to relate in detail. She did enjoy it immensely; and she frequently turned to Tom and thanked him so earnestly for his kindness in having brought her that Tom began to feel the ecstasy that follows virtuous conduct. Her enjoyment robbed her, for the first time, of her shyness. Her face glowed with an unusual animation. There was a color in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes that had not been there before. When a shy maiden does wake up to animation she is ten times more dangerously attractive than her vivacious sisters, who sparkle all day long. Tom thought his cousin's face more seductively sweet than he had imagined it could be. He warmed toward her. He no longer wanted to draw her out, to flirt with her. He was in love now, all the way.

They made no haste out of the theatre, with the result that, when they reached the street, there was not an available hansom.

"We'd better walk on a bit," said Tom. "We shall come to one presently."

There had been a heavy fall of snow during the performance, and the pavement of the Strand was all slushy and sloppy.

"It's rather unpleasant under foot, Dolly," said Tom. "You'd better take my arm."

She did as she was bid, and immediately experienced a curious sense of being owned. It seemed to her that she belonged to her cousin. While, as for Tom, the soft touch of those small, gloved fingers on his coat sleeve gave him more pleasure than all his previous flirtations rolled into one.

When they came to Trafalgar Square Dolly gave a little scream of delight.

"Oh," she cried, "how pretty!"

It was pretty. The whole square—fountains, statues, and all, wherever the snow could find a lodging—lay draped in white. The portions that were free from snow looked doubly black by contrast. It was a study in white, with just a little black to help it out. Overhead fleecy clouds scudded rapidly, and a full, bright moon stared down at the glittering panorama. The square was as light as day.

"Oh, how beautiful! I didn't think London could look so lovely!"

Tom looked at the speaker, and thought her lovelier than the scene she admired.

"Yes," he said, with his eyes on her face, "it is beautiful, very beautiful indeed."

"Oh," said Dolly, "let us walk home. We don't want to take a cab on a lovely night like this. I wouldn't miss the walk for the world. It isn't far, really, is it?"

"About a mile," said Tom.

"Only a mile. Oh, that is nothing. Let us walk. Shall we?"

"Decidedly, if you wish it. You'd better take my arm again," for in her rapturous admiration she had slipped her hand loose, "the streets are slippery."

They walked on for three or four minutes. Suddenly Dolly's foot slipped. Tom, with remarkable presence of mind, prevented her from falling by putting his arm round her waist. That was a new experience for Dolly. It had never happened before, and she was overcome by the strangeness of it. She didn't say anything, but she blushed, and her face looked exquisitely pretty. I don't think Tom was to be blamed very much for bending down and kissing it. He should not have done it, of course; it was wrong; but the temptation was considerable. Dolly released herself indignantly, pushing him from her. They walked a short distance in awkward silence.

"Dolly, are you angry with me?"

No reply.

"Dolly"—very humbly—"I'm awfully sorry; but you looked so pretty that I couldn't help it."

Still a severe silence.

"Won't you forgive me, Dolly?"

She found her voice at length.

"I wish you wouldn't make me say things. Of course, I forgive you, but—you oughtn't to have done it."

"I am really very sorry, Dolly," he said, repentantly.

Then the snow came down.

There was no mistake about it, either; it did come down, with a vengeance. The flakes were nearly as large as a man's hand, and the sky was full of them.

"Dolly," said Tom, firmly, "you must take my arm and hold it tightly. We are going to catch it."

She took his arm, and he hurried her along as fast as he could. It was no use. The snow pelted their faces so severely than in less two minutes they were nearly numbed with the cold.

"We must shelter somewhere till the violence of the storm is spent," said Tom. He looked about him for a convenient doorway. Fortunately, there was one near. He placed Dolly inside it, so that the snow could not get to her, and stationed himself at her side.

"Are you cold, Dolly?" he said.

"Not very, thank you," she replied. "Are you?"

"I? Oh! it doesn't matter about me, dear. You are the important member of this small community. Are you sure you are not cold? Will you have my muffler?"

He commenced to take it off.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Dolly, preventing him. "Do you think I would take it from you? But it was kind of you to offer it—very kind! You are kind to me."

"Kind!" said Tom, warmly. "Who could help being kind?"

He pressed more closely to her. Outside the snow was descending heavily.

"Dolly," said Tom, speaking low, "have you quite forgiven me?"

She smiled, but did not say anything. His arm stole round her again. She made no effort to repulse it. He looked at her face. The cold had turned it a dead white, but it was beginning to glow again, and he thought it had never looked prettier.

"Dolly," he whispered, "I love you."

Her heart bounded. He loved her! Oh! the blissful thought!

"Dolly," he whispered again, "could you care for me ever so little?"

"Yes," she murmured.

Their eyes, and then their lips, met. After that I don't think either of them minded the cold much.

They were prisoned in that sanctified doorway an hour before the snow abated, and then it took them another twenty minutes to get home. They were received with rejoicings.

"We thought you had got lost," said the master of the house.

Dolly ran straight into her aunt's arms, and burst into a fit of sobbing.

"My poor child!" said the lady, caressing her, "you are overwrought; and no wonder. Tom, you haven't taken proper care of her."

"Oh! but he has," said Dolly, smiling through her tears. "It isn't that."

"She has promised to be my wife!" said Tom.

The rest isn't worth telling.

A Useful Python.

Once, while passing through a Dutch farm, writes the author of "Three Years With Lo Bengula," in Africa, I went up to the house to buy some eggs; standing in front of the door was a large barrel, and while passing I carelessly tilted it up to see what was inside, but promptly let it down again, as there was a big python underneath. The Dutchman told me he had shot at the snake some months previously, and a few grains entering the head, the reptile appeared to become stupefied and unable to move quickly. He then dragged it home, and extracted the fangs, and it gradually became tame. The python, which measured sixteen feet, was allowed to crawl about the place at night, never attempting to get away or do any damage; in fact, they found it useful for killing rats and vermin. By day it was kept under the barrel. The children fed the snake, and played with it. I saw one of the little Dutch boys drag it out, and pour two bottles of milk down its throat, and then give it six eggs, which it swallowed. When they teased the python, it made a hissing noise and reared up on its tail; they were not a bit frightened, and would catch hold of it by the head, and drag it along the ground over their shoulders.

An Eye to Business.

A proposal having been made in London that boxes should be erected in public thoroughfares for the reception of orange-peel and matches, recalls the story told of a young gentleman of excellent principles walking with an eminent surgeon. As they neared his house, the lad kicked away a piece of orange-peel that lay on the pavement into the road. The surgeon said, "My dear boy, what are you about?" and replaced it exactly

TO DESTROY ANTS.

They may be kept from climbing by tying wool round the stems and stakes and putting pine tar on them. Trace to their haunts and pour boiling water on them. To drive from their haunts, dig the dirt and mix with gas lime. To kill them, pour over their nests at night a strong decoction of elder leaves or turn a flower-pot over with the hole stopped; the ants will build up into it and thousands may be destroyed.

ON CAKE BAKING.

For baking most kinds of cake the oven should be rather slow. If it be too hot when sponge cake is baking the cake will sometimes rise very high and fall again. In any case, it will be coarse grained and tough. A good test for sponge cake is to put a piece of white paper into the oven, close the door and open it in five minutes. If the paper be a rich yellow the oven is right, but if it be light yellow the oven is too cool, or if a dark brown it is too hot.

THE KITCHEN TOWELS.

Housewives are sometimes debarred from the use of crash for kitchen towels by its cost, as well as by the fact that it needs to be partly worn before it makes really good towels. Now that fashion sanctions the use of this very serviceable material for toilet articles as well as aprons, it may be economically used in that way first, and then descend to the more utilitarian household uses. For instance, your delicately checked linen crash apron, when worn soft, will make the best possible glass or dish towel, and your toilet cover and pin-cushion cover even, after having served their apprenticeship in your room, may be turned into roller towels and dishcloths. Crash is very easily hemstitched, and with this ornamentation and the state of immaculate cleanliness in which it is so easily kept, it makes the most desirable of bureau and table covers.

HOW TO BOIL A PUDDING.

The most difficult way of cooking a plum pudding is boiling it in a cloth; a novice will be likely to spoil it unless the following directions are observed in every particular: To boil a plum pudding successfully have a large pot half full of actually boiling water, with a plate in the bottom to keep the cloth from burning or sticking to the pot, and a teakettleful of boiling water to fill up the pot as the water boils away; there must always be enough water to float the pudding, and it must boil without ceasing, "jumping" in the pot.

The cloth must be of linen toweling, about a yard square, scalded by dipping in boiling water and then thickly dusted with sifted flour; and after the pudding has boiled steadily for at least six hours it should be unrolled, laid upon a suitable dish and set in the oven to dry off while the sauce is being made. Allowance must be made for the swelling of an ordinarily rich pudding, the cloth being made about three-quarters full.

RECIPES.

Broiled Chicken on Toast—Clean and carefully singe and split down back, season with salt, and broil over quick fire, turning frequently. When cooked put bits of butter over meat and place on pieces of toast with cresses and small bits of lemon.

Peppermint Creams—Take two cupfuls of sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of boiling water, one teaspoonful of glucose and two pinches of cream of tartar. Boil until it threads, cool slightly and heat until it begins to thicken. Then flavor with peppermint according to taste and drop on tins.

Everton Taffy—Boil one pound of best brown sugar in half a pint of water; when thick drop a few drops in a cup of cold water, and if the drops retain their shape and become brittle, add too ounces of butter and boil a few moments until it will harden again. Flavor with lemon.

Squash Pie—Peel the squash and cut it in small pieces. Cook until done, using very little water. Mash it fine and to two cupfuls of squash, add one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, a pinch of salt, one-half teaspoonful of ginger. Mix all the ingredients thoroughly, line a pan with paste and fill it. Bake until done. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add one-half cupful of sugar, spread it over the pies and leave them in the oven until the meringue is a rich brown.

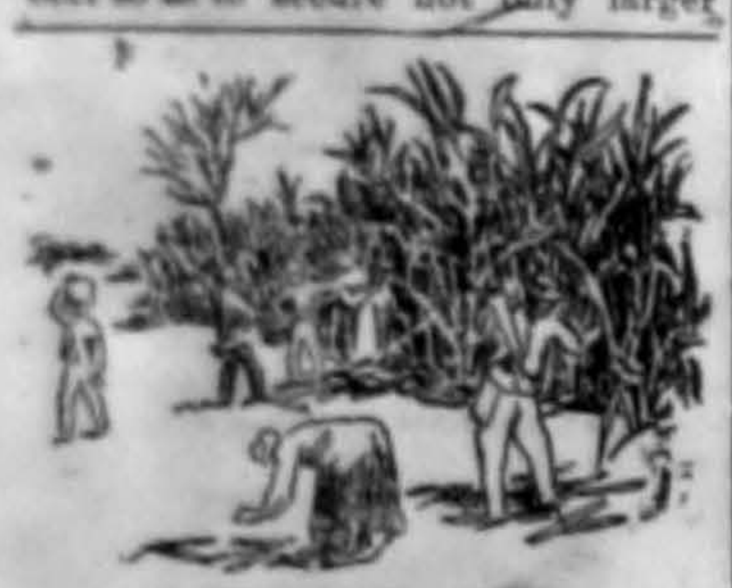
Baked Macaroni (with cheese)—Break one-half [illegible] package macaroni into inch pieces, cover with boiling water slightly salted and stew gently twenty minutes. Drain well, and put a layer in the bottom of a buttered pudding-dish; upon this grate some mild rich cheese, a sprinkling of salt and bits of butter. Spread on this more macaroni, and proceed as before until all the macaroni is used, having the macaroni on top well buttered, but without the cheese. Cover with a

OLD AND NEW PROCESSES IN LOUISIANA.

Grinding the Cane in the Roller Mill—Boiling the Extracted Juice—The Modern Way of Making Sugar.

IF a Michigan chemist realizes his expectations, says the Chicago Record, the sawmills in the North will become active competitors of the Louisiana sugar plantations. This audacious scientist declares that he can make granulated sugar out of sawdust, and in support of the claim he exhibits a substance which looks, smells and tastes like glucose. He says that he first converts the sawdust into starch and then turns the starch into sugar, which, he declares, crystallizes into as pretty granulated sugar as was ever turned out of a sugar trust refinery. But his most astonishing claim is that when he has perfected his process he will have no use for a tariff or bounty, for he will make sugar cheaper than Cuba, China, Germany or any other country can possibly produce it.

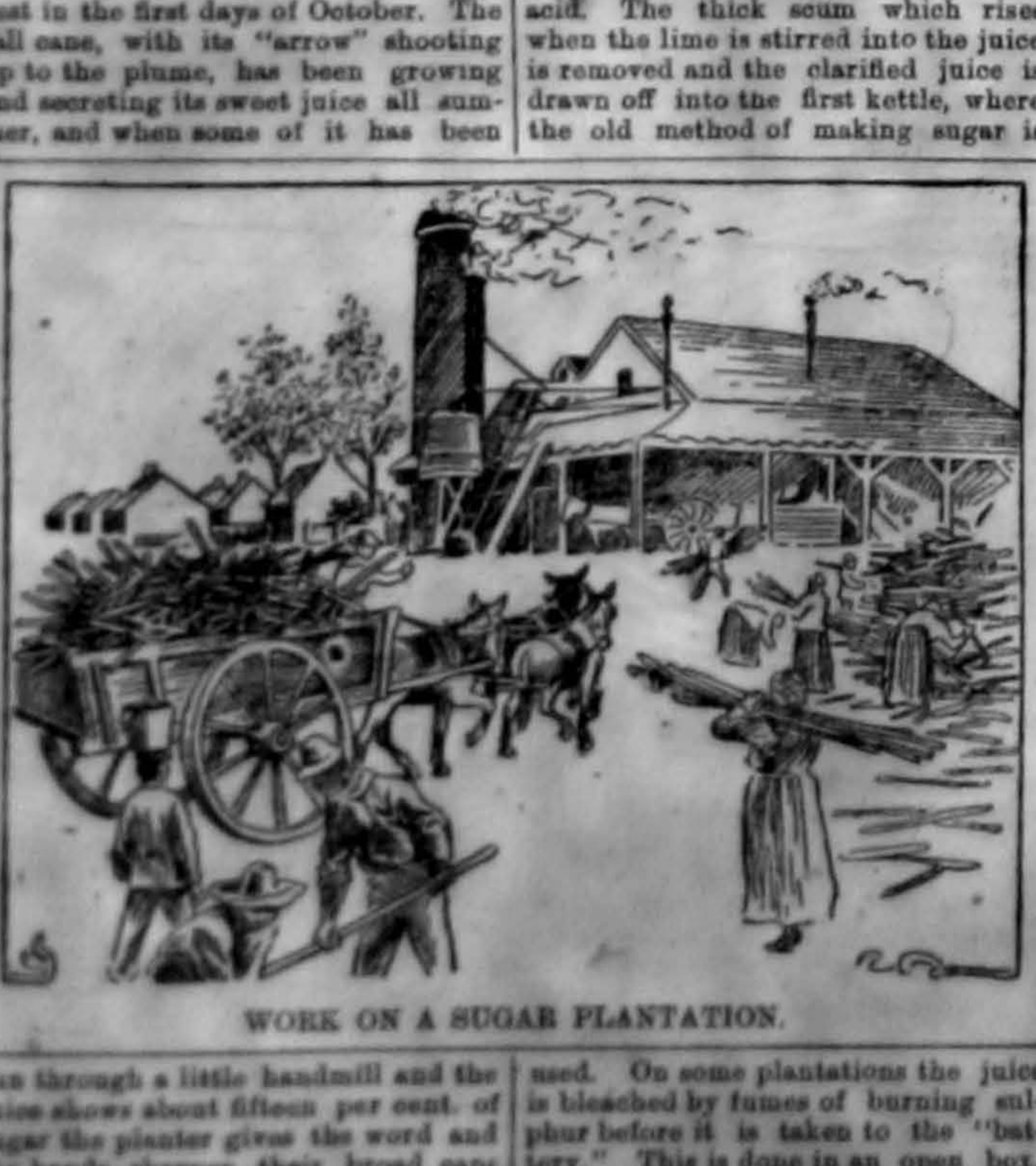
While he has been working on his sawmill sugar the beet-sugar makers of Nebraska and California have been endeavoring to cheapen their processes, and the farmers have been learning how to develop and improve the sugar beet so as to secure not only larger beets and more to the acre, but a greater per cent. of sugar in the beets.


A FIELD OF SUGARCANE.

The reason for all this activity and enterprise is found in the fact that Louisiana sugar planters produce only about one-sixth of all the sugar that is consumed in the United States, and as the area of the sugarcane-growing section is limited the sugar producer must look to sugar beets and "early amber" corn to make up the other five-sixths of the sugar. As it is, the beets of Nebraska and California only produced one twenty-fifth as much sugar as was raised in Louisiana last year, or only 1-150th of the total amount consumed in this country in 1893.

In the sugar mills of Louisiana machinery has taken the place of the hands who used to grow sleek and fat during the sugar season, for the old-fashioned open-pan batteries with the fires under the kettles have given way to steam pipes and vacuum pans and pumps, and steam siphons have replaced the hand buckets and dippers which used to transfer the juice and syrup from one kettle to another. On some of the smaller plantations, however, the old order of things prevails, and the sugar house is as picturesque and interesting as it was when slaves whistled and sung at their work, for the sugar-making season then was a feast of sweets and a succession of jollities.

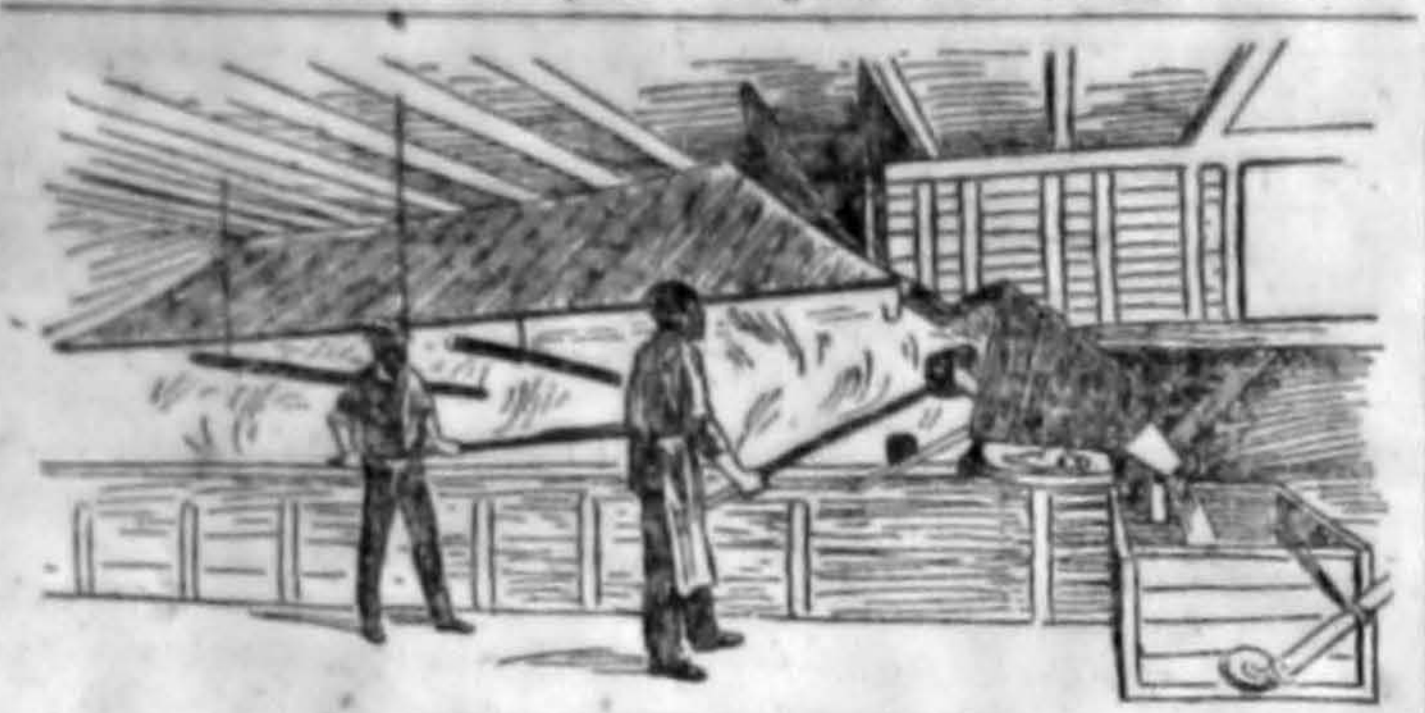
The sugarcane is ready for the harvest in the first days of October. The tall cane, with its "arrow" shooting up to the plume, has been growing and secreting its sweet juice all summer, and when some of it has been run through a little handmill and the juice shows about fifteen per cent. of sugar the planter gives the word and the hands sharpen their broad cane knives.


WORK ON A SUGAR PLANTATION.

They first strip the cane of its leaves with the dull side of the knife and then the tops are cut off as far down as the experienced cane cutter believes the maturity of the cane will

off the knife is buried in the stalk as near the ground as possible, and the cane is tossed to one side, where it waits for the wagon gang to haul it away to the cane shed.

The field hands begin work at 5 or 5.30 o'clock in the morning, and cut enough cane during the day to keep the mill supplied while they are cutting, and at the same time to pile up enough cane in the cane shed to feed the mill all night. The cane is first weighed while on the wagon on platform scales, and it is then dumped in the cane shed, which is an open, heavily built wing of the sugar house. The cane which is to be ground at once is dumped near a traveling platform or conveyor, which carries the cane to the roller mill, where it is crushed. The cane shed is usually in possession of the colored women, who take up the cane by the armful and spread it on the moving slats of the conveyor, which is inclined at an angle of about thirty degrees so that the cane is brought directly over the sugar mill. The cane is not dumped on the carrier without regard to an even distribution, but is placed on so that it is fed between the rollers in an even thickness. If too much cane were placed on one side and too little on the other the expensive, all-important rollers might be broken because of the uneven pressure.


BOILING THE CANE JUICE.

The wagons follow each other rapidly, and while one gang of women is attending to the carrier another gang is cording up the surplus cane for the night shift.

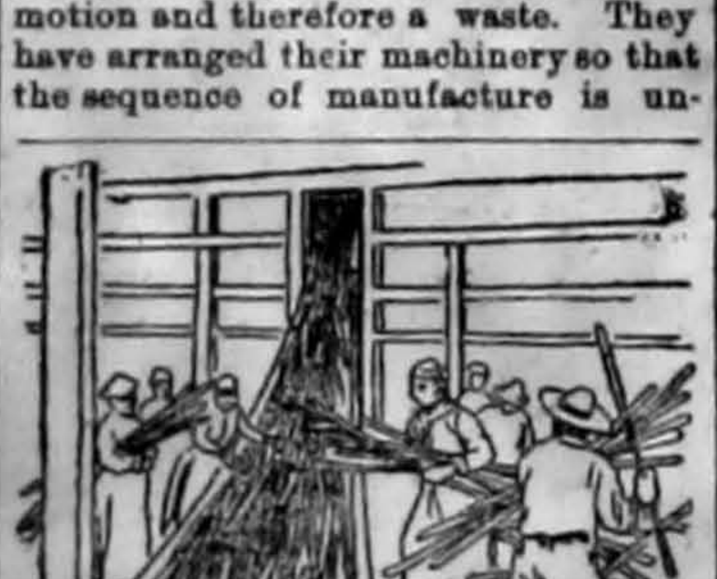
The roller mill is a ponderous piece of machinery, massive in all of its parts, for sugarcane has a tough, hard skin and cannot be crushed by tender methods. Two mills, one of three and the other of two rollers, constitute the five-roller system, and nine rollers are used in some mills. The cane, carried to the first mill on the conveyor, first passes between three rollers, two of them over one. As soon as the sugarcane is crushed or ground by this mill it becomes "bagasse," and, by another horizontal conveyor, is taken to the mill which has two rollers, one over the other, where it is squeezed again. The "bagasse" is now almost dry and is carried to the boiler-room, where it is used as fuel under the boilers. It is also used as a fertilizer.

When the cane and bagasse are crushed the juice runs down, a greenish, sticky liquid, through a strainer to a well or vat, from which it is pumped to the clarifiers. Here milk of lime is stirred in and heat is applied. The lime neutralizes the acids in the juice, for the moment the cane is cut a chemical change begins in the juice, part of it fermenting and becoming acid. The thick scum which rises when the lime is stirred into the juice is removed and the clarified juice is drawn off into the first kettle, where the old method of making sugar is used. On some plantations the juice is bleached by fumes of burning sulphur before it is taken to the "battery." This is done in an open box, in which the juice drips through the sulphurous fumes.

The large open kettles, four or five of them, in which the juice is boiled to a sirup and then to sugar, stand in a row close to one another. In the

the higher above the level of the liquid the tube will rise. The tube is divided into degrees so that the sugar maker by simply placing the sacchrameter in the juice can tell when it has reached the proper density or thickness. The juice is constantly skimmed of the impurities which rise to the top in the form of scum, and this scum is frequently made into rum. The juice becomes a sirup in the second kettle, and as it grows thicker and thicker it is transferred from one kettle to the other, the workmen dipping it out in long handled buckets. The last kettle is called the "strike pan," and here the sirup is cooked until the man attending it, by pinching some of the thick, clear sirup between his thumb and finger, can draw the sirup out in a candied string, which is exactly the test that is used at a candy pulling party. When the grain is felt and the sacchrameter shows that the proper density has been reached the heavy sirup is bailed out into cooling vats made of wood. As the sirup cools the sugar crystallizes, but it is mixed with the molasses which will not crystallize, so it is scooped out of the cooling vat into large hogsheads made of cypress wood, which have a large number of holes bored in the bottom. Pieces of sugarcane plug these holes loosely, allowing the molasses to drip down into the molasses tank. The sugar made in this way is not pure white and it is soft grained, but it is taken to the refinery, where it is granulated.

This is the old method, rapidly passing out of use, for, compared to the modern way of making sugar, it is expensive and wasteful. Its one redeeming feature is its picturesqueness. But the hard-headed, cold-blooded, unsympathetic Northern men who have gone to Louisiana and built extensive sugar mills, with all that is progressive, scientific and modern, with their chemists and polariscopes, delicate sacchrameters and other instruments, electric lights and tiny locomotives for hauling cane, Corliss-valved engines and huge pumps, regard picturesqueness as so much lost motion and therefore a waste. They have arranged their machinery so that the sequence of manufacture is unbroken, and the juice and sirup go from the mills to the clarifiers and on to the finished product untouched by hand.


THE CARRIER.

Steam coils take the place of open fires, deep rectangular pans have been substituted for the kettles and rapidly revolving centrifugal machines do in a minute what the hogshead strainers did in a week. After the juice has been treated with lime and sulphur it is pumped into the first clarifier, which has a steam coil in the bottom. From one to the other of four clarifiers the sirup goes, skimmed constantly all the time, for when it is pumped into the vacuum pan no skimmer can get at it. Sacchrameter tests are made at every pan, and when the proper density has been secured in the last clarifier the sirup is pumped into a settling tank, and from there it goes to the vacuum pan.

The vacuum pan is described by its name. It is an inclosed spherical vessel with copper steam coils in the bottom, and can be made air-tight. An air-pump and condenser remove the air, thus making a vacuum. Sightholes are provided and a lamp throws its light through thick glass upon the sirup so that the concentration can be watched closely. In a vacuum liquid boils at a much lower temperture than 212 degrees, the boiling point in open air, and as there is no atmospheric weight on the liquid the heat causes the liquid to boil furiously, with great jets shooting above the turbulent surface, as though a tremendous agitation were going on, yet the heat is nearly 100 degrees below

heat until crystallization is effected, and then the valve at the bottom is opened and the whole charge is dumped into the mixer directly beneath the vacuum pan.

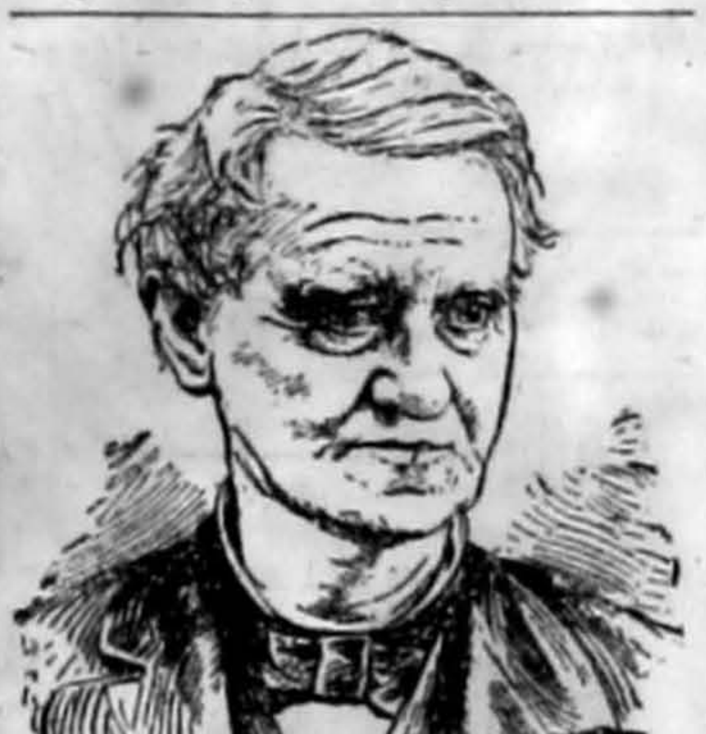
The mixer is a troughlike arrangement in which an agitator revolves—a long shaft with steel arms, which in revolving mixes the sugar, so that the crystallization progresses uniformly. When the grain is of the right size the mushy sugar mixed with its molasses is shoveled into the centrifugal machine. This is a kettle-shaped vessel which revolves 1200 times a minute. Its sides are perforated so that molasses in the sugar caught up by the centrifugal force flies through the perforations, leaving the sugar dry and snow white. The sugar is then dumped to the granulator and placed in barrels.

This sugar, although of higher grade than the sugar made by the open kettle process, is not as large grained nor as glazed as the sugar made in the refineries. Here the crude sugar is made into sirup, again strained through bone black filters, bleached, reclarified, put through vacuum pans, granulators and centifugals, until the grain is large and the crystals well formed and glazed. The refining is a process apart from the sugar plantation and sugar house, and requires machinery which is too expensive and occupies too much space for the sugar planter.

The process of extracting sugar and sorghum sirup from the "early amber" cane of the Northern and Western States is almost identical with the Louisiana method, but the diffusion process used by beet sugar makers is altogether different.

Richard W. Thompson.

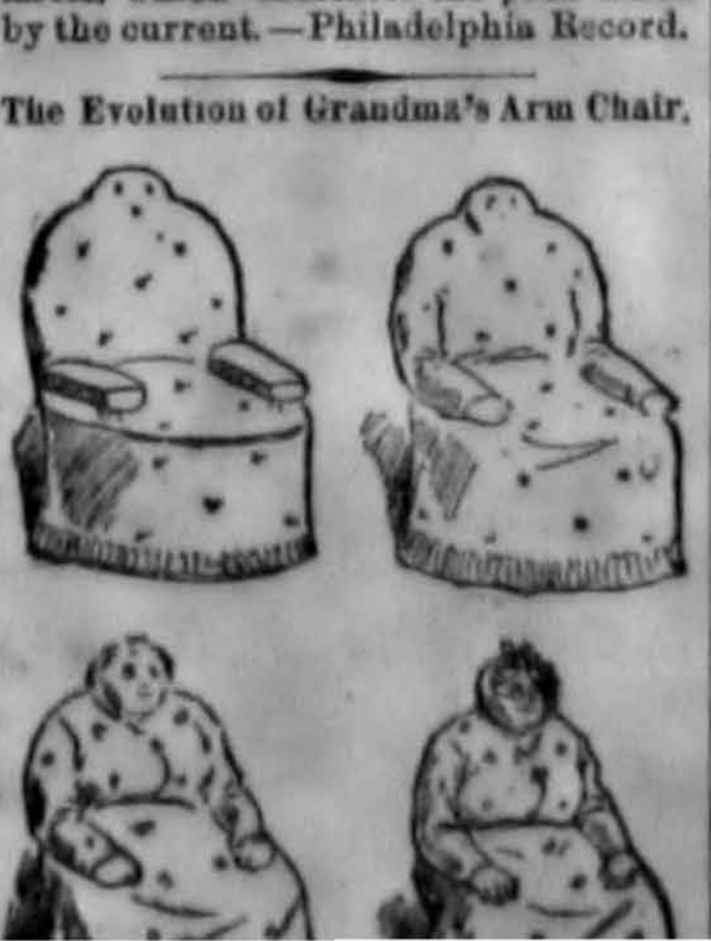
Richard W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy under President Hayes, is still alive at the age of eighty-five. He has personally met every President of the United States, except two. He recently published a book of recollections that has attracted considerable attention.


R. W. THOMPSON.

Process of Death by Electricity.

According to Professor J. Kratter, of Graz, who has for some time been performing experiments on the effects of electrical shocks on animal life, death is most usually caused by sudden cessation of respiration and consequent suffocation. During the suffocation the heart continues in action. If the asphyxia lasts more than a certain time, about two minutes, the heart stops, this being a secondary phenomenon. Generally speaking, the animals used, cats, dogs, rabbits and mice, were not easily killed by 1600—2000 volts alternating. The danger appears to lie in the nervous system, and to decrease with the amount of brain development. Frequently death occurs by momentary stoppage of the movement of the heart, but a slow cessation of the heart's action, such as has been observed in cases of human death, was never observed. In no case was any anatomical alteration observable to which death might be attributed, but there are sometimes lesions, breaking of blood vessels, and the diagnosis is rendered certain by the peculiar burning at the position of contact, and by the escape of blood from the capillaries, which indicates the path taken by the current.—Philadelphia Record.

The Evolution of Grandma's Arm Chair.



STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Liked Them Well Grown—Onto Jack—Saved Again—An All-Sufficient Reason, Etc., Etc.

The Mamma—"At what age do you consider children most interesting?"

The Bachelor Friend—"Any time after thirty."—Judge.

SAVED AGAIN.

Teacher—"Johnny Green, point out Africa on the map."

John—"Please, ma'am, it ain't polite to point."—Truth.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF IT.

"You haven't read Brown's last ode, have you?"

"I think I have. It seems to me he last owed me $18."—Detroit Tribune.

THE BEST TIME.

Nodd—"My baby looks lovely when he is asleep. You ought to see him."

Todd—"When shall I call?"

Nodd—"Anytime during the day."—Life.

RESENTED THE IMPUTATION.

Caller—"Wonder if I can see your mother, little boy? Is she engaged?"

Little Boy—"Engaged? Whatcher givin' us? She's married."—Boston Transcript.

OF PRACTICAL BENEFIT.

"What has become of Brown? The last time I saw him he had water on the brain."

"He's the head of a reservoir company now."—Judge.

ONTO JACK.

Dolly Swift—"The price-mark on Jack's birthday gift is quite plain—$17.50."

Sally Gay—"H'm! I wonder what it really cost?"—Puck.

AN ALL-SUFFICIENT REASON.

Fond Parent—"Bobby, why will you always persist in pushing in the eyes of your little sister's dolls?"

Bobby (conclusively)—"Because I can't pick 'em out."—Truth.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

Bob's Widow—"Do you dare to sit there and tell me you consider yourself a better man than poor, dear Bob?"

Her Brother—"Of course I do, for he's dead."—Judge.

A REASON.

Johnny—"I don't see how that young chicken can be so comfortable."

Hired Man—"Why not?"

Johnny—"Why, because it is sitting on its pin-feathers."—Puck.

INCREDIBLE.

Mr. Homeman—"Did you read that article about a football player getting shot the other day?"

Mrs. Homeman—"No, John; but, goodness me, you don't mean to say the game has come to that?"—Boston News.

SHE COUNTERS.

He—"I wonder when you will be able to set as good a table as my mother?"

She—"By the time you are able to provide as good a table as your father does, my dear."—Burlington (Iowa) Gazette.

BASHFUL BACHELOR AND HELPFUL MAID.

Bashful Bachelor, nervous and fidgety, trying to remember a speech he had been rehearsing for an hour previously.

Helpful Maid, anxious and expectant.

B. B.—"My dearest, I—I have long wished to tell you that I am full—I mean my heart is full—my palpitating heart—I—I mean your smiles—dearest, would shed—would shed—

H. M.—"Perhaps, dear, we could live in a flat at first, and then we should not need a woodshed."

(The all important date was fixed within five minutes.)—Truth.

SHEER FORCE OF HABIT.

"Does the razor hurt you?"
No reply.
"Is the draught too strong?"
"No reply.
"Shall I shut the door?"
No reply.
"Awful fire last night!"
No reply.
"Shave you pretty close?"
No reply.
"Getting very chilly now!"
No reply.
"That was a very heavy thunderstorm last night!"
No reply.
"Shampoo?"
No reply.
"Trim your hair up a little?"
No reply.
"Brilliantine on the moustache?"
No reply.
"Bay rum?"

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA. S. W. HOLT.

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON POCKET HEALTH

West End of Bridge.

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Renick's Valley. Four miles from

FEED, LIVERY

—AND—

SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞ Horses for Sale and Hire. ☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarde.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses brokec to ride or work

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton w. Va

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,

WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869
Cash Capital $100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL.
MARLINTON W. Va.

BLACKSMITHING

AND

Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

FOR RENT! My store-house

Driftwood.

More snow and mud.

Miss Lena McLaughlin has returned to her school, was gladly welcomed by her many friends.

Mr. Gum, of Virginia, is to see his best girl.

Mr. Jacob Townsend is in this part on business.

We were disappointed Saturday, as the river was too deep for Rev. Alexander to cross.

Prof. Adams will commence a singing school at this place soon. We wish him success.

Miss Lizzie Wilfong, was down last week.

Miss Bessie Dysard, is visiting her brother at Travelers' Repose.

Mr. John T. McLaughlin, made a flying trip to Marlinton, last week.

Mr. Andrew Geiger's boat upset with him while crossing the river at Mr. Allen Burners, he swam and reached an island, where he had to remain till a boat could be made before he could get out.

Mr. James Collins passed through this part last week, on his way home from Ronceverte.

Mr. Geo. Sheets has moved to Swago. We will miss him very much.

Miss Illa Sheets is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Geiger.

Mrs. Geo. Tacy is improving.

TILDEN.

TRUTH forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet the scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow
Watching over all his own.—*Sel.*

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay!

PATTERSON SIMMONS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer and Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop,

—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

A Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,

is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

☞ Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

E. H. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION

DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Waverley BICYCLES.

Are the Highest of All High Grades

Warranted Superior to Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN—The Waverly Scorcher and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for $85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

High Frame, Wood Rim, Detachable Tire, Scorcher, weight 22 lbs . . $85.

Steel Rims, Waverly Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs $85

Regular Frame, same weights $85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires . . $75

26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs . . $74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business awaits the right man. Get our Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

IT TICKLES YOU

THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.

BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25C AND 50C PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) **SPRINGFIELD, O.**

The Confederate Veteran

and the

VOL. 12, NO. 37. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, ...J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, ...R. K. Burns.
Clerk County Court, ...S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, ...J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, ...C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor ....George Baxter.
Coroner, ...George P Moore.

County Board of Health: Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeel, J. C. Arbogast.

Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, [illegible]; H. Gross, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Courts of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

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MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

[illegible] practice in the courts of Poca[illegible] county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,

MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

A Fairy Tale.

The time seems to have come again when men are not afraid to talk of gigantic projections. From every source comes word of a railroad which is to pierce the great Appalachian Range from east to west north of the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. One late sketch speaks of it as being destined to open up a great country which is practically unknown. The writer seemed to ignore us who are living in these parts. Is it possible that during all the years that the county newspapers of this region have been calling attention to the great natural resources of these parts, they have failed to make it plain that there was such a country to be developed?

The article below is from the Baltimore *Sunday* Herald of March 31st. If it could only be true that eight millions of dollars are to be spent this season on this work, we would know ere long what effect a railroad would have on Pocahontas:

"STAUNTON, VA., March 30.—Of more than ordinary interest, not only to the people of this section of Virginia, but to those of West Virginia and Maryland, is the recent revival of the Chesapeak, Shendun and Western railway project.

"The movers contemplate the construction of a line primarily from a point at or near Fredericksburg to Marlinton, the recently-created county seat of Pocahontas, W. Va., but eventually designs to create a continuous system from the great lakes of the Northwest to Virginia tidewater, with the [illegible]nus at a point opposite [illegible] Charles, or nearly so.

"The charter for this road was granted by the Virginia Legislature at its session in 1892, but to outward appearances the scheme has lain dorment since that time. Its projectors, however, have been quietly at work in the interior examining routes, making estimates, interesting capitalists and attending to the thousand and one things essential to the successful carrying out of a scheme of such magnitude. All this was done so quietly that to those who had not kept well informed in the matter the announcement that the charter fee had been paid and the charter turned over to the Old Dominion Construction Company was somewhat of a surprise, and the further announcement that $8,000,000 was to be spent in the work of construction in Virginia this season has created a pretty general feeling that the projectors of the new "cross county" line mean business.

"At first sight, and particularly to those having a superficial knowledge of the topography of the territory through which the route lies, there would seem to be stupendous physicial difficulties in the way, as both the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies must be crossed or penetrated before the road can be completed.

"But both these barriers have been surmounted by the Chesapeake and Ohio, and careful surveys show that the new road can get through with easier grades, shorter tunnels and by a more direct and consequently less expensive route than that adopted by the Chesapeake and Ohio.

"Of the two ranges, the Blue Ridge probably presents the greatest difficulties, but it is not essential to the operation of the road that this portion of it should be constructed at once, as its traffic can be delivered to Baltimore, Washington, Norfolk and other points of commercial importance over either the Baltimore and Ohio, or

the Blue Ridge at Brown's Gap, entering the valley and crossing the Norfolk and Western at Shendun or Port Republic: thence up the valley to the North River of the Shenandoah, six miles to Mount Crawford, whence it will cross the Valley branch of the Baltimore and Ohio.

"This particular portion of the new road is the point of interest to this section of the valley just now. The natural route, if the topography of the valley and directness of the course are to be considered, is the point named, nearly equidistant from Staunton and Harrisonburg, and both towns want the road, with the chances probably somewhat in favor of the latter.

"One inducement Harrisonburg offers is that it controls the former rights of the road projected and partially constructed a number of years ago by R. N. Pool and his associates, which was designed to develop the same territory toward which the Chesapeake, Shendun and Western is headed.

"The saving in cost by the use of this already graded roadbed would probably more than compensate for the increased cost of construction necessitated by the detour of some 20 miles from the direct route in order to reach the Rockingham capital. A sort of preliminary showing of hands the other day developed the fact that the people of Harrisonburg had $170,000 ready to put into the road if it came their way, with strong probabilities that this sum could be readily increased to $500,000.

"Staunton, up to this time, has done nothing definite, and as the topographical conditions are not in her favor the probabilities are [illegible] more enter[illegible] will capture [illegible] measures are [illegible] an early date to bring the road in this direction. As to whether the road is worth striving for, and the nature of the traffic it will develop, a summary may not be out of place in this connection.

"At the western edge of the valley it enters Highland county, one of the most isolated sections of the State, so far as means of communication with the outside world is concerned; yet at the same time, probably the wealthiest community, population considered, within the borders of the Old Dominion. The "cattle on a thousand hills" are there, and, at the close of the grazing season, it is a sight well worth witnessing to see the hundreds of sleek bovines arriving in Staunton from the mountain fastnesses "on the hoof" for shipment to the Baltimore market principally, though many of them go to Philadelphia and to English ports. Highland is also a grain-raising section, but the difficulty of access to market confines the production of food-stuffs, outside of live stock, to about what is needed for home consumption. For the same reason her forests have remained practically untouched, and her mineral deposits undeveloped, though known to exist.

"From the crest of the Alleghanies the distance is but short into the Gauley basin—a region whose wealth of both mine and forest is so great and so clearly established that no less than five railroads are now entered in the race to secure the rich rewards that await those who penetrate that rich section and open the way for its products to reach the outer world.

"From the junction with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the air-line distance to the heart of the Gauley coal-field does not exceed 75 miles. Making liberal allowance for curves and detours necessary to secure easy grades, the total length of the road required would not exceed 90 or 100 miles at most. This would reduce the distance from almost all points in

New River, the Chesapeake and Ohio could no longer control the coal market of this entire section by reason of the superior quality of fuel it claims to, and does, at present, supply."

Cross-Country Steeplechase At Mingo.

The above sporting event took place on Thursday, March 28th, in superb weather. The course was flagged out, over the Ward Fields, (kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. E. Ward, of Lee Bell), which lie on the top of Mingo Hill, and was 1½ miles in length, with six log fences as jumps, which had to be negotiated by the horses.

There were several awkward twists and turns in the course—such as to try the mettle of the runners. The "going" was all that coud be desired, the recent change in the weather having dried up the land. Mingo Hill afforded a splendid natural "grand-stand" for the crowd of spectators, who mustered up in great force, whilst the rocks and other "coigns of vantage" were taken possession of by enthusiastic sportsmen at an early hour in the afternoon. The "fair sex" graced the festive scene with their presence, and we noticed Mrs. A. D. Bruce, Mrs. R. H. Tuke, and Miss Earnshaw, all mounted on good-looking "palfreys," whilst Miss Ellen Bevan appeared "on wheels," accompanied by the 'son and heir' of Newmarket, who thus made his *debut* on the turf. "More power to his elbow!"

Nine horses faced the "Official Starter," (Mr. James Hebden), who was decked out in his "Sunday best," and looked "every inch a gentleman!" The following are the names of horses and riders, with the order they finished in:

L. Tuke's Tom, (owner)	1
R. Hales' Harkaway, (B. Earnshaw)...	2
E. Brook Hunt's Agent, (J Dunk)	[illegible]
E. Hebden's Miss Muffet, (owner)....	0
S. L. Gre[illegible]s' Dandy Dick, (owner)....	0
A D Bruce's Malhattan, (Hainstock)..	0
A. Bruce's Molly, (F. Anderson)....	0
R. Hale's Blunderbus, (A Bruce).....	0
H Earnshaw's Confidence (A Lawson)	0

Much regret was felt for Mrs. A. D. Bruce, whose entry, Harlequin, got crippled on the very morning of the race, for he was a hot favorite for the event.

At 3 p. m. the start took place near "Fander's House," and it was soon evident that the spectators were to be treated to a "nip-and-tuck" race. The first fence was successfully negotiated by all the contestants, and away they raced, in a cluster, down the first meadow and across the Barny Lot Run, where no luckless wight got drenched, although the stream was swollen to unusual proportions. The second fence presented an awkward take-off, and the "field" soon got spread-eagled; but away they go,—the pace was too hot to inquire after damages! At the Trough-Spring School-House fence Mulhattan (a strong favorite) swerved, and, as it would take a ten-acre field to turn him in, it was seen that his "bolt was shot!" Harkaway now took up the running, closely followed by Tom—both going at break-neck speed all down Mr. E. B. Ward's "Big Meadow," at the bottom of which there was a nasty jump, followed by a sharp turn at the gate by the "Ward Scales. The sporting owner of Dandy Dick (the famous winner of last year's point-to-point race) mistook the scales for a half-way house, and dismounted (against his will) to "get a drink!" A man was sent to this identical spot, on the following day, armed with a sack; but says he failed to pick up the pieces which are supposed to have been chipped off the renowned "Squire of Cheat Hall."

The "neck" was brought up by Molly (who was ridden, every ounce, by Frank Anderson, his first appearance over a steeplechase

peared in view, in the shape of a short but steep hill, with a fence at top. Up this they crawled, Tom and Harkaway still leading, closely followed by Agent, with Miss Muffet, Blunderbuss, and Molly somewhat in the rear, the lot being whipped in by Dandy, (whose jockey now rode like a giant refreshed—after his big drink) and Confidence. Over this fence they came in the above order, which they maintained half way up the field, when Harkaway began to draw away from Tom. For a moment it appeared as if Harkaway would walk away, but Tom soon closed up, and the two came at the last fence at a racing pace. Tom hopped over, but Harkaway, catching the top rail, came down "wollop," leaving Tom to canter in an easy winner. Nothing daunted by his fall, the "Young 'Un" was up and on again, determined to get in for a place, while Agent, hard ridden, was being driven at his last fence. Harkaway's turn of speed enabled him to roll home second, but it was evident that the race for third place would be hardly contested, as Miss Muffet, catching up Agent just before the last fence, the two "flew" it together, and then Jimmy Dunk and Tommy Hebden (the coming feather-weight jock), sat down to ride "all they knew." Up the straight they came, neck and neck, and it appeared as if Miss Muffet would come in third, but by a piece of desperate riding, combined with good judgment and jockeyship, "Jimmy" won third honors for "John Bull" by half a length, amidst vociferous cheering. The beaming smile on our own "John Bull's" jovial "phiz" was the sweetest thing of the whole race!

Great credit is due to L. Tuke for his gallant win on that honest, good-all-around horse, Tom. He is hard to beat in any country.

Much thanks is due to Mr. E. B. Ward for his kindness in allowing the race to be held over his land, and all were pleased to see his handsome face in the crowd. All returned home well satisfied with their day's outing.

"I freely confess that most of my
fun,
I owe it to horse and to hound!"

Yours till the last whoop,

"THE CONFIDENCE MAN."

PLATO who stands at the head of his class as a wise and high minded philosopher, was forced by his reasonings to rest in the belief that matter was one of the two eternally existent principles, hence God's work simply consisted in molding matter into forms, and putting these forms to their respective uses. Others rejected this for the idea that matter is an emanation from God, so in the creation God put as it were a part of himself into the various forms under which nature exists. What Plato and all others taught conflicted more or less with the assertion that God created the hevens and the earth. Philosophers seemed to forget they were not present at the beginning of all things, and that such is the nature of creation that a knowledge of it is impossible aside from super-human communication, dealing as such knowledge with a period of time and a process of energy preceding the evistence of the human mind, and hence outside the limits of mental possibility.

ON Feb. 3rd, while Rev. Elijah Tiller was crossing the mountain, between Rock House Fork and Main Pigeon, on his way to fill an appointment on Rock House Rork, will keep the roads of that State out of the receivers' hands.

The Napoleonic revival has increased the demand for art works of every kind that refer to that period.

Every day emphasizes the impression, exclaims the New York Mail and Express, that China should have stuck to bric-a-brac and let war alone.

Football was a crime in England during the reign of Henry VIII., and the Hartford Journal thinks it is not far from it in this country to-day.

According to the latest census bulletin, Georgia's total population is 1,837,353, and of this number only 32,684 are of foreign parentage, or about 1.78 per cent. of the whole.

Commissioner Coombs thinks that the Salvation Army may be the agents for distribution of meat grown in Queensland all over England, as it is used largely in army depots.

Nicholas II. is gaining great popularity in Russia for his democratic ways, the New York Press facetiously observes. He has been known to drink a cup of coffee after it had been examined by only three expert chemists.

If any one believes that the interest in the horse is to give place before the inroads of electricity, let him attend some great "horse convention," suggests the Farm, Field and Fireside, and note the attention paid the splendid specimens of endurance and intelligence there on exhibition.

There are 50,000 more women than men in the State of New York. The universal law governing such matters makes the female population of a long settled country or district higher than that of one newly settled or partly developed, and so in the New England States the number of women is in excess of the number of men, while in the Western and Pacific States this is reversed.

What is practically the American dollar is in a fair way to be the unit of currency for the world, maintains the New York Independent. It rules this whole continent, and the Mexican dollar is the most popular coin in the East, and the Japanese yen is very nearly the same thing. Now the Bombay mint is beginning to issue what has been called the British dollar, which will have the support of banks and of British and Indian merchants from Bombay to Singapore and Japan.

The Atlanta Constitution remarks: When we read that the late Count de Lesseps was ten years old when the battle of Waterloo was fought, and that he saw both Napoleon and Wellington after that event, the great Corsican seems to be brought within sight of the men of our own times. The fact is, many persons now living might have seen him. Dozens of people in Atlanta were half-grown at the time of the battle of Waterloo, and one lady now living here remembers seeing Napoleon when she was a little child.

About fourteen per cent. of the entire number of medical graduates drop out of the profession within a few years, avers the Chicago Herald. Some few never practice; others are tempted by better inducements into other fields of work; some are driven to suicide on account of failure; others succumb to contagious diseases; still more lose their health on account of exposure to inclement weather and accident, or on account of mental anxiety. Among these we must include those who become insane or who contract the alcohol, morphine or cocaine habit. Worse than all else, a few are driven into quackery. Any one may make a mistake in the choice of life work, and it is no discredit to abandon practice. There are plenty of honorable employments for unsuccessful physicians; there are schools to teach, merchandise to sell, drugs to dispense, news to gather; at any rate there is coal to shovel and wood to saw. It doubtless seems a pity to sacrifice the investment of three or four years' hard work in the

How shall I love you? I dream all day,
Dear! of a tenderer, sweeter way;
Songs that I sing to you—words that I say;
Prayers that are voiceless on lips that would
pray—
These cannot tell of the love of my life;
How shall I love you—my sweetheart, my
wife?

How shall I love you? Love is the bread
Of life to a woman—the white and the red
Of all the world's roses; the light that is
shed
On all the world's pathways, till light shall
be dead!
The star in the storm and the strength in
the strife;
How shall I love you—my sweetheart, my
wife?

Is there a burden your heart must bear?
I shall kneel lowly and lift it, dear!
Is there a thorn in the crown that you wear?
Let it hide in my heart till a rose blossoms
there!
For grief or for glory—for death or for life,
So shall I love you—my sweetheart, my wife!

—F. L. Stanton, in Ladies' Home Journal.

JACK'S SURRENDER.

O, mother, no! It is absolutely useless! We may as well drop the subject."

My mother held her hands towards the fire—plump little hands covered with rings, the last coquetry of her sixty years.

"Jack," she replied, sternly, "you are as headstrong as your father used to be. When he was of your age he would not listen to a word about marriage. Poor man! He much preferred his famous Bachelors' Club, and swore to remain faithful to its laws. But, mark my words, before you know it, you, too, will be walking up to the altar, my friend. 'Ou le pere a passe pessera bien l'enfant!' (The son follows in the footsteps of his father)—Alfred de Musset tells us."

"Oh, that's all very well," I cry, "but in my father's youth the girls were not full of notions like these of to-day; they were modestly educated young girls, the extent of their ambition being to read a sonata, write a correct note, and make a fairly graceful courtesy. But now—"

"Well, Jack, you are not complimentary, to say the least," interrupted my mother. "It is your opinion, then, that the girls of my day were little more than simpletons?"

"I beg your pardon, mother, dear! But even you must admit that formerly the education of young girls was much less pretentious, and I think more consistent, than that of our little blue-stockings; for when they left boarding-school they had only enough instruction to enable them to understand the pages of a romance or follow a conversation; not enough to humiliate their mothers, and not infrequently their husbands as well. From their infancy they were prepared to fill the roles of wives and mothers, and the happy husband could sleep contentedly every night in the assurances that the 'angel of the fireside' would superintend the desserts and darn his socks conscientiously."

Mamma started impatiently from her chair.

"Jack, it seems strange that a woman of the old school should be obliged to combat your prejudices. But I assure you, my dear, that in my time the majority of those 'angels of the fireside,' whose praises you sing so loudly, were very shallow girls. What girl of spirit would be contented with the secondary role that you men would like to impose upon her? No, no! It is not the learning of your wife which frightens you, young men; it is your own ignorance. Oh, it is nothing more nor less than self-conceit! If you had not been afflicted with laziness while in college you would fear comparisons less!"

"Oh! oh! mother you're too bad!"

"You maintain, then, that Latin, Greek—a college education, in short—is incompatible with modesty, grace, sweetness and the domestic qualities of a woman?"

"I do maintain it most emphatically."

"Very well. Go to Mme. Desjardins's with me this evening. There shall be no more talk of marriage. It is simply an unceremonious call. You will see the twins, and can judge for yourself, my son, since you have so slight a regard for my experience. You understand that you are free to do exactly as you like. In fact, you need come to me for no information or advice on the subject. Go and dress, my son."

Marry a baccalaureate! Heavens! when I heard my mother's wish I felt a shiver run down my back. Look here, mamma, you may as well be honest and say outright that you are planning my death, and by what means! Why not throw me overboard and done with it? Indian! Alas! cruel mother, what have I done to you? Have I not for love of you heard La Dame Blanche eight times?

From the bottom of my heart I cursed Vichy and its waters. Vichy with its shady walks, Vichy and its promenade concerts, where mothers in quest of sons-in-laws meet mothers in quest of daughters-in-law. Was it not there under the shades of the park that Mme. Desjardins and my mother met after years of separation? Was it not there that they formed the first conspiracy against the security of my bachelorhood?

Here we are at Mme. Desjardins!

"My dear friend, let me present my son."

"Little Jack!"

I am annoyed by this exclamation. I feel that my appearance in the drawroom is made ridiculous. This good lady in green satin knew me as a boy, in the golden days of black marks and whippings. It is very delightful, I am sure, and I ought to be charmed; but thirty unknown faces stare curiously at this "little Jack," with a respectable mustache, whom Mme. Desjardins finds "much changed." Great Scott! I should hope so, in fifteen years! Confound her reminiscences of childhood! She might as well talk of my first kilts or inquire if I have brought my hoop.

Fortunately Mme. Desjardins adds a few words of gracious welcome which restore my breath, and mother turns to introduce me to the young ladies.

The Misses Desjardins are twins, a blonde and a brunette. They are of the same stature, and dress alike even to ribbons; but here the resemblance ceases.

Miss Martha, the brunette, is a beautiful woman—too beautiful, for simple mortals. A Greek goddess! a Pallas Athene! Her features are pure and cold; her rich black hair forms a royal diadem about her head. Rose is less of a woman, less imposing.

A real Greuze, this young girl!—bewitchingly pretty, with her little Parisian nose, her dimpled cheeks, and fair hair which looks as if powdered with gold. What a smile! What a voice—so sweet, so sweet! A veritable child, whom one might still suspect of playing with her dolls when no one is by, in spite of her nineteen years—and a child who surely is no Bachelor of Arts.

Mamma had never mentioned the name of the learned Miss Desjardins, but who could dream of insulting this exquisite Miss Rose by even a suspicion?

The other is the baccalaureate. I am sure of it. Could she have appeared, draped like a statue in the salons of the First Empire, she would have struck wonder to all hearts! Her rich voice, a vibrating contralto, must show to advantage in scanning hexameters. I can appreciate her taste. Great Scott! Greek must be becoming to this classic beauty. What a thrill of admiration would run through an audience as she murmured in the original: "The Plaints of Tpalgenia!"

A little informal dancing is proposed. I offered my arm to the little Greuze. So much the worse for the Grecian goddess, the Pallas Athene. Between two waltzes I had an opportunity to talk with my charming little partner, who glides about like a fairy in a cloud of blue gauze, a fan of pigeon feathers beats against her delicate breast, like the wing of a dove.

In a quarter of an hour I feel that I am competent to judge of Miss Rose. She is bright, but I take care to keep the conversation on simple topics. She would find it difficult to display much learning! She is a good little girl, very acute, rather roguish, but simple, frank and unassuming. She loves music, can sketch cleverly, and last year, while visiting her aunt in the country, she had a delightful time making preserves. Dear little Greuze! What delicious preserves yours must be! and what an adorable little housewife you must make, in a large white apron, your sleeves rolled up to show the dimples in your elbows!

Look! you can see them now, just above your gloves. What a sweet picture! Surely, I have found the dream of my life—a dear, rosy, ingenious little wife, who makes preserves!—"Jack, dearie, taste my jelly." How these words go to a man's heart! What baccalaureate would ever condescend to call me "dearie?" She would never make me preserves.

Thus I rush into it. I divulge my theories upon the education and destiny of woman. Wife and mother—the Angel of the Fireside, no more, no less. Slyly I send a few arrows flying against the pedestal of the Grecian goddess, the Pallas Athene, and I praise with rare tact, I flatter myself, the art of housekeeping, which I am sure Miss Rose understands to perfection. But I immediately repent. She blushes with modesty, poor child! Perhaps, too, she is a little hurt to see her sister's bagage classique so little appreciated.

Quick, I must repair my blunder. I will ask Pallas Athene for a quadrille.

"Well, Jack," said mamma, when comfortably installed in the coupe

her daughters been much less charming, I should not have regretted accompanying you when you wanted me to do so. But my opinions are unchanged, I confess; baccalaureates have no charm for me."

"As you like, my son. You are perfectly welcome to your opinion."

What was the meaning of the smile, half-satisfied, half-roguish, which flitted across mamma's face, under the shadow of her white lace scarf?

Oh, Rose! Rose! Every night my dreams are haunted by your dress of azure blue. Why, oh Rose, are your eyes the color of your gown? Why do tiny curls escape from the coil of your fair hair to nestle tremblingly in your neck, like a pale smoke, a golden mist? Why do gay dimples spring in your velvety cheeks when you smile? Above all, why, oh Rose of May, sweet Rose without thorns, has heaven placed you beside a gorgeous but perfumeless tulip, glowing like a flame in the pride of her beauty?

Rose, you have made me faithless to the classic beauty. For me your sister Martha possesses only the cold majesty of a statue; a religious awe steals over me when gazing on your pure face. Rose, I am only happy near you!

Thus my thoughts wandered for eight long days. Was it my thoughts alone? What was there to prevent the straying of my heart as well?

I have seen her again! I see her now every week. I have a standing invitation to Mme. Desjardin's Wednesday evenings, and she, with her daughters, comes regularly to mother's Friday receptions.

My mind is filled with a collection of portraits representing Miss Rose in various guises. Miss Rose in her fairy like ball dress, Miss Rose in an exquisitely fitting calling suit of delicate gray, Miss Rose in a white house dress, adorned with a dainty Russian apron. But in these various aspects she is always the same little Rose, whose sweet graces have gone to my very heart.

One morning I rushed into my mother's room.

"Mamma, I love Miss Rose. I must marry her. Put on your calling dress as quickly as you can. Take a carriage, fly to Mme. Desjardin's, and tell her that, if she refuses to let me marry her daughter, I shall be wild with despair—that I shall drown myself—that—"

"Well, well, John, not so fast, I beg," replied, mamma, quietly. "It is not customary to make an offer of marriage at 9 o'clock in the morning. Besides, my dear," she added, as she placed her coffee cup upon the dressing table, "you must remember our compact. You are not to ask advice, information or assistance from me. Marry whom you like. Arrange matters as best you can. It is your own affair."

Decidedly, mamma is still vexed with me. Very well; I will do without her advice and assistance. This evening, yes, this very evening, I shall lay my heart, my name, my fortune and my life at the feet of my dear Rose."

The day passed in an agony of hope and fear. And to think that I, practical man that I am, kissed at least a hundred times a flower stolen from my idol! And I gazed at that flower like a school girl dreaming over a faded marguerite as she thinks of the vows of her cousin.

There is a concert and ball at Mme. Desjardins's.

In the bay window—she wears the blue tulle dress—I have heaven in my soul. Oh, how beautiful the May nights are when one can throw open the windows of the ballroom! When happy couples, a black coat and a light dress, stray out upon the balcony to gaze up at the stars. When the air is filled with the intoxicating odor of the dewy foliage.

Does Rose encourage me to confidences? She seems vaguely melancholy, and the smile has fled from her lips. Our talk is serious, and is interrupted by those long pauses when the heart seem full to bursting. Strange! It seems as if a new being were gradually being evolved from the young girl I have known. Rose seems like a woman to me now; yes, like a woman who still retains the sweet naivete of a child.

The glimpse I catch of this unknown person throws an irresistible charm over my already stricken heart. What an infinitude of perspectives is unveiled to my view; child, woman, trust me! Do not hide from me longer the mysterious treasures of tenderness half hidden by thy sweet purity! We are alone. The stars watch over us. I cannot help but adore thee.

I bend towards her. Suddenly, behind us, there is a movement of chairs and a rustling of dresses. Whispers interrupt me.

"The Mariani is going to sing," murmur the voices.

Oh, what is the famous cantatrice to me! I am vexed at the interruption. But soon the light chords of the prelude reach us, like the awaking of birds in the fields at break of day; then a voice is heard above the rustling of fans, a magnificent voice which

My heart will surely break,
And for all thy dear sake!
Maiden, I love thee
As I have never, never loved before!

Heavens! I lose my head—I seize the trembling hand resting upon the window sill. Rose starts. Sing on, blessed voice! sing on, and whisper to my beloved all that fills my heart. And yet I dare not speak;

Fain would I serve thee,
My lady love, my queen.
Lo! where before thee prostrate I'm kneeling.
Ah, trust me, and I will faithfully prove,
Be but my own; my wife! my love!

A round of applause follows. I bend towards my darling, who smiles, but seems ready to cry.

"Rose, Rose, do you understand? Rose, will you trust me that I may prove my faithfulness to thee? Will you be 'my own; my wife; my love?'"

She sighs, she trembles! "No, I am not mistaken! She loves me! She loves me! I read it in her eyes!"

"Rose, I love you. I adore you for your simplicity, for your sweet naivete, for your adorable ignorance of the life and ways of this world. In you I find my ideal of what woman should be. One who has lived a quiet, secluded life in the bosom of her family, happy in the sweet home life that is the scorn of pedants and bluestockings. You are the companion of my dreams. Oh, Rose, my Rose—say that you can love me!"

She grows pale, then red, and the tears fill her eyes; then she becomes paler still, and replies very softly, but calmly and sadly:

"No, Mr. Jack, I am not your ideal woman. You have so often described her to me, so often and so cruelly, perhaps, that I might almost ask myself at this moment if you are mocking me. But I feel that for the time being, at least, you are sincere. You love me, you say, because I am simple and gay, as girls of my age should be; because I do not scorn home life, and because I make a fairly good hostess. But you wouldn't love me any more, I'm afraid—you would find me ridiculous, you would leave me in disappointment, if you knew"—

"Knew what? Rose, for heaven's sake?"

"I am surprised that you do not know what all our friends know—your mother as well as any one. I have—I am—I am a Bachelor of Arts! And you have sworn never to marry a Bachelor of Arts. You told me so yourself."

"You a baccalaureate, Rose! Is it possible? I thought it was your sister!"

"No, it is not my sister. Unfortunately it is I," she sobbed.

"Dear Rose, my dearly beloved, why can't I throw myself on my knees before you here in the bow window and make honorable amends for my stupidity? Ah, fool that I have been, and how blind! Here I have caused this angel of simplicity to blush for her learning! I have wounded and humiliated her! But how could I have dreamed that fate had reserved such a rare treasure for me? Such a mind, united with sweet womanly grace and a true heart. Rose, speak to me in Latin; speak to me in Greek, but tell me that you love me, even if it is in the language of Homer! Oh, Rose! I will study my forgotten declensions to please you, and we will discuss philosophy together by our fireside! Have I obtained my pardon? Will you believe me, my dearest?"

She places her trembling little hand in mine, while the Mariani repeats once more with her divine voice the impassioned love song:

Maiden, I love thee
As I have never, never loved before!

Rose is my wife now. We discuss all sorts of subjects as we admire our baby, who dances gayly on the knees of his future preceptress.

As for me, I am the happiest of men; my wife is so bewitching when, to tease me, she says in Latin, what we are always thinking, "I love thee?"

If you come to see us in the country you shall taste the preserves of my fair baccalaureate, and you must give me your opinion of them, you gentlemen who swear so strongly never to marry a Bachelor of Arts.—From the French, in Romance.

Glass Houses.

One of the promised novelties of the next great Exposition will be a glass house. The building will have a skeleton frame of iron, on which will be fastened glass posts, making a double wall. The roof will be of tinted glass, and cornices, foundation, doorstep and stairways will be of thick slabs of glass. Imitations of all sorts of building material will be possible in the new house, and the tops of pillars and mouldings will be stamped in arabesques and flowers. By improved methods, glass tubing and pipes are made that have a resistance equal to cast-iron. When these pipes can be used for conveying water, we will be sure of a much better quality of this article than at present, as no peculiarities of soil can corrode them, and the water will acquire no unusual taste.—New York Ledger.

ELECTRIC COOKING.

THE OLD-TIME KITCHEN TO BE REPLACED BY ELECTRICITY.

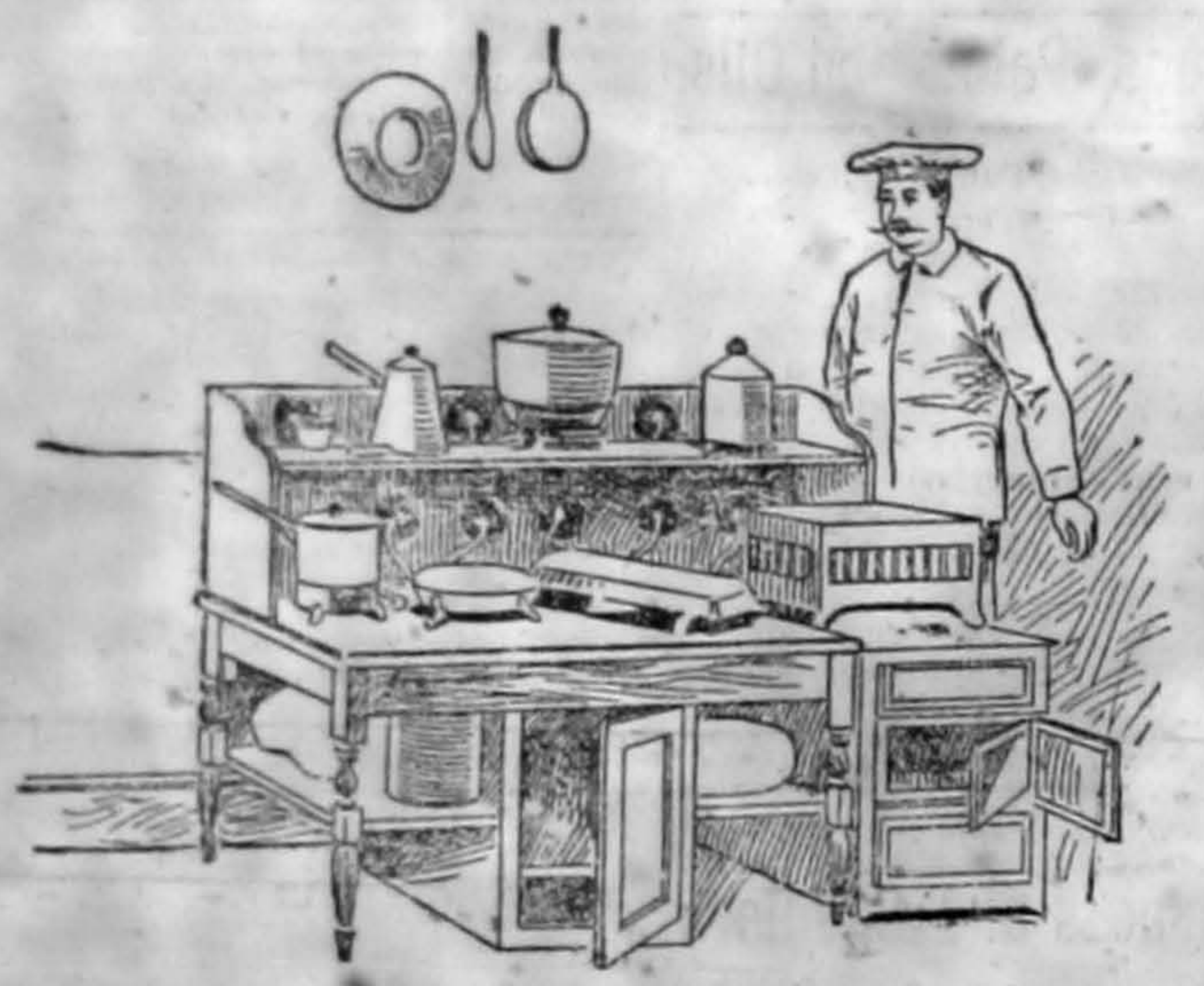
Cooking, Washing, Heating and Lighting Will Be Done by Electric Currents—Devices Already in Use in Some Houses.

HOUSEKEEPERS have not generally recognized and welcomed the electric current as yet because they are not well acquainted with this stranger, who enters the house so stealthily and will do everything—with such wonderful efficiency. But electricity's merits as a domestic servant are becoming better known every day, says the New York Press.

"It won't be long," says a woman who has cooked with it since the apparatus was first invented, "before the current will be universally used in the preparation of food, and then cooking will become a real art. The kitchen may be a room of delightful, even luxurious appointments, and the mistress of the house will be the cook."

The realization of this dream of an emancipated kitchen—emancipated from the ashes and slowless and uncertainty of coal—has been delayed somewhat, the chief difficulty being objections on the ground of danger of fire from the heated utensils.

Inventors have recently perfected devices, however, which minimize the chances of fire. All utensils likely to grow very hot in use are incased in slate or marble—non-conductors of heat. These stands are not necessary for tea kettles and coffee pots, whose temperature never rises above 212 degrees. They are attached to wires, which will pull out and shut off the current if the utensil is knocked over. Flat irons are so connected that when the current is turned off the iron cools.

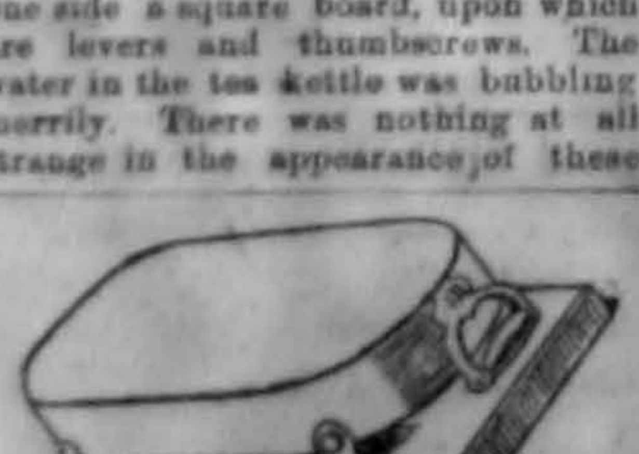


THE ELECTRICAL COOKING STOVE.

Several residences in this city are being fitted with electrical cooking and heating apparatus. A prominent hotel is using the current for part of its cooking. Two of the biggest and fastest of the ocean greyhounds are heated by it, and their owners are contemplating its adoption in their culinary departments. In one residence the cooking, heating and lighting are all done by the swift and tireless current. It is a Brooklyn house, the home of J. Foster Peabody, in Monroe place, in which you can get the best idea of the kitchen of the future.

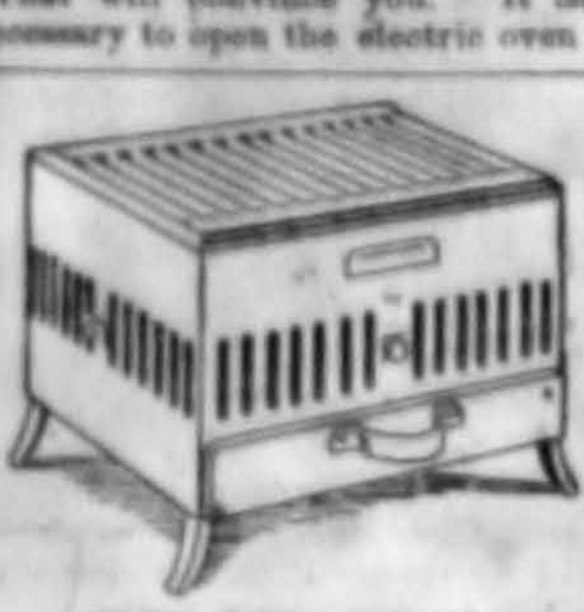
"Oh, you want to find out about the electricity," said the young lady to whom the Press reporter was referred when he had made known his errand. "It is delightful. But, of course, you want to see for yourself. The cook is preparing dinner, but electricity in the kitchen is her one weakness, and I think she will tell you something of it and let you look at the utensils even at this rather inconvenient time."

A mingled aroma of roasting turkey, boiling onions, turnips and cranberry sauce was perceptible as I followed my guide toward the kitchen. We entered a bright room, where, in place of the range, is a sort of big table, with shelves behind and beneath, and at one side a square board, upon which are levers and thumbscrews. The water in the tea kettle was bubbling merrily. There was nothing at all strange in the appearance of these utensils, except the mysterious green cord attached to each. A middle aged woman, in a spotless white apron, looked up with a smile when she learned that I wanted to see if elec-



PORTABLE STOVE.

"Look into the oven," she said. "That will convince you." It isn't necessary to open the electric oven to see within far. You look through a little glass window. A tiny incandescent light illuminated the interior, and showed a fat turkey and a small thermometer, which told exactly how much heat was giving him the appetizing color. The cook took a critical glance herself.



THREE SECTION BROILER.

"It won't hurt him to have a little more heat on top," she said, as she turned a screw. "You see, I can have the heat wherever I want it. In the bottom and about the sides of the oven and other uttensils are coils of metal which offer resistance to the current. This resistance you probably know makes heat. It comes so quickly and in such abundance that this ten pound turkey will cook in an hour and a quarter, although three hours is the time in an ordinary oven. I put my soup on after the stock has been prepared, and turn on the current. In four minutes it is ready to serve. I can boil it in another way. It is done with this queer utensil." The cook picked up an object which looked more like a stocking darner than anything else. The wires enter the handle and heat the broad end, which is thrust into the uncooked soup. Almost immediately it begins to bubble and sputter, as if in protest of this strange thing, and in a minute or two is done.

"My mince pies," continued the cook, "will be baked in ten minutes to a beautiful golden brown and will be exactly the same on the top and bottom. A whole dinner can be cooked in an hour and a half. The coffee, tea or chocolate is made at the table with electricity, of course. These improvements are making me lazy, I fear. I don't get up hours before breakfast now, and come down to the kitchen to stare at a cold and dirty range, and then get down on my knees and scrape and rake for half an hour, and even then be uncertain whether the fire is going to burn or not. I get breakfast ready in twenty minutes. Then the ironing! I used to dream of the big pile of white clothes that I dreaded to do. I don't feel that way now, because the electric irons save so many steps to and from the stove. The wires run into the iron and keep it just the right heat as long as it is being used."

Things were steaming and sputtering, and the dinner required the whole attention of the cook, so I took my departure to other parts of the house. Down into the cellar a long, funnel like structure of wood conducts the air from the street into a big pipe to the top of the house, where the warm air is distributed through other pipes. On the inside surface of all of the pipes are coils of wire, over which the current flows, heating the metal, which in turn gives warmth to the air on its way to the various apartments. The apparatus is, of course, separated from the woodwork by a non-conductor of heat. In some of the rooms are portable electric heaters, which are obviously better adapted to general use than the expansive system of pipes they supplement in the Peabody House. The principle of heating is, however, exactly the same in both. The air of the room enters the heater from below, passes over the hot surface and flows out at the top.

It had grown dark by the time both the cooking and heating apparatus had been passed in review. "The lights, Mary," came a voice down the stairs, and the gloom is dispelled by little incandescent lamps, which shone from cozy nooks and gleamed softly

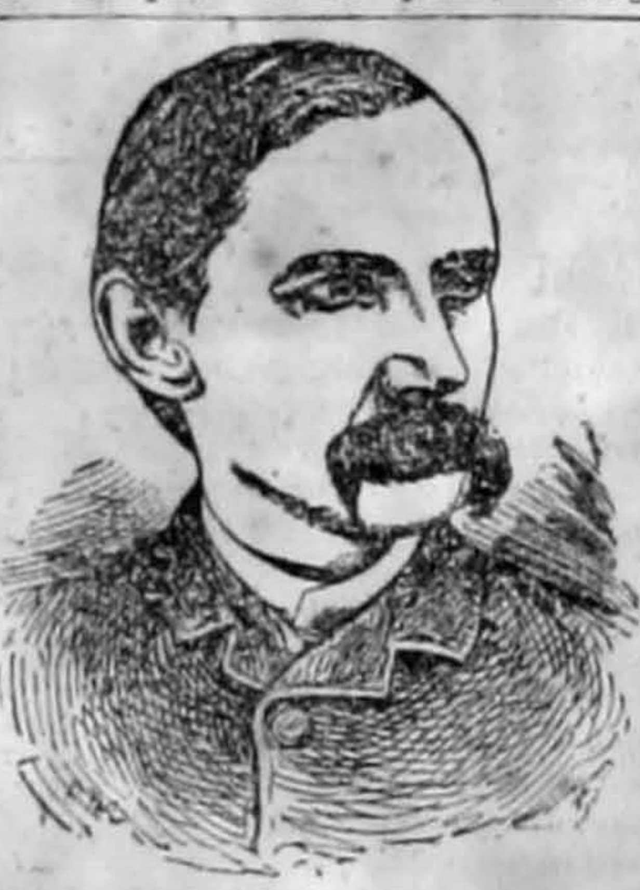
A prominent cooking teacher was asked about cooking by electricity. "You have come to an enthusiast," she said. "Electricity is grand. The heat doesn't go up the chimney; it doesn't radiate into the kitchen—it stays just where you want it, and you can control it with a turn of the wrist. It is true economy of fuel, and economy is the soul of cookery. There is another point. The quicker a joint of meat is cooked the less will be the loss in weight and flavor. There is economy again. Of course we cannot overlook the vastly better cooking which even scientifically regulated heat and utensils unsoiled by soot and coal dust will lead to; nor the easier, daintier cooking which the absence of fires and ashes will permit. When electricity comes into general use ladies will attend to their cooking personally, instead of leaving this most important element in domestic happiness to incompetent servants, and then there will be culinary art in fact as well as in name.

"But," continued the teacher, with a smile, "there is one thing to be feared from the introduction of electricity. Bachelors could cook dainty breakfasts in their own rooms with such delightful ease that they wouldn't think of marriage. The young man would need only two or three utensils—indeed, a chafing dish would do it all. When he arose in the morning he could put on his electric stove whatever he chose, turn on the current and before the completion of his toilet breakfast would be waiting. The ladies will naturally think twice before allowing bachelorhood any such ease and charm as that."

The drawback to the general adoption of electricity in the household is the expense of the current. At present only families of wealth can afford it. With improved machinery and dynamos, electricity is, however, slowly but inevitably becoming cheaper. It cannot be many years before the electrical kitchen will be within the reach of any family of very moderate means. Already along streets where trolley cars run electricity is used for sewing machines and even for pumping. With the electrical utensils herewith shown almost any household may do away with the oil or gas stove.

Twelve Years of Congress.

Chairman W. L. Wilson, of Congress, defeated for re-election last November, is to write a book. It is to be a political history of Congress for the past twelve years, during which period he has been a member of the House of Representatives.

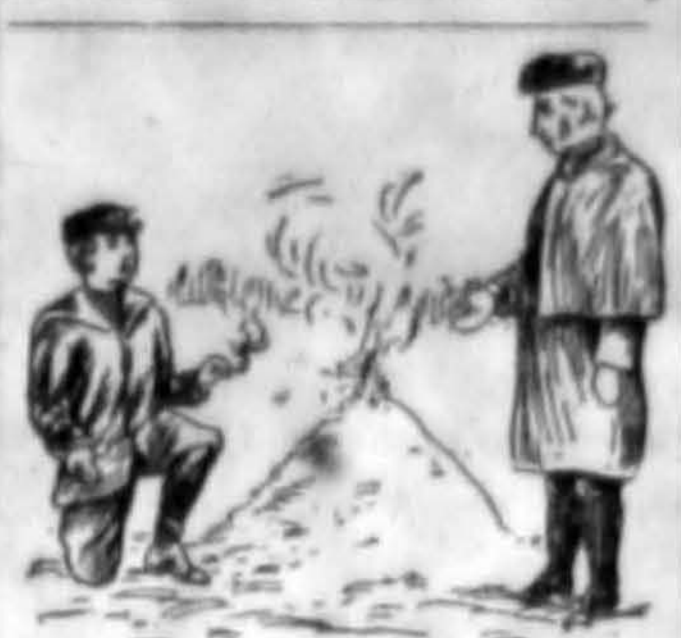


WILLIAM L. WILSON.

The work will be begun after March 4 next at Mr. Wilson's home in Charlestown W. Va., where he expects to resume his legal practice.

To Set Fire to a Pile of Snow.

When you go out in winter while there is snow on the ground, says La Science en Famille to its boy readers, do not forget to put a few bits of camphor in your pocket. They will prove useful to you for playing an innocent little trick that will surprise your companions, whom you have previously told that you are going to set a pile of snow on fire.

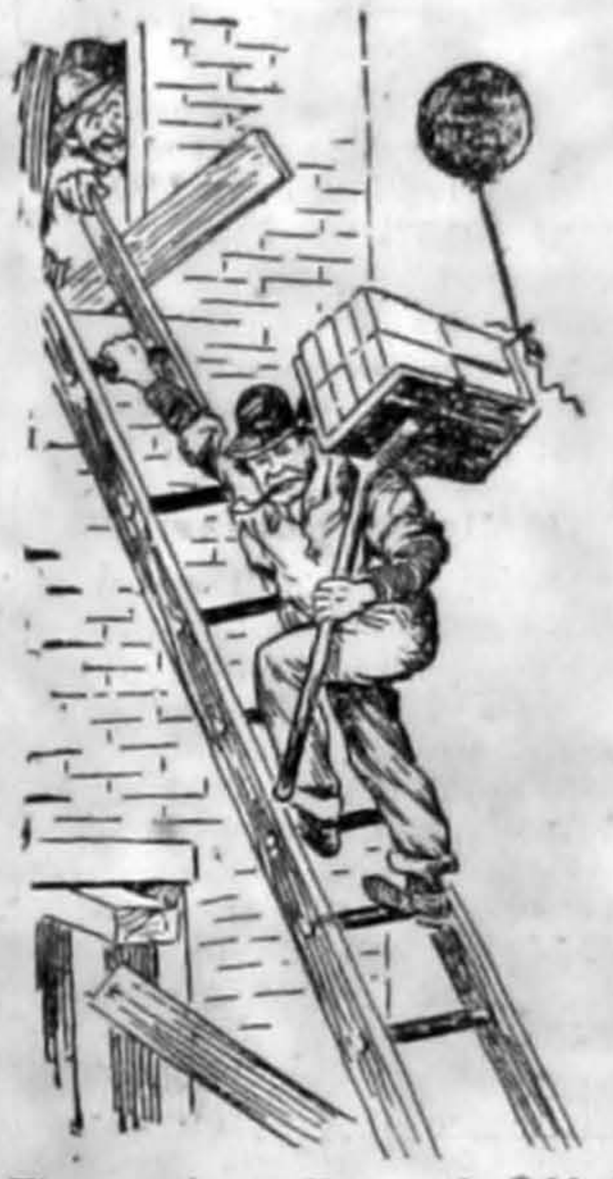


SETTING FIRE TO A PILE OF SNOW.

After gathering a small quantity of snow and arranging it in a conical pile, place in the summit of it the few pieces of camphor in question, the color of which will sufficiently conceal them, and which will pass unperceived unless a very close-by observation is made.

Now apply a lighted match to the camphor and the latter will immediately take fire and burn with a beautiful flame, to the great surprise of spectators who are not in the secret.

Finnegan's Invention.

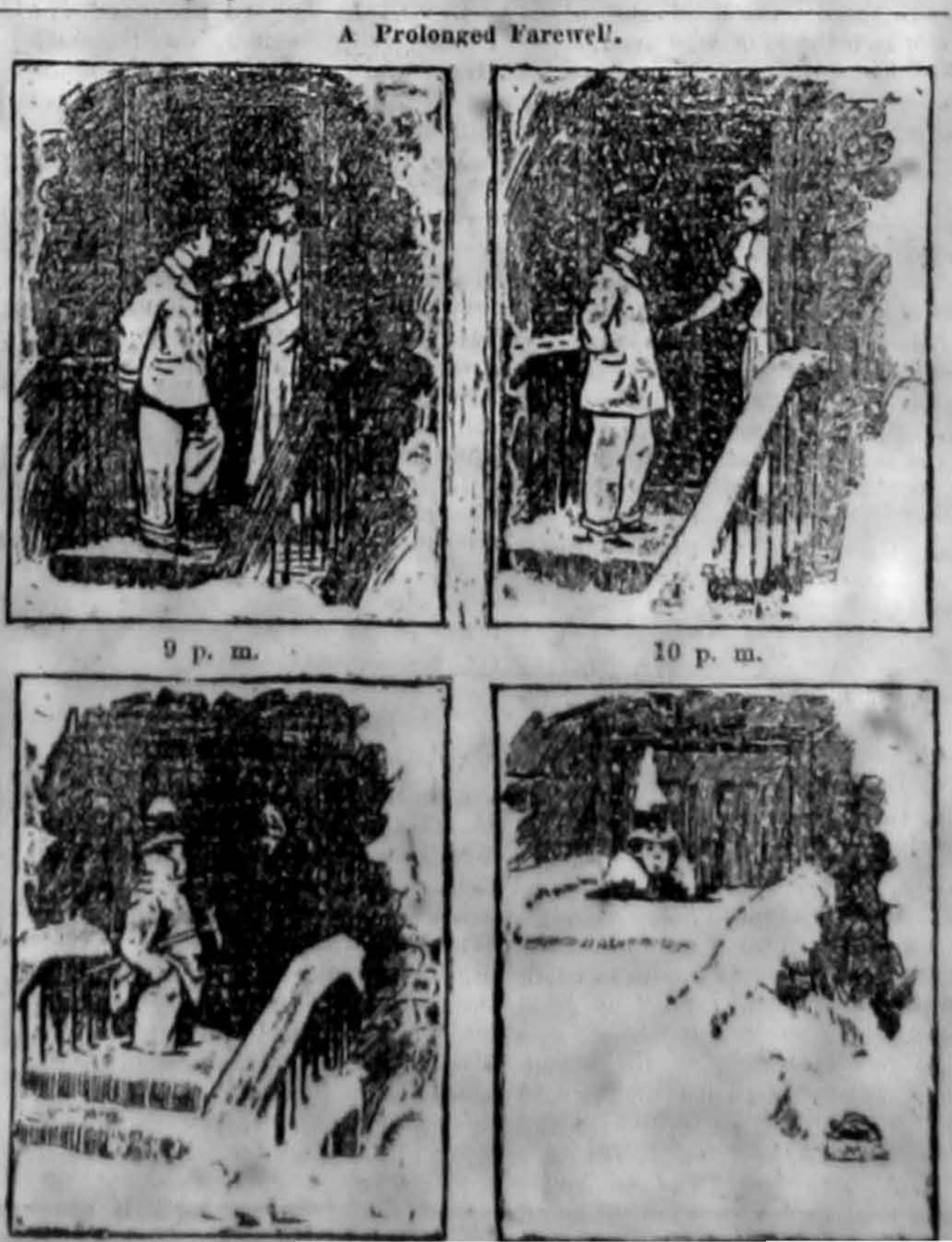


Finnegan (struggling up the ladder)—"It's a fool I am not to thought of this thirty years ago."—New York World.

Well Spoken Of.

A certain Mme. Cresswell died in Bridewell, and bequeathed ten pounds to have a sermon preached, in which nothing but what was well of her should be said. The sermon is said to have been written by the Duke of Buckingham, and was as follows: All I shall say of her is this: "She was born well, married well, lived well, and died well. For she was born at Shadwell, married to Cresswell, she lived at Clerkenwell, and died at Bridewell."—Tit-Bits.

A Prolonged Farewell.



9 p. m.

10 p. m.

LULLABY.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night!
  The pretty birds in their nests are still;
We watched the sun as he sank from sight,
  Over the tree tops on yonder hill.
Two stars have come since the daylight went
  Away over there in the sky's dark blue,
They must be angels that God has sent
  To watch my baby the whole night through.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night!
  I hear the frogs in the meadow call;
They croak and croak in the evening light,
  Down in the pond by the old stone wall.
I think, perhaps, that they tell the flowers
  Never to fear, though the world is dark,
They know the firefly lights the hours
  All night long with his cheerful spark.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night!
  Dear little head, with your silky hair,
Dear little form that I hold so tight,
  Cozy and warm in the nursery chair!
White lids are veiling the eyes so clear,
  Over their blueness the fringes creep,
Slower and slower I rock you dear,
  My little girl is asleep, asleep.

—Good Housekeeping.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Only the untried man wholly trusts himself.—Dallas News.

What nine men out of ten want is a home with hotel comforts.—Puck.

A preferred creditor is usually one that doesn't fight for prompt payment.—Puck.

These balloon sleeves evidently come of a desire to widen woman's sphere.—Boston Transcript.

A man who is a complete failure is nearly always particularly fond of giving advice.—Atchison Globe.

It was a junior in the Abilene High School who wrote "Evening Dawned at Last."—Leavenworth Times.

An egotist reminds one of a lizard; lop off a bit of him, he squirms a little and straightway grows on again.

Some future generation,
  If we make no mistake,
Will kick about the biscuits
  That papa used to bake.
—Detroit Tribune.

If you can't remember what the string tied on your finger was to remind you of, you are getting old.—Atchison Globe.

"That must be a very good book Jumper is reading." "Impossible. He seems to be profoundly interested."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A housekeeper up town says her grocer is so slow with his delivery that when she orders eggs the boy brings her chickens.—Philadelphia Record.

Morton—"Are you sure that Penam is really reconciled with his wife?" Crandall—"Yes, I am sure of it, for she reads what he writes and he eats what she cooks."—Truth.

"They say it is electricity," said Pat, as he stopped before the incandescent street-light, "but I'll be hanged if I see how it is they make the hairpin burn in the botthle."—Yale Record.

Sympathy—"My lord," said an overworked parson to his bishop, "I have not had a holiday for five years." "I am very sorry for your congregation," replied his lordship, with a smile."—Tid-Bits.

Hostess—"I am going to ask you to take a charming widow down to dinner. Will you?" Burrows—"Certainly. I'll take her anywhere that there is a crowd to protect me."—Boston Transcript.

Loud sobbed the tramp; the great wet tears
  Left large and briny tracks.
"Pray what," quoth I, "if not too bold,
  Your heart so sorely racks?"
Alas!" sobbed he, "I've just been told
  About this income tax."
—Boston Budget.

We often sneer at the Egyptians for being a slow people, but on the contrary they must have been a very busy race. Even the mummies appear to have been pressed for time.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

"But, Emma, how can you prefer the plain and shabbily-dressed Julius to my elegant and handsome brother?" "That is quite simple; your brother is in love with himself, and Julius with me."—Life.

"I think Miss Smith and Mr. Jones must be engaged; they have had their portraits taken together." "Indeed? I am glad to hear it. I knew when I introduced them that she would be taken with him."—New York Press.

A Huge Moorse-Head.

What is probably one of the finest moose-heads in the world was taken to Bangor, Me., this week by G. H. Crocker, of Fitzburg, Mass. The animal was shot up in Aroostook County at the Ox Bow, and the moose weighed 1400 pounds. It is about absolutely perfect in size, shape and spread of the antlers. The antlers spread sixty inches, and when it is considered that fifty-one inches is a large spread, some idea of the immense antlers of this moose is obtained. The largest set of antlers of which there is any record is sixty-one inches, and this moose surpassed that animal in the shape and formation.—Boston Herald.

A Stern Disciplinarian.

General Count von Heseler, of the German Army, is a stern old soldier and a strict disciplinarian. He has been known to stop a subordinate in the street and make him remove his

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, April 12, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

According to the belief of some, the Income tax is to be declared constitutional in most of its parts.

THE *Webster Echo*, the only newspaper of Webster County, has been purchased by Mr. C. P. Darlington, of Weston, and the first issue of the new regime reached us this week. It is enlarged and very much improved in appearance.

OWING to pressing engagements the editor of this paper is obliged to refuse an invitation to a log-rolling on Friday of this week, but has sent three men to take his place in the work and at the festive board. We always try to do the square thing.

AN Italian scientist thinks he has discovered that old age is caused by a certain sort of bacteria which infest the system, and that if they be eradicated man might be immortal. Still he might be snake-bit, and it would be still harder to give up the glorious physical life which this scientist promises us.

THE article concerning the railroad, in the issue from the Baltimore *Sunday Herald*, of last week, was sent to a doctor of Marlinton by Dr. Hamilton, of 1315 W. Fayette Street, a prominent physician who conducts a sanitarium famous for its success in the treatment of the opium habit. He gives the advice to "hold on to Marlinton real-estate."

OSCAR WILD's libel suit against the Marquis of Queensbury failed. He is now arrested and bail refused, and will stand a trial for the crime of which the Marquis had accused him. "London's disciple of open æstheticism and secret filth" has been let down into the mud to which he belongs, by his former admirers, and a felon's life for the remainder of his existence is too good for him.

THE late occurrence makes it very plain that if we had a telephone the negroes who escaped from jail last Sunday night would find it impossible to go into any railroad station without being apprehended. When the word came that they were making for Camden-on-the-Gauley, all that would have been necessary would have been telephonic communication to have put that whole country on the lookout. It seems to us that the County Court would be justified in building a line to some point on the railroad, and that they would find it a profitable investment. We are not sure that they could do it legally, but are sure that the county could do it as a whole through the County Court. It seems as though it was impossible for a line to be built by subscription. A line was once completed as far as Falling Springs, but owing to the fact that it was not between objective points, it soon fell into disuse. This example acts very unfavorably, and men seem unwilling to put their money into the project. The cost of telephones is very much reduced, owing to the expiration of certain patents, and it seems strange that a county of the wealth and importance of ours should be con-

A YOUNG LUMBERMAN DROWNED AT RONCEVERTE.

RONCEVERTE, W. VA., April 9.—A distressing occurrence took place in the Ronceverte boom Monday morning about 10 o'clock. Mr. John Branham, a young man in the employ of the St. Lawrence Company, was standing on the boom logs, directing the logs, when a wave struck and threw him backwards into the river. He appeared but once and then sank. Great sympathy exists as he was a excellent young man. His parents reside in Ronceverte.

Pathetic Appeal.

The following is a letter picked up in Pittsburg by a gentlemen, it having been put into a bottle and cast afloat on the turbid waters of the Monongahela, about one hundred miles above Pittsburg. It has the true ring about it, and it is too bad to suppose that it may be like many other effusions cast afloat in a similar manner, and be the result of having first emptied the bottle:

"Monnagah marian
county W Va
March 1.

piease anser me and let me now how far my bottle com i am 22 and think it time i wood get maried what doo you say a bout it if you want to mary i am the girl for you i am good looking but not very smart, Plees anser me From a girl that wants to marry. "N. B."

A Mighty Hunter.

In the upperend of Pocahontas there is a man who has hunted over all the Rocky Mountains and the mountains of the Pacific Slope. It is Mr. Granville Kellar. His last trip to the Rockies was made last summer, and he expects to go again this coming season. He went with a party from Philadelphia last year, and all during the season of good weather, was buried in the trackless wilds of those regions. The party contained one young and beautiful lady who accompanied her husband. She was a dead shot, and during the trip killed five elk, three deer, and one antelope.

Mr. Kellar has killed a number of grizzly bears and says he has never been in very close places with them, or that he would not have been here to tell it. The largest he has ever killed weighed about one thousand pounds.

In speaking of the grizzly bear charging the hunter the moment he has fired and wounded him, Mr. Kellar says that when a bear is hit the first thing he does is to bite at the wound, and then raising his head bolts in the direction his head is turned, and as this is almost always in the direction of the place from which the shot was fired.

He has trophies of the chase in great numbers, and is a veritable Nimrod.

Lobelia.

Raining. Grass growing finely. Wheat looks promising.

Hill's Creek was higher last night than it has been for ten years.

H. L. Casebolt is on the sick-list. Miss Mary McMillion is better. Miss Lizzie Bruffey, who has been sick for some time, is no better. Grave fears are entertained as to her recovery by the physicians. She has expressed herself as ready at any time to go where "sickness, sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more."

J. P. Ray had his house burned on the 4th inst. Also Mr. Martin Lions, on Capt. Edgar's place, on Cranberry, had his house burned, losing everything he had, including ten dollars in money.

W. B. Hill has made 14 gallons of molasses since April 1st.

TO THE WEST.

Floyd Blankenship came through the woods from Camden-on-the Gauley. He reports business brisk and plenty of work for all at good wages. He says the snow was about two feet deep in the mountains. He brings word of the sad death of four men who started

In addition to certain items of general interest reported last week the following orders were entered:

William Curry, Dr. Patterson, Amos Barlow, J. W. Baxter, J. H. Doyle, and Sherman Curry were appointed trustees of the Huntersville Presbyterian Church.

J. Asbury Sheets, J. F. Patterson, Henry L. Taylor, W. W. Galford, and W. B. Hudson, were appointed trustees of the Wesley Chapell, M. E. Church South, in Green Bank district.

S. W. Holt v. Walton Allen, dismissed adjusted.

L. M. McClintic, prosecuting attorney for this county being so situated that it is not proper for him to prosecute Chas. Slavin on the charge of felony, it was ordered that W. A. Bratton be appointed for this purpose.

M. J. McNeil, admr. v. W. H. Overholt, dismissed without prejudice to another suit.

State v. Schisler Silva, indictment for misdemeanor, not guilty.

State v. John Silva, same, same verdict.

D. O'Connell v. The Cumberland Lumber Company, an injunction having been awarded staying this cause, and on motion of the plaintiff the court refusing to dissolve the injunction, the plaintiff excepts to the said action, and tendering his bill of exception, it is signed, sealed, and delivered, etc.

Gilmor v. Peabody Insurance Company, continued at defendant's cost.

Peter S. Hyde v. D. O'Connell, non-suit taken by plaintiff.

Lucy Sutton v. C. P. Kerr, C. P. C., dismissed at plaintiff's cost.

W. A. Bratton and W. H. Grose appointed to examine Circuit clerks office.

Dr. James Price, W. A. Bratton, and W. H. Grose appointed to examine county jail.

Thomas Barnett v. Horace Herold, and others, judgment rendered against all parties for $475.80; except Newton Moore, and as to him this cause goes over until a future term of this court.

(*Continued on back page.*)

Greenbrier Presbytery.

Greenbrier Persbytery met at Ronceverte, April 3rd at 7:30 p. m. and opened with a sermon by Rev. C. H. Dobbs, on Romans 8: 15. The subject, adopting grace.

Rev. J. W. Holt was chosen moderator. Rev. G. W. Nickell and Elder S. A. Houstan Clerks. There were 16 ministers and 13 ruling Elders in attendance.

The pastorial relation of Rev. E. D. Jeffries and Alderson Church was dissolved by mutual consent. Sabbath school interests seem to be progressing quite well, and several congregations in a hopeful state of Christian activity.

Rev. C. H. Dobbs with Rev. J. W. Holt, alternate and Ruling Elder, W. W. Pence, with S. A. Houstan, Alternate, were appointed commissioners to general assembly at Dallas, Texas, third Thursday of May.

Rev. R. L. Telford preached the Presbyterial sermon on Sabbath Observance. Dr. M. L. Lacy made a telling address on the cause of education.

Mr. Burke Rapp, of Spring Creek Church was received as a candidate for the ministry. Mr. R. L. Benn was transferred to the Presbytery of Northville. Greenbrier Presbytery new consists of 35 churches, with twenty ministers. One hundred and four Ruling Elders, thirty-five Deacons, four candidates for ministry, two thousand and two hundred and fifty members.

Liberty Church, near Green Bank was chosen for the next place of meeting, September 4th, 1895.

The attendance upon public worship was very good, and the hospitality of the people worthy of special commendation.

Millinery Notice.

We wish to call the attention of the ladies' to the fact that Mrs. J. M. Cunningham and Miss Maud Yeager will establish a first class milinery establishment in Marlinton not later than the last week in April. Wait until that time before investing in your needs in this line, for their stock will positively embrace all the late and tasteful styles. Miss Maud Yeager is now in Baltimore taking a special course in millinery, and will return with a com-

to be indebted to the undersigned firm will please take notice that they are hereby requested to come forward and settle up.

E. L. BEARD & CO.
Academy, W. Va.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to pass through my place with horses or to trespass on my land in any other way, and that all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

CINDA A. SHINNEBERRY.
2t. Clover Lick, W. Va.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

E. H. Smith,
PRESCRIPTION
DRUGGIST,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
—DEALER IN—
Drugs, Paints and Oils,
Varnishes, Patent Medicines,
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Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

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—Have Established a Firstclass—
Harness and Saddlery
Store and Shop,
—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Something that has been needed in this county for years.
They carry a complete line of
HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.
Both Factory and Handmade.
At Rockbottom Prices.
ALSO,
THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT,
Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

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C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.
I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.
Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

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Insure against loss in the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.
Incorporated March, 1869.
Cash Capital $100,000.00.
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Size of Pictures 3½x3½ in.
Weight 21 oz.
THE BULLET.
A roll film camera that hits the mark every time. It's a repeater too; shoots 12 times and can be
Reloaded in Daylight.
The Bullet is fitted with our new automatic shutter. One button does it all—sets and releases the shutter and changes from time to instantaneous. Achromatic lens. Hand some finish.
An Illustrated Manual, free with every instrument, explains its operation and tells how to finish the pictures—but "we do the rest" when you prefer.
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Camera Catalogue Free. Rochester, N. Y.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases. Address,
T. J. WILLIAMS.
Top of Alleghany, W Va

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to
R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1 256m

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Mending neatly done.
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Wagon Repairs.
C. Z. HEVNER.
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

FOR RENT! My store-house at Edray lately occupied by P. Golden.
J. R. POAGE, Edray, W. Va.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 18th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, $2.25 to $2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

—Quite a lot of rafting was done on the river this week.

—There were seventy-five applications for liquor license, at the recent term of the Randolph County Court.

—James F. Byrd, so well known to the people of this town, has announced himself and enterred into the race for the treasurership of Bath county.

—Richard Mathews, a first-class shoemaker, has established a shop in town. He is well known as a fine workman, having been located at Mill Point for a number of years.

—James McAvay was found dead in his room at the Central Hotel at Grafton, asphyxiated by natural gas. The pipe supplying a stove in his room had burst. He was a brother to the proprietor of the hotel.

—Col. O'Connell's drive was unable to work on Monday owing to the loss of their boats. The rise in the creek was so unexpected that the boats were pulled loose from their moorings.

—W. McClintic, Esq., sent off the prize yoke of steers last week. They weighed 3990 pounds, one weighed 2045 pounds, and the other 1945 pounds. They were the largest cattle seen in this part in a long time. They were raised by Mr. Sherman Clark, of the Levels.

—At Edray last Monday Abe Shinneberry was tried for a misdemeanor before Justice Cook. A jury was demanded, and after an exciting and somewhat lengthy trial a verdict of not guilty was rendered by the jury. Attorneys McNeil and Bratton represented the prosecuting witness and defendant, respectively.

—The river and Knapp's Creek were high last Monday morning, the waters of the creek being very nearly up to the public school buildings. The river was higher than it has been for several years, and is apt to give the town of Ronceverte a shaking on account of the immense number of logs in the river.

—There is a gigantic lie going the rounds of a certain big bird in Webster County, with wings which spread 18 feet, and which carries off sheep and deer. Recently, it is said, it captured a ten year old girl and carried her away to its eerie, where it devoured her. It is described as having fearful talons and tremendous eyes. It is needless to say that the whole is a monstrous lie, as we are right in the bird's supposed hunting ground our selves.

—Pat Simmons made a fine display of nerve last Sunday night. He was out hunting the jail birds who had fled the scene. He had been to Driscol and was returning, looking every minute to meet them riding stolen horses. He met two men riding on a perpendicular bluff two hundred feet high, opposite Barclay's mill-dam, who answered the descriprion exactly. Pat held them up right manfully with a Winchester rifle. It proved to be some of the searching party, who were out hoping and dreading to overhaul the desperadoes. As Mr. Simmons was riding Lock McClintic's "Pat," it is hard to say what the harvest would have been had he had occasion to fire a gun from his back. They both would probably have taken a flying jump over the brink. Ichabod Crane's horse, "Gunpowder," wouldn't have been in it at all.

Ronceverte Items.

Ronceverte by latest estimates has a population of 1070, in the corporation, and about as many in the suburban groups, that cluster around; making an aggregate of over two thousand.

The St. Lawrence Mills are running on double time, and are turning out one hundred and seventy-five thousand feet per day.

J. Mason Price, Esq., is mayor of the town, and is kept quite busy in corporation affairs, the present lively times.

It was pleasant to hear our Po

THE TWO NEGRO PRISONERS PLAY THE JAILER A NASTY TRICK.

Alex. Armstrong and Frank Cumberland, the notorious pair of negro burglars, upon whose capture and certain conviction the whole county was looking with feelings of deepest satisfaction, gave Jailer Siple the slip last Sunday night, and left him bemoaning his fate as a victim of misplaced confidence.

On that evening the jailer went into the jail to give the prisoners their supper and make everything ready for the night. The negroes were in a cell on the left hand side near the door of the corridor. The lever locking the cells was thrown, barring the cell doors, but the "dead-lock," which would have prevented the occurrence, was not adjusted, and this was the one little bit of negligence on the jailer's part. The jailer then unlocked the door of the corridor and went into a cell beyond where the negroes were confined to get a slop bucket. While he was in this cell the two prisoners clambered up the side of their cage, reached through the bars, and slid the levers back releasing the door, which could never have been done had the catch been adjusted to the lever. In an instant they were in the corridor, through the door, which Cumberland locked in the jailer's face. Just at this point the jailer would have given all he was worth to have had his hands on his trusty pistol which he had failed to bring along.

The occasion was evidently such that words were wholly superfluous, and none passed. The negroes ran through the hallway, out at the front door of the jail, and climbing the bluff back of the jail, passed by the cemetary and out of sight just about dusk. The jailer's wife liberated him in a few minutes, and the alarm was given.

THE CHASE.

In a few minutes a number of men were on the ground, among whom was the State's Attorney, Mr. L. M. McClintic. He placed a reward of $200 upon them, assuring the crowd that if the County Court refused to ratify it, that it would be raised from the contributions of private citizens. There were a number of ready helpers at hand with arms and horses, eager for the chase, reward or no reward, for it has been said that of all exciting work nothing comes near that of hunting a man. In the direction the fugitives took there lie miles of unbroken wilderness, and if they kept to the woods search would be hopeless. It was universally supposed that they would steal horses and make for some railroad station. They would have the choice of Hot Springs, Millboro, White Sulphur, Ronceverte, Camden-on-the-Gauley, Pickens, Beverly, Elkins, or Davis as the point at which they might board a train. Runners were sent in all directions, and the roads of the county were well patroled that night. This country has not seen in years such a rain as fell that night. The water came down in a perfect sheet. The roads were transformed into streams of water. The streams speedily became too high to be forded, and the condition of the fugitives in the wet brush can be imagined. They were very thinly clothed and without food. The writer is perfectly able to speak of that night, for he was out until three in the morning, and of all the storms to which he has ever been exposed, this was the worst. No sign of the men were discovered that night. The next morning waters of the county were all past riding, which would cut them off from any direction except to the north. On this morning Mrs. S. L. Brown saw a negro on the point of a high ridge overlooking the town. As no one lives in this direction, and no one could be there hunting at this time of year, the only conclusion that could be drawn was that it was one of the men wanted. A large party with Winchesters surrounded the ridge and searched it carefully, but no

meagre when they were arrested in January, any one who has knowledge of the evidence collected by the Prosecuting Attorney and Sheriff, has had every scintilla of doubt as to their guilt removed. Only enough evidence was put before the grand jury to secure an indictment, much of the most important evidence being reserved on the part of the State.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MEN.

Armstrong is a man of about thirty-five. He is a light mulatto, has a long-like face in which the bones show prominently; wore a black, heavy mustache and small side-burns; is about six feet high; has a defective front tooth; is a loud and fluent talker and gesticulates freely; is the leader of the party and the spokesman, and has a very intelligent face. He spent the first part of his life in Pocahontas, but since then has lived in Ohio, where he served a term in the penitentiary. Cumberland is a younger and darker negro; has a broad and short face and a very wide mouth, reminds one of a catfish; has a brutal and very unprepossessing look; the lower part of his face is seared and scared as though by scrofula or other skin disease. Both are large, powerful men, and may be expected to make a desperate resistence if arrested. Are supposed to be unarmed.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

This is the most difficult part of the account to write. A kind-hearted man approached both newspapers with the request that we write up the account in such a manner as that "no blame would attach to either the jail or the jailer." This made us feel disposed to lay it upon some body *in pais*, as they say in law. However, Jailer Siple, who is one of our most respected officials, and with whom no one has ever heretofore had the least occasion to find fault, relieves ous embarrassment by declaring that it was no fault of the jail. The matter is just simply this that the slight omission of failing to secure the lever in the ordinary manner was noticed by the prisoners and their boldness enabled them to carry out their attempt with great coolness and dispatch. We may feel very sure that this is the very last escape that will be made, if Will Siple keeps that jail for fifty years. During the last year there have been seven arrests made of men charged with felony. Of these four have broken jail. This makes the business a very serious matter. When the new jail was occupied this fashion of escaping was supposed to be one of the past, but nevertheless the old established historical fact has again been demonstrated that "there has never been a jail or fortress built so securely but that at some time or other the ingenuity of man has accomplished an escape from it." The superintendent of the building, which has just been finished, remarked, on hearing the news, that the "Manly Manufacturing Company has always claimed that it could make the jails, but was unable to make jailers." Armstrong is the man who burnt a hole through an eight-inch, solid-oak wall at Huntersville, and crawled through it, and he ought to have been put in chains after that.

THE CAPTURE.

This account, which is fast growing to be of magazine length, can be made complete by details of the capture of the prisoners. About dusk on Tuesday evening, exactly two days from the escape, great noise of people shouting and cries of "rope!" "rope!" were heard all over town, and a large procession escorted Armstrong and Cumberland through the main street of the town and saw them safely lodged in jail.

The men presented a sorry picture, being all but barefooted, with their clothing torn and bedraggled and all their natural vitality washed out of them by the fearful rains while they were wandering and starving in the wet woods of the mountains to the west of us.

The account of the route they took is about in this way: On gaining the top of the Cemetary

down the stream towards Marlinton until they reached the Old Hamlin Chapel, which is an old and almost disused church right on the stream, in which they slept until 9 o'clock Monday morning. Thus they had made almost a circuit of this town within a radius of four miles the first night. The fearful rain that night confused them and they lost their way.

At nine they ascended the mountain to John Curry's and got something to eat—the first in twenty-four hours. Here Armstrong had a chill. They aimed again for William's River and went down Swago by mistake to within a mile from the Greenbrier. Starting right they reached the Burgess Barn, on Beaver Dam, and lay there Monday night. They struck the main branch of William's River that morning about ten miles from Marlinton, having been two nights and a day going that distance. They went down the river and forded it thirteen times. The river was very full.

They reached J. R. Davis' house on Mr. C. E. Beard's place, and got something to eat just a few minutes after Mr. Davis had received word of the escape. Mr. Davis followed them and got Alvon Burr and came on the negroes lying in a patch of brush by a little fire. Covering them with their Winchesters, they ordered them to throw up their hands, which they did with great quickness. They were then marched into town, and arrived almost dead from fatigue and exposure.

Thus ended the most exciting event that ever stirred up the town, though people at a distance may be unable to see how the escape, chase, and capture of two poor devils could have moved the citizens of the town to such an extent. The fact is that every one deemed it his duty to do all in his power to recapture these men, and did not like the idea of the two negroes outwitting the county.

The alarm was so generally given that the men found even the William's River route closed to them, though the least attention was paid to this exit.

Southern Methodist Conference.

The Conference met at Washington, D. C. The minister at Academy, Rev. A. C. Hamill, was returned; Rev. J. T. Maxwell was sent to Green Bank, in place of Rev. C. L. Potter, and Rev. Barrett to Huntersville in Rev. C. M. Sarver's place.

The Clifton Forge *Review* gives the following notice of the charges given to Rev. C. F. Moore and Rev John A. Taylor, of this county. It seems that both these gentlemen have received appointments which are among the most important that the Conference had in its power to bestow, outside of the large cities:

"Rev. C. F. Moore, so well and favorably known in Clifton Forge since early in 1890, we are glad to learn, has been placed in charge of the church in Piedmont, West Virginia, a thriving town west of Cumberland, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Piedmont is quite a growing place. It has a population of some six thousand people, and is healthful, picturesque, and accessible. We think Mr. Moore fortunate in the assignment, and at the same time congratulate the church at that place in securing his services. He will popularize it, if possible, and do valliant service in the cause of the great Master, to which he has re-dedicated his life.

"Rev. John A. Taylor, from West Virginia, the earnest and successful revivalist, who assisted Rev. L. R. Markwood here last fall in a successful meeting, which resulted in more than a hundred additions to the Methodist church, was placed in charge of the Rockville, Maryland, circuit, one of the most populous and desirable circuits within the bounds of the conference.

DO NOT FAIL to attend the festival to be given by the ladies at Mrs. Carter's on nent Wednesday evening.

is off to Baltimore to buy spring goods.

Mr. S. M. Gay made a trip to Alleghany County, Va., this week.

Mrs. E. I. Holt, of Acadamy, was in town last Monday.

Mr. Frank Harper, of Academy, was in Marlinton on Tuesday on some legal matters.

Judge Cook presided in some trials at Marlinton this week.

Curry Skeen, of Covington, is stopping in our town for the present.

Capt. Smith did not go to the woods on the trail of the fugitives from justice, this week. Neither did Dr. Price. The Captain said he did not have the "wind," but that he had the "sand." The Doctor said he had the "wind." They combined and confederated, but were unable to furnish an outfit.

Festival

The ladies of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church of Marlinton, will give a festival at the residence of Mrs. Carter, on Wednesday evening the 17th inst. at 6 p. m. Single person 15 cts. or 25 cts. for two. Every body is invited, and we feel sure that the citizens of Marlinton and neighboring towns will be present and reward these ladies for their efforts to give the people a pleasant time.

DENTISTRY. Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Huntersville on the 25th of April, and remain 3 days; Green Bank, 29th 3 days; Clover Lick, May 6th 3 days. Call early and make your engagements.

Dilley's Mill.

Fine rains. We are delighted to see spring showers revive the grass, and bid fair for good crops. Plowing is being done.

Prof. C. H. Anderson closed his second term of school at Cove Hill 2d inst. Prof. Anderson is an excellent teacher and taught two very successful terms.

The boys have returned from the drive. Some have gone to help D. O'Connell move his rear.

Sunday School was organized at Mt. Zion last Sunday. Sunday School on the 21st. We want all to come and help us in this good cause.

Rev. C. M. Fultz is with us again and preached a very able sermon at Mt. Zion last Sunday, from Ezekiel, 36 : 11.

Fine prospect for wheat in places Mr. Morgan Grimes has the best wheat in all this section of country.

W. L. Moore, Esq., has left this part for awhile. He is at Mr. Geo. Gibson's, near Marlinton. Don't forsake us, "Bill!" Come back soon. ANONYMOUS

[Through modesty we refrain from printing the last item submitted by this correspondent, which speaks in unmeasured terms of commendation of this paper.—ED.]

Green Bank.

We are having fine growing weather, and grass is coming fine, stock can be turned out soon if the weather keeps warm.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Arbogast, of Traveler's Repose, were visiting relatives in this vicinity last week.

Curry and Beverage, jewelers of Rock Cave, W. Va., were in our town on last week.

Mr. L. Hunter Mooman, who has been attending a medical college in Baltimore one term, is at home, spending vacation at this time.

Died: on the 4th day of April of cancer, Mr. John G. Sutton, after a short illness; a large concourse of sorrowing friends followed his remains to the family burying ground, where he will await the trumpet's sound. He bore his suffering with Christian fortitude, and died in peace leaning on the arm of his Savior. His funeral will be preached at this place on the 21st of April at 11 o'clock; that being the third Sunday of this month.

Servant of God well done, rest from thy
loved employ.
The battle's fought, the victory won,
enter thy Master's joy.

The mail boy got a ducking in the Hevner Run last Monday, and got no farther than this place. North Fork was on a bender and not to be trifled with, so we got no mail. We had very heavy rains Sunday night.

Messrs. C. B. Collins & Co. will start a raft of ash lumber down the Greenbrier to-day (Tuesday) for

THE TELEGRAPH.

The darkness and the silence lie
Between your soul and mine,
Like some great river rolling by
Beneath a night of stormy sky,
Where not a star may shine.

But, as beneath the sullen brine
'Twixt lands of kindred speech,
There runs a slender, living line
O'er which there flash, by lightning sign,
The thoughts of each to each,

So, 'neath the parting flood of death
There runs a living line
Of steadfast memory and faith,
Of love not born for mortal breath,
Between your soul and mine!

—Samantha W. Shoup, in Independent.

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS.

SCENE.—Boudoir and toilet of a society belle. The belle, who, besides being very beautiful, is still young and fresh, is seated in front of her dressing table under the hands of her maid, who is preparing her hair for the night. On the dressing table are a mirror and various articles of the toilet.

THE Maid—"Mademoiselle was a great triumph to-night; no?"

The Belle (abstractedly)—"Yes, Celeste, I think so."

The Maid (with pride)—"The men all fall down and adore mademoiselle; no?"

The Belle—"No, not all the men. Some of them. Enough of them. (Sighing). Too many of them."

The Maid—"That is good. Mademoiselle has embarrassment of chôice."

The Belle—"Yes, an embarrassment of choice. You speak truly, Celeste. (Sighing again). It is that which makes me—but, bah! why think of it all? I suppose it is the experience of all girls like me in society, with a fortune, a face and a facile tongue. There! That will do for to-night, Celeste; I am going to sit up for a little. I may read and I may write, I cannot say."

The Maid (horrified)—"But mademoiselle has already lost so much of the beauty sleep."

The Belle—"I am restless. Besides, if all be true that men have told me to-night, I do not need it. Good night, Celeste."

The Maid—"Good night, mademoiselle!" (Exit maid).

The Belle (alone)—"Five proposals in one night. That is, counting one that I suppose does not—ought not to count. Four of them at any rate such as a girl in her second season should jump at. As for the fifth—well, I won't think of it, I mean, if I can help it I won't. Yet—but what nonsense! Let me review the others. First came old Totterly. Sixty years old he said he was. He is eighty, if he is a day. Worth four millions, he said. That part is probably true. But, oh! Let us pass on to the next. Philip Egerton Denning, the writer and thinker; the literary lion of the season. Funny he should fancy me. I like him, too, myself. I cannot help admiring his intellect, and I feel that I should always respect him. Yet—(muses several minutes, then sighs). Who next? Oh, yes. (Laughing heartily). I must not forget him. Lord Tuffnut, the latest British importation, who did me the honor to offer me, with a monocle in one fishy eye, his title, his mortgaged estates and the family tree that, in its time, has borne an abundance of just such overripe fruit as he is. And for what? My youth, beauty, and money. Nonsense. Next. Ahem! The same thing, in a measure, only of our own manufacture. Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer, of the most cerulean of blue blooded Knickerbocker stock. Truly our country has reached a wonderful height in her industries when she can turn out anything so nearly like the English article, even to his morals, as Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer! There they are, all of them, labelled to the best possible advantage. All—except Jack. Poor Jack! Well, I might as well list him. Jack Willoughby. Something down town. Poor as a church mouse, handsome as Apollo, and true as steel. Ah, well! (sighing) I suppose I must not think of him. It is lucky, though, that some one interrupted us when he proposed, or I might have said yes. I was overcome with the heat of the ball room; and when he put his arm around me, and whisperingly begged for an answer, I felt so weak, for the moment, that I don't think I should have had strength to refuse him. But somebody came, somebody always does, and I suppose I am safe. I promised them all an answer in a week. An embarrassment of choice, Celeste said, (Closes her eyes and thinks.)

A half hour or more passes, during which the belle appears to sleep. Suddenly she opens her eyes.

The Belle—"I must have slept. But nothing in my dreams seemed to offer me any help. Oh, dear! Is there anything or anybody that can show me what to do?"

A voice—"There is."

The Belle (startled)—"Good gracious! What was that?"

A Voice—"Don't be frightened. It was I."

The Belle (still more alarmed)—"But who are you? Where are you?"

A Voice—"Your mirror."

The Belle—"But, good heavens! Mirrors cannot speak."

The Mirror—"Mirrors can do a great many more things than people give them credit for. We reflect; why should we not speak? That we can do so is proved by my talking to you now. I have listened to all you have thought and would help you."

The Belle (trembling)—"Was I thinking aloud?"

The Mirror—"No. But you cannot think and look into my face without every thought being known to me even though I may not reveal what is in your mind. I want to help you to decide your future. Are you willing, that I should?"

The Belle—"You mean with regard to—"

The Mirror (blandly)—"I mean with regard to the five proposals you received to-night."

The Belle (after a pause)—"Which shall I accept?"

The Mirror—"That I may not tell you. I can simply help you to judge for yourself."

The Belle (anxiously)—"How can you do that?"

The Mirror—"By showing you yourself, your surroundings and your condition of mind, five years after your marriage with any one of your would-be husbands of this evening."

The Belle—"Oh, dear! This is worse than chiromancy. Wouldn't—ch—wouldn't it be wicked?"

The Mirror—"Not so wicked as it would be to marry the wrong man."

The Belle—"I suppose that must be true. Well, what must I do?"

The Mirror—"First, turn down the gas. Then place yourself facing me, and light the spirit lamp of your curling-iron apparatus. Now, take some of your pearl face powder, sprinkle it on the flame, and wait. (She does so. The surface of the mirror becomes heavily clouded). Which would you see first?"

The Belle (laughing hysterically)—"Oh, take them in their regular order."

The Mirror—"Then, Mr. Totterly, the eighty-year-old millionaire, first. What can you see? Speak!" (The cloud on the face of the mirror gradually clears in the centre, disclosing a picture.)

The Belle (in a low voice)—"I see myself, handsomely dressed, covered with jewels, at an evening reception. Many men are around me offering me attentions. For some reason I dare not accept them. In a corner, jealously watching me, I see Mr. Totterly. He scowls every time a man pays me a compliment. Everything is bright around me, but the very brightness seems to weary me, and remind me of something lacking."

The Mirror (grimly)—"Are you happy?"

The Belle (shuddering)—"No. Although bored to death where I am, I dread to go home, because I shall be alone with him, my husband. I see nothing but despair and waiting, constant waiting for release." (Picture vanishes).

The Mirror—"You will not forget that. Now look upon this. (Again a picture forms). What do you see?"

The Belle—"I see myself again, but alone. I have been reading, but have tired of it. There is something I want to do, something I want to feel, but I cannot. In a little room nearby I see Philip Egerton Denning, my literary, intellectual husband. He is very busy, writing. In my utter loneliness, I get up and go to him. Stooping over, I gently kiss him on the brow. He frowns, pushes me away, and tells me I destroy his ideas. I sigh, turn away, and go to bed."

The Mirror (ironically)—"Are you happy?"

The Belle (bitterly)—"No. All the warmth in my heart is gradually being frozen by the cold indifference of the man I have married. He is too brainy to lavish any affections on his wife; his growing fame is more important than domestic ties. Show me the next."

The Mirror—"Well, what see you here?"

The Belle—"Another reception. I am sitting alone, however, utterly ignored by the many women present except in the way of an occasional supercilious glance at my gown, or a whisper to some one else about me behind a fan. I think it must be in England. Some of the women have red noses, and they all look tired and bored to death."

The Mirror—"It is. It is the fifth year of your reign as Lady Tuffnutt."

The Belle—"I see myself moving into another room where everybody is playing cards. His Lordship, my husband, is there, gambling like the rest. I tell him I do not feel well and would like to go home. He advises me to go home alone or amuse myself in the conservatory. He says there is too much of his money on the table to go then. He means my money. I have seen enough of this."

The Mirror (mockingly)—"Are you happy?"

The Belle (sadly)—"No, but I am gradually becoming deadened to my misery."

The Mirror (as a new picture appears)—"Now you are Mrs. Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer, a member of the native aristocracy of New York. Can you see yourself?"

The Belle—"Yes. I see myself once more alone. The room is handsomely furnished; everything looks rich and good. But I am waiting anxiously and listening intently. At every sound I get up and look through the blinds into the dark night. At last, as dawn is breaking, a cab drives up; I hear it. A few minutes afterward my husband enters the room. He scolds me in a thick voice for remaining up. A quarrel ends in my bursting into tears. He stoops over me to kiss me and I nearly faint with nausea."

The Mirror—"Are you happy?"

The Belle (fiercely)—"No. I am humiliated by his neglect, disgusted with his manner of life, and harassed with constant suspicion. I am utterly wretched."

The Mirror (slyly)—"There is only one more picture. Do you want to see it?"

The Belle (confusedly)—"Yes, I suppose I may as well. It is probably like all the rest."

The Mirror (as the last picture appears)—"Then behold! And tell what you see."

The Belle (very softly)—"I see myself again. I am sitting in front of a cosey fire of soft coal, sewing something light. Near me is—near me is—yes, it is Jack. Mr. Willoughby. I mean. He is talking to me very gayly, and I am smiling and listening. Now the door opens and two children come bounding into the room; a boy and a girl. They want to bid us good-night, they say. They look so much like Jack they might almost be—almost be—his nephew and niece."

The Mirror (gently)—"Are you happy?"

There is no answer from the belle, for she wakes up with a start.

The Belle (after looking earnestly at the mirror, which is as bright as crystal)—"I have been dreaming and it is nearly five o'clock. But I am not sorry. An embarrassment of choice, Celeste said. I thought so, too, but we were both young. I told her I might read and I might write. (Smiling.) Well, I have read a great deal; I think I will write a little. (Writes.)

My Dearest Jack: I don't think I will keep you waiting a week for my answer. I am yours as soon as you come to claim me.

ETHEL.

—Life.

WISE WORDS.

A rogue is a roundabout fool.

A full jail is better than an empty one.

Gossip is generally a desire to get even.

A drop of ink may make a million think.

It is a rare man who can do a favor delicately.

You seldom admire a man you see a great deal of.

Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains.

It is not hard to forgive a lie told with good intent.

One drop of scandal will spread over a whole life-time.

What we place most hopes upon generally proves most fatal.

Everything a man likes to do a woman can prove is wicked.

The man who knows the world and is not a cynic is usually a fool.

An evil intention perverts the best actions and makes them sins.

In the meanest hut is a romance, if you but knew the hearts there.

The fools are not all dead yet, and, what is more, they never will be.

Every human heart ought to be a bird cage with a singing bird in it.

Of all virtues justice is the best. Valor without it is a common pest.

The happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts.

The wise man expects everything from himself; the fool looks to others.

The people pay more for love than for any other necessary evil on earth.

The more friends a business man has the more things he sells below cost.

The trouble with most people's economy is that they don't save any money by it.

The younger a woman is the more indignant she is when she hears of a bad husband.

It is all right to vote for the country's prosperity, but you must work for your own.

What is birth to a man if it be a stain to his dead ancestors to have left such an offspring?

A Remarkable Fall of Stone.

M. L. Fletcher, an English mineralogist, tells of a remarkable fall of stones which took place at some early date in the history of Mexico. He describes fourteen huge masses in all, and advances the very likely theory that they originally formed a single meteoric mass that was shattered by the intense heat engendered while passing through the earth's atmosphere. The fragments of this immense meteorite are scattered over a section of country sixty-six miles in length and twenty-two in width, and it is estimated that its total weight was but little short of 20,000 pounds. One piece of it, now in the National Museum at Washington.—Atlanta Constitution.

FOR ATLANTA'S BIG FAIR.

DISPLAY BY THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

It Will Be of Great Interest to Farmers and the General Public—Some of the Exhibits.

THE United States Department of Agriculture at Washington is preparing a very complete and interesting exhibit for the big fair at Atlanta in the latter part of 1895. It will include a completely equipped weather bureau station in full operation; also a complete collection of climatic and meteorological charts, photographs of clouds and lightning, etc. Lithographic weather maps will be printed daily at the exposition for general distribution.

The division of ornithology and mammology will exhibit pictures illustrating the geographic distribution of mammals and birds in the United States, and the habits of the various species in their relation to agriculture. The habits in question will be further shown by groups of animals known to be beneficial or harmful, each species handsomely mounted. For example, there will be five groups of ground squirrels, each of half a dozen animals, which will be seen engaged in their natural pursuits, ravaging grain fields, catching grasshoppers, etc.

There will be a number of groups of birds, each teaching important lessons in the economy of the species. One will show a number of cows in the cornfield, some pulling the new sprouted corn, others devouring grubs. There will be a small flock of cedar birds, feeding on the leaf beetles of the elm. They will form an attractive group and emphasize the usefulness of this bird.

The new division of agricultural soil will show some of the most important types of soils from different parts of the country, such as the adobe, the mesa and the soil of the blue grass region of Kentucky. It will exhibit soils that are especially adapted to certain crops, such as the early truck soils of the Atlantic coast, the soils adapted to the different kinds of tobacco, to cotton, to wheat. The constituent parts of these soils will be displayed in separate jars.

The division of forestry will exhibit specimens illustrating the botany of Southern forests, including seeds, leaves, flowers, etc., showing the character of the flora of the southeastern section of the United States. A special display will be made of the pines of the South from the botanical as as well as from the commercial point of view; likewise of various methods of serpentine orcharding.

The division of botany will exhibit a reproduction of the new laboratory for testing seeds which has been established at the Department of Agriculture. There will be models of machinery for sowing, harvesting and and cleaning seeds, also a sample collection of commercial seeds, a collection of weed seeds, a collection of seeds used in medicine, the arts, for oils and for food; likewise a collection illustrating the various methods by which seeds are dispersed in nature. There will be a collection of the commercial seeds produced in the South, and twenty of the worst weeds of the South will be represented by mounted specimens and photographs showing their distribution.

The division of microscopy will exhibit a collection of models illustrating edible and poisonous murshrooms. It will also show micro-photographs illustrating the structure of different kinds of cotton fibers.

The bureau of animal industry will show models illustrating various diseased parts of animals, photographs of bacterial disease germs highly magnified. Other models will present a quarantine station, the method of tagging cattle for interstate and export trade, the stock yards at Kansas City, and methods for preventing the spread of Texas fever. Models and natural history specimens will illustrate the development of the horse's foot and the disease to which it is subject.

The exhibit of the division of vegetable pathology will comprise models, paintings, photographs and living plants and fruits, illustrating the various diseases of crops and of plants. Colored maps will show the distributions of the most important plant diseases in this country. Drawings will show on a greatly enlarged scale the parasitic fungi which causes these diseases. There will be a complete display of remedies for the prevention or cure of these diseases and of machines utilized in applying them.

The exhibit of the division of entomology will consist of insects injurious to agriculture grouped according to the plants and animals affected, each of which will be an object lesson and a pictorial epitome of the life history of the injurious species, with samples of the injury done by it. There will be a case illustrating injuries by insects to forest trees; also a series of illustrations of devices used for rearing insects in order to study them, with wax models of insects and real insects, too.

The division of pomology will exhibit models of fruit grown in this country, especially Southern fruits. A model of an orange tree will exhibit the various stages of fruiting, at the same time illustrating some of the diseases of the plant. There will also be a collection of wild and cultivated nuts.

Various fibers will be shown, including flax from the State of Washington, ramie from Louisiana, sisal hemp from Florida, pineapple fibre from California, hemp from Kentucky and pine-needle fiber from North Carolina.

An exhibit of cotton will illustrate every feature of cotton culture, comprising models of cotton plants, illustrations of their diseases and representations of their insect enemies. There will be a collection of over 1500 samples of nearly every variety of cotton grown in thirteen States and Territories; also samples from all over the world.—Washington Star.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Nero was wont to eat raw meat.

An Atchison (Kan.) woman's poodle dog sports a glass eye.

Seamen nearing land can tell that fact by the deposits of dew on the vessel.

Louis Cyr, the Canadian Sampson, lifts 3500 pounds without harness or other apparatus.

Brazil nuts are more properly seeds, about sixteen of which are enclosed in a large shell.

Siberian women are raised as abject slaves, untidy in dress, and are bought with money or cattle.

James Willis, of Mount Sterling, Ky., has been struck by lightning four different times and still lives.

In Greece there is 558 miles of railroad in operation, 304 under construction, and 214 more chartered.

There is a duck ranch in the Blue Mountain of Pennsylvania which sends 12,000 birds to the market yearly.

The peacock is found in a wild state in India, Ceylon, Madagascar and many other parts of Asia and Africa.

Charles McVeagh, of Harpswell, Me., lifts a barrel of flour with his teeth and holds a quintal of fish at arm's length.

The wife of C. Beaupre, of St. Raymond, Province of Quebec, Canada, gave birth to twins after she was seventy-five years old.

Raphael lived principally on dried fruits, such as figs and raisins, eating them with bread. He had a theory that a meat diet was not good for a painter.

In each wing of the ostrich twenty-six long white plumes grow to maturity in eight months. In the male these are pure white, while those of the female shade to ecru or gray.

The butter which scored 99½ points and took the first prize at the recent Iowa State convention, was made by Martin Mortensen, a young buttermaker with but six months' experience.

The weekly shipments of oleo from the Port of New York to the Continent of Europe average a value of $100,000 to $150,000, besides which shipments are made from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Montreal. This oleo is the basis of oleomargerine.

Two weeks ago in the Swiss city of Geneva, with 150,000 of a population, largely floating, they were, according to the official record, twenty-one suicides, and in all but one or two cases scraps of paper were found in which the victims stated that they could bear the pangs of poverty no longer.

Web Spinners.

Among the great web-spinning spiders is the Halaba, of Madagascar, which spins shining golden-yellow threads strong enough to bear the weight of one of these cork helmets, such as travelers wear in warm countries. They have woman's suffrage in the Halaba family, where the female considerably outweighs the males, and is correspondingly "bossy." She grows to the quite remarkable length of five and a half inches, while he, poor fellow, never gets beyond the quite insignificant dimensions of an inch and a half. In consequence, when she, in all the glory of her shining gold cuirass with a silvery down on it, spreads her five red, black tipped limbs in the midst of her shining gold web, he has to keep at a respectable distance, and seeks the seclusion of his club, for he has no right in that web which his more mighty spouse is bound to respect. She is a very industrious spinner, and I have no doubt that the airs of superiority she takes over her husband are largely due to the fact that she realizes she is the breadwinner of the family. She has been known to spin in a little less than a week 3291 yards. For over 150 years men have tried to utilize spider's silk for weaving fabrics with but discouraging success. Le Bon, about the beginning of the last century, succeeded in making gloves of it, and Louis XIV. had a pair of hose made of the thread. The web of the Halaba and one or two American spiders have led Dr. Wilder, of Cornell University, to hope that he might still make spider webs commercially valuable. The thread is quite as long as that of the silkworm, one species in Jamaica spinning a thread sometimes three miles long, but the chief difficulty lies in obtaining a long thread unbroken.—Chicago Times.

prominently associated with the name of Hackley. Chas. H. Hackley has been in the lumber business here continuously since 1856, and in that time has amassed a fortune which gives him a rating among the wealthy men of the nation. But with wealth there did not come that tightening of the purse strings which is generally a marked characteristic of wealthy men.

It is no wonder then that the name of Charles H. Hackley is known at home and abroad. His munificence to Muskegon alone represents an outlay of nearly half a million. For the past twenty years he has been a constant sufferer from neuralgia and rheumatism, also numbness of the lower limbs, so much so that it has seriously interfered with his pleasure in life. For some time past his friends have noticed that he has seemed to grow young again and to have recovered the health which he had in youth.

To a reporter for the **News** Mr. Hackley explained the secret of this transformation. "I have suffered for over 20 years," he said, "with pains in my lower limbs so severely that the only relief I could get at night was by putting cold water compresses on my limbs. I was bothered more at night than in the day time. The neuralgic and rheumatic pains in my limbs, which had been growing in intensity for years, finally became chronic. I made three trips to the Hot Springs with only partial relief, and then fell back to my original state. I couldn't sit still, and my sufferings began to make my life look very blue. Two years ago last September I noticed an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and what they had done for others, and some cases so nearly resembled mine that I was interested, so I wrote to one who had given a testimonial, an eminent professor of music in Canada. The reply I received was even stronger than the printed testimonial, and it gave me faith in the medicine.

"I began taking the pills and found them to be all that the professor had told me they would be. It was two or three months before I experienced any perceptible betterment of my condition. My disease was of such long standing that I did not expect speedy recovery and I was thankful even to be relieved. I progressed rapidly, however, towards recovery and for the last six months have felt myself a perfectly well man. I have recommended the pills to many people and am only too glad to assist others to health through the medium of this wonderful medicine. I cannot say too much for what it has done for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for fifty cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Massinger enjoyed veal chops, breaded with plenty of butter and a glass of ale.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Fielding said that tarts made with currant jelly always reminded him of heaven.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and $1 bottles.

The London Times is printed on American paper.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures
all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Laboratory Binghampton, N. Y.

The city of Melbourne, Australia, has lost 40,000 inhabitants in two years and a half.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lotz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., October 1, 1894.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Had Hip Disease

He was treated at the Children's Hospital, Boston, and when he came home had SEVEN RUNNING SORES on his leg. Could not step. We have been giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla a year, and he can walk, run, and play as lively as any boy. He has no sores and is the PICTURE OF HEALTH. John C. Boyle, Ware, Mass.

John Boyle

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe.

F N U 2 '95

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for Inventors Guide, or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Nothing to It, Etc., Etc

How doth the little busy ad
Improve each shining minute,
And garner dollars, dimes and cents
For the merchant who is in it.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Carson—"To what school of writers does Scrawls belong?"

Vokes—"He poses as a realist; but his creditors say he is a romancer."—Truth.

ABASEMENT.

Penelope (freezingly)—"You do not love me."

Ten Broke (convincingly)—"I worship the very ground that you inherit."—Life.

ADDS NOTHING TO IT.

"The telephone is like a woman; it tells everything it hears."

"Yes, that's so. And it's unlike a woman, too; it tells a thing just as it hears it."—Life.

LITERAL.

"It's a good idea to make light of your troubles."

"I do," replied Happigo; "whenever a creditor sends me a letter I burn it."—Washington Star.

TRUTHFUL.

"Waiter, is this cheese imported?"

"Yes, sir; part of it."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, the holes came from Switzerland, but just the substance was made here."

TWO STRINGS.

"Why is Charley letting his hair grow?"

"For two reasons. He intends to try football, and if he's not a success at it he's going to join the woman's rights party."—Judge.

A MATTER OF INDIFFERENCE.

"Do you take any interest in the problem of whether or not Mars is inhabited?" asked the young man.

"Oh, dear, no," replied the young woman. "Even if it were the people wouldn't belong to our set."—Judge.

GETTING EVEN.

Jones—"I told you that I would get even with Smith, and I have."

Brown—"How did you do it?"

Jones—"I made my wife put on her new two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar sealskin sacque and go and call on his wife."—Puck.

A SATISFACTORY SUBSTITUTE.

Irate Woman—"Git out of here, you dirty Injun! Is it dinner you have the face to beg for? I'll sic one of the dogs on you!"

Chief Much-'fraid-of-water (placidly)—"S'pose sic fat dog on big Injun; him heap glad."—Judge.

RESIGNATION.

"Is your wife lecturing on the destiny of woman?" was the sympathetic inquiry.

"Yes."

"Isn't that a pretty heavy subject?"

"Yes. But it could be worse. She might be at home making biscuit."—Washington Star.

AN AUTHORITY.

"Football, sir, is brutal. It is based largely upon the exercise of brute force, and the opportunities of unfair tactics are such—"

"Oh, say—hold on. Have you ever seen a game of football?"

"No; but I hold clinics in three hospitals in a college town!"—Chicago Record.

GOOD TO THROW AT THE CAT.

Book canvassers should take courage from a story told by an English lecturer on "The Art of Bookbinding."

A man of their profession had called at a house whose occupant met him with a growl.

"It's no use to me, I never read."

"But there's your family," said the canvasser.

"Haven't any family—nothing but a cat."

"Well, you may want something to throw at the cat."

The book was purchased.

HE DIDN'T WAIT.

"Mary!"

It was the voice of the old man in the upper hall.

"Yes, pa."

"Is Mr. Simpson still there?"

"Y—yes, pa."

"And didn't the clock just strike one?"

"I—I rather think it did."

"Well, you just tell him if he is there in ten minutes from now that that is just what I shall do, and—Mary!"

"Yes, pa."

"He will be that one."

Fifteen seconds later the front door opened and closed again softly and Mary was alone in the hall.—New

"Why, you have just been looking at him," replied the showman, pointing at a model in a general's uniform. "There's the conqueror of Behanzin." "It's not very like," said the stranger. "Excuse me," rejoined the showman, "it was executed by one of the general's closest friends. You can't have ever seen him." By way of answer the stranger handed his card and the showman read: "Gen. Dodds."—London Globe.

Dr. PIERCE'S
Golden Medical
DISCOVERY

Cures Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of Consumption, in all its Earlier Stages.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, *fully 98 per cent.* are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. Address for Book, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

different brands, that the ROYAL Baking Powder is absolutely pure, greatest in strength, and superior to all others.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

The Name of God.

The name of God is spelled with four letters in almost every known language.

A House in a Fret.

Let the mother become sick and helpless, and the house is all in disorder. When both father and mother are down you may as well close the shutters. Order is brought out of chaos often very easily, and Mrs. John Malin, of South Butte, Mont., Feb. 17, 1895, found an easy way out of her difficulties, as she writes thus: "My husband and I took very bad rheumatism from severe colds, and my arms were so lame I could not raise them to help myself. I sent at once for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and before the bottle was half empty I could go about my work. My husband became so lame he could not get out of bed. Two and half bottles completely cured him. I will always praise St. Jacobs Oil, and you may use this as you see fit." This is a clear case of what is "got at the right moment, and how every household can be made happy where pain abounds.

In a recent article on Coffee and Cocoa, the eminent German Chemist, Professor Stutzer, speaking of the Dutch process of preparing Cocoa by the addition of potash, and of the process common in Germany in which ammonia is added, says: "The only result of these processes is to make the liquid appear turbid to the eye of the consumer, without effecting a real solution of the Cocoa substances. This artificial manipulation for the purpose of so-called solubility is, therefore, more or less inspired by deception, and always takes place at the cost of purity, pleasant taste, useful action and aromatic flavor. The treatment of Cocoa by such chemical means is entirely objectionable. . . . Cocoa treated with potash or ammonia would be entirely unsalable but for the supplementary addition of artificial flavors by which a poor substitute for the aroma driven out into the air is offered to the consumer." The delicious Breakfast Cocoa made by Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., is absolutely pure and soluble. No chemicals or dyes, or artificial flavors are used in it.

"An Ounce

of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Ripans Tabules do not weigh an ounce but they contain many pounds of good. One tabule gives relief. Try for yourself the next time you have a headache or bilious attack.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Clearest Kind of Proof.

Police Commissioner—Several citizens swear that they saw Officer O'Toole coming out of a brewery.

O'Toole's lawyer—But the defense submits that it could not have been a brewery.

Police Commissioner—What proof have you of this?

O'Toole's lawyer—*The fact that he was seen to leave.*—Kate Field's Washington.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S
Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,
Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple. Send for Book.

Dunbarton, Ohio, Dec. 24, 1894.

Donald Kennedy,
Dear Sir:

Last spring La Grip and Bronchitis took me and for weeks I got worse though taking medicine all the time. A friend told me of your Medical Discovery, how it had helped a friend of hers' and I thought I would try it. I have taken two bottles of Discovery and three bottles Prairie Weed and I can't begin to tell you how much better I feel. When I began to take your medicine I could not sit up much of any; now I sit up all day and walk round the house, but I am still hoarse,
—Of course you are—that's the Humor—about three more bottles Discovery will get the last of that out of your system.—
and want your advice about that.
I thank you with my whole heart.

Yours truly,
NAOMI OLIVER.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(Vegetable)
What They Are For

Biliousness
dyspepsia
sick headache
bilious headache
indigestion
bad taste in the mouth
foul breath
loss of appetite
sallow skin
pimples
torpid liver
depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

"A Fair Face Cannot Atone for an Untidy House."
Use
SAPOLIO

Blood Diseases

such as Scrofula and Anæmia, Skin Eruptions and Pale or Sallow Complexions, are speedily cured by

Scott's Emulsion

TRADE MARK.

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. No other remedy so quickly and effectively enriches and purifies the blood and gives nourishment to the whole system. It is pleasant to take and easy on the stomach.

Thin, Emaciated Persons and all suffering from Wasting Diseases are restored to health by Scott's Emulsion.

Be sure you get the bottle with our trade-mark on it. Refuse cheap substitutes!

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists. 50 cents and $1.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great
Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS
In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs *less than one cent a cup.*

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

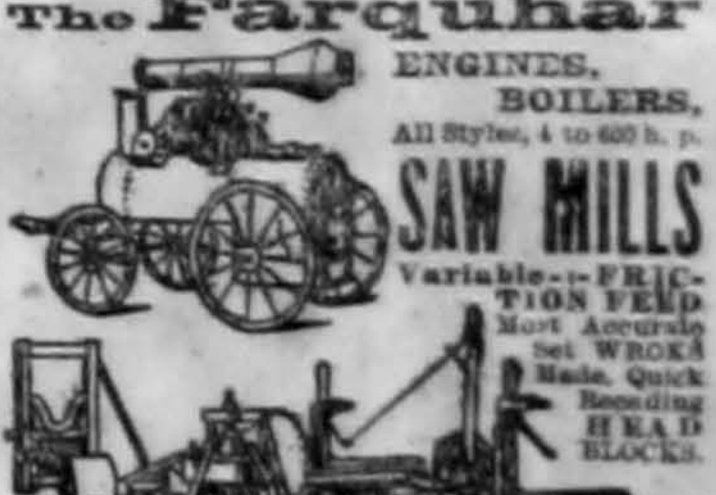
WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN,
FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS.
EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75
BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS,
BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

The Farquhar



ENGINES,
BOILERS,
All Styles, 4 to 600 h. p.
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